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THE WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

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THE WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING ESQ.

EDITED

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY

BY

LESLIE STEPHEN

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. VI

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LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE
1882

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THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL

BY

SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, KNT.

CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN

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ESSAYS

AND

LEGAL CASES

BY

HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

LONDON
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1882

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THE

COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL

No. I. SATURDAY, *January* 4, 1752.

"*Cedite scriptores.*" *Anglice*—By your leave, gentlemen.

THE world, it is certain, never more abounded with authors than at present; nor is there any species more numerous than of those writers who deal forth their lucubrations in small parcels to the public, consisting partly of historical, and partly, to use their own word, of literary matter. So great, indeed, is their multitude, that Homer's simile of the bees gives us scarce too vast an idea of them. Some of these visit the light daily, so that we may apply strictly to them the

"Αιεὶ νέον ἐρχομενάων."

Some of them, again, fly abroad only every other day; some send forth their works once a week; others once a fortnight; and others more sparingly indulge us only at the end of every month with their labours.

When I survey all these wondrous works in my mind, I am struck with no less astonishment than was the foreigner when he saw Leadenhall market; nor can I more conceive

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what becomes of all this quantity of paper, than he could find consumers for so much meat. The same solution will, indeed, serve us both; for there are certainly as many b—ms in the world as there are mouths.

Here, perhaps, I may seem to have advanced an argument against my own appearance, and it will possibly be said, since we have so many (perhaps too many) of these writers already, what need have we of adding a new one to the number?

To this I shall first give the same answer which is often made by those who force themselves into crowded assemblies, when they are told the place is too full already, "Pray, gentlemen, make room for me;——I am but one. Certainly you may make room for one more."

Secondly, I believe it is usual in all such crowds to find some few persons, at least, who have sufficient decency to quit their places, and give way to their betters. I do not, therefore, in the least question, but that some of my contemporary authors will immediately, on my appearance, have the modesty to retire, and leave me sufficient elbow room in the world. Or, if they should not, the public will, I make no doubt, so well understand themselves, as to give me proper marks of their distinction, and will make room for me by turning others out.

But, in fact, had the great numbers of contemporary writers been any argument against assuming the pen, the world would never have enjoyed the works of that excellent poet Juvenal, who tells us, that they swarmed in a most prodigious manner in his time; but, so far from declining the poetical function on that account, he assigns this as the very reason of taking it upon him.

——"*Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique*
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ."

These reasons and this authority will, I believe, be sufficient apologies to my readers; but it may be, perhaps, more difficult to satisfy my brother authors themselves, to whom, I would, if possible, avoid giving any kind of umbrage.

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These gentlemen, I say it with great concern, are sometimes guilty of adopting motives unworthy of the followers of the muses; and, instead of consulting the true interest of the republic of letters in general, are too apt poorly and meanly to consider their own; and, like mere mechanics, to be envious and jealous of a rival in their trade.

To silence, therefore, effectually, all such jealousies and fears, I do here declare, that it is not my intention to encroach on the business now carried on by my contemporaries, nor to deal in any of those wares which they at present vend to the public.

First, then, I disclaim any dealing in politics. By politics, here, I cannot be understood to mean any disquisitions into those matters which respect the true interest of this kingdom abroad, or which relate to its domestic economy and government; with none of which these writers have ever yet concerned themselves. By politics, therefore, I mean that great political cause between WOODALL OUT and TAKEALL IN, ESQS.; which hath been so learnedly handled in papers, pamphlets, and magazines, for above thirty years last past; and in which the nation in general are as greatly interested, as they were in the late contest between Thamas Kouli Kan, and the Sophy of Persia.

Secondly, I renounce all pretensions to deal in personal slander and scurrility, a very extensive article, and of which many of my brethren have been so long in possession, that it would be in vain for me to dispute their title with them.

Thirdly, I do promise, as far as in me lies, to avoid with the utmost care all kind of encroachment on that spacious field, in which my said contemporaries have such large and undoubted possessions; and which, from time immemorial, hath been called the land of dulness. A late ingenious predecessor of mine, in the wantonness of his heart, declared, if at any time he appeared dull, there was a design in it; on the contrary, I solemnly protest, that if I ever commit a trespass of this kind, it will be because I cannot help it. But here I must offer two precautions.

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First, that I shall always object to the evidence of any of the known proprietors of this field, as being too much interested in the cause to be legal witnesses. And, secondly, if my pen should, now and then, accidentally be found straying in the said field, it will not thereby become a trespasser; as we wits have, by prescription, a right of common there *per cause de vicinage*, as the law calls it. This right we have enjoyed from the days of Homer, who was sometimes found taking a sound nap therein.

Thus, I think, I shall leave these gentlemen in full possession of all that they at present deal in. But there is another very good argument to quiet their apprehensions; the price of my paper being by half, or at least, a third part, higher than any other.[1] To affect, therefore, any fear of losing the customers by my means, is as absurd, as it would be in the owners of stalls or wheel-barrows to affect any jealousy in trade of the great Mr. Deard.

This is a point, indeed, infinitely below my consideration; however, at the desire of my bookseller, I shall give the public his reasons for fixing the price of threepence on this paper, and which, he hopes, will be abundantly satisfactory.

First, he insists pretty much on the extraordinary beauty of his paper and print, which alone he thinks to be worth the additional money.

Secondly, he urges the quantity of the matter which this paper will contain; being, he says, more than double the quantity of any other, and almost twenty times as much as is generally contained in the Daily Advertiser. So that, says he,

	£.	s.	d.
If Ditto Contents, in Ditto Advertiser, be worth .	0	0	1½
Then Ditto Contents, in Ditto Journal, is worth .	0	2	6
Balance in favour of the Journal	0	2	4½

Lastly, he lays some weight on the superior goodness of the matter. On this, indeed, he lays very little stress; how-

[1] This journal is sold for threepence in London.

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ever, he thinks it may be reckoned at something. Modesty forces me to suppress much of what he advances on this head. One particular, however, I cannot forbear inserting, as there is something new and whimsical in the thought, I shall give it in his own words; "As you are a man of learning, sir," says he, "and well travelled in the Greek and Roman authors, I shall most probably, in this paper, import many curious treasures of antiquity, both from Greece and Rome. Now, as gentlemen daily give hundreds of pounds for ancient busts, and statues, they will not surely scruple to give threehalfpence for an ancient Greek or Roman sentiment."

This is the reasoning of my bookseller; to imagine, indeed, that it is any concern of mine would be an absurdity so great, that I shall not suspect any of my readers to be capable of it. In an age when all men are so ready to serve their country for nothing, I hope I shall not be thought an exception. For my own part, I cannot be supposed, by an intelligent person, to have any other view, than to correct and reform the public, and should have taken some pains to have prevailed with my bookseller to distribute these papers gratis, had he not assured me, that such an example would be of great detriment to trade.

INTRODUCTION

TO A

JOURNAL OF THE PRESENT PAPER WAR BETWEEN THE FORCES UNDER SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, AND THE ARMY OF GRUB-STREET.

BEFORE I had fully resolved to draw my pen, and to take the field in the warfare of writing, I duly considered not only my own strength, but the force of the enemy. I am therefore well apprized of the difficulties I have to encounter; I well know the present dreadful condition of the great empire of letters; the state of anarchy that prevails among

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writers; and the great revolution which hath lately happened in the kingdom of criticism; that the constitutions of Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, and Bossu, under which the state of criticism so long flourished, have been entirely neglected, and the government usurped by a set of fellows, entirely ignorant of all those laws. The consequence of which hath been the dissolution of that ancient friendship and amity which subsisted between the author and the critic, so much to the mutual advantage of both people, and that the latter hath long declared war against the former. I know how cruelly this war hath been carried on, and the great devastation which hath been made in the literary world, chiefly by means of a large body of irregulars, composed of beaus, rakes, templars, cits, lawyers, mechanics, schoolboys, and fine ladies, who have been admitted to the *Jus Civitatis*, by the usurpers in the realms of criticism, without knowing one word of the ancient laws, and original constitution of that body, of which they have professed themselves to be members. I am, farther, sensible of the revolt which hath been of the authors to the critics, many of the meanest among the former having become very considerable and principal leaders among the latter.

All these circumstances put together do most certainly afford a most gloomy prospect, and are sufficient to dismay a very enterprising genius; but I have often reflected with approbation on the advice given to Caius Piso, in Tacitus, *to appear in open arms in defence of a just and glorious cause, rather than to await the event of a tame and abject submission.* How much more noble is it in a great author to fall with his pen in his hand, than quietly to sit down and see the press in the possession of an army of scribblers, who, at present, seem to threaten the republic of letters with no less devastation than that which their ancestors the Goths, Huns, Vandals, &c., formerly poured in on the Roman Empire!

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No. 2. Tuesday, *January 7*, 1752.

"*Redeunt saturnia regna.*"—Virgil.

IN ENGLISH.

"Old Sat—n himself is come to town."

It hath been, I believe, a common practice with men, in all ages, to complain of the badness of their own times, and as readily to commend the goodness and virtue of their forefathers. So that it is easy to fix on several eras in history, which have been the subject of equal satire and panegyric. Succeeding ages have sung forth the praises of certain periods of time, and have recommended them as examples to posterity; which yet, if we believe the historians, as well as satirists, who lived in those very periods, abounded with all kinds of vice and iniquity.

The present age, notwithstanding its improvement as well in virtue, as in art and science, doth not escape from this censorious disposition; with all the reason which we have to set a value on ourselves, in preference to so many other ages and countries, there are still some few at this very time, and in this very nation, who would persuade us, that virtue, taste, learning, indeed every thing worthy of commendation, were never at a lower ebb than they are at present among us.

As I am of a different opinion from these gentlemen, and as I am naturally inclined to catch at every opportunity of panegyric, I shall here endeavour to show that we are far from deserving any such character; and that we may be compared with many other ages and countries very much to our advantage.

To say the truth, men often lament the badness of their own times, as they do the badness of their own circumstances, by too injudicious a comparison. As in the latter case, they are always lifting their eyes to those who shine forth in the greatest riches and splendour; so, in the former, they have always in their eye, two or three of those

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commonwealths which have made the greatest figure in history; whereas, if they would act in the contrary manner, and endeavour in both cases to make the most advantageous comparisons, what comfortable instances would their own experience afford them in the one, and history in the other?

To pursue therefore this method on the present occasion: the first instance I shall give is that of Sodom and Gomorrah. Now though the sins of these two cities are not very expressly set forth in Scripture, yet, from the consequence, I think it very reasonable to conclude, that they were, at least, *somewhat worse* than we are at present.

The Moabites, according to Moses, and the Egyptians, if we believe some historians, may likewise afford an advantageous comparison.

The Corinthians likewise must surely be allowed to have been worse than us, if we believe the account given by Strabo of the rich temple of Venus, in this city, at which above a thousand w—— officiated as priestesses. We read likewise in other authors, that they worshipped a demon, under the appellation of Cottys, who was the tutelary d——y of all lewdness and debauchery. Hence, the most profligate and abandoned in such vices, were said to *Corinthize*, or *to be as bad as a Corinthian;* which cannot, I think, be applied to us: for it is much better to have no religion at all, as is at present our case, than to profess such religions as these.

To avoid prolixity, I will mention only one more people, and these are the Romans themselves, during the reign of Nero, of whom take the following short account which Tacitus gives us as a summary of the prodigious licentiousness of those times. "Nero," says my author, "built a vessel in Agrippa's Lake; in this vessel, which was towed by others, he furnished out a banquet. The barges were adorned with gold and ivory; and the rowers were all pathics, placed above each other, according to their age, or superior skill in the science of debauchery. Nero had ransacked various countries for every kind of flesh and fowl, and the ocean itself for sea fish: upon one bank of the

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Lake were erected brothels, which were filled with l——s of the first rank; on the other bank were exposed to view, a number of h——s, entirely naked. All kinds of lewdness were now acted over; and, as the night came on the neighbouring grove, and all the buildings near it, were illuminated, and resounded with music. As for Nero, he defiled himself with every kind of lust; nor did he then seem to have left any manner of debauchery unpractised; and yet, a few days afterwards, he contrived to out-do all, by being publicly married, with the utmost solemnity, to one of his infamous crew, a fellow whose name was Pythagoras. On this occasion the veil in which women are married was thrown over the Roman Emperor, and all the nuptial ceremonies, even to the payment of the bride's portion, were observed. Nor did he stop here; but all which in a lawful union between the sexes is committed to darkness, and the night, was now acted over in the face of the world."

I have drawn this picture at length, as it is the most curious which, I think, history affords; and those of my readers, at least, to whom it is new, will, I doubt not, be pleased with seeing it.

Many other pictures of the same kind might be drawn from the latter ages of the Roman Empire: but I chose this from Nero's reign, as it was a very few years removed from the latter days of Tiberius, in which the glorious Romans seem so entirely to have resembled our noble selves.

From what hath been said may appear the injustice of these general and outrageous expressions against the wickedness of the present age, which we often hear from the mouths of illiterate and inconsiderate people, and with the repetition of which I do not care to affront my polite reader.

And now surely it must be acknowledged, that we do not live in the worst of times; but I will not be contented with this concession. I will now attempt to prove, that we live in the best, in other words, that this is one of the most virtuous ages that hath ever appeared in the world.

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And first, if liberty be granted, as it surely must, to be the greatest of all blessings to any people, nothing can be more manifest, than that we enjoy this in the purest degree. Doth not every man in this kingdom, speak, and write, and even do, whatever best pleaseth him? It is true, indeed, there are some few exceptions (enough only to prove a rule), in which this natural liberty hath been a little infringed, and I must own there are certain dead letters (as they are very properly styled), called laws, by which this pure state of liberty is somewhat abridged; but, *de non apparentibus, et non existentibus, eadem est ratio.*

Again, the greatest virtue in the world (according to the tenets of a religion some time ago professed in this country, and which, if my memory fails me not, was called Christian) is charity; the universal extensiveness of this I shall prove by a very strong argument, which is by that immense number of beggars who frequent our streets, and are to be found almost at every door. This is so great a proof of our charity that it would be an affront to the reader to endeavour to explain it. A beggar waiting at a man's door doth, indeed, as effectually prove his charity, as a dun, or bailiff would assure his neighbours that he was in debt.

But there is still a higher degree of this virtue than what expands itself towards such objects; and this is shown by encouraging merit in arts and sciences. This includes in it the honour of taste likewise; and as it very highly adorns the present age, so doth it in a more particular manner distinguish what we call our great men. Former ages have, indeed, singled out one or two of the most eminent in every art and science, and have conferred favours upon them as a kind of mark of their extraordinary merit; but I cannot help observing there is some cruelty in this, and that it is rather a favour shown to the man than to the art or science itself. The nobler method is, that which we now practise, either indiscriminately to reward all alike at the expense of a few sixpences from our pockets; or, if we make any distinction at all, it should be, as it is, in favour of the lowest and meanest professors, who ought to be preferred

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to their betters, as the charity of the old English custom preferred the younger son to the elder, because as my Lord Coke observes, these were least able to provide for themselves.

Another instance of the great virtue of this age is that great readiness which every man shows to serve his country, and to be employed in its most laborious duties.

This is a virtue beyond the reach of Plato's commonwealth; as appears from the following passage which that philosopher puts into the mouth of Socrates: "It seems," says he, "that if there was a city composed of good men, the contention among them would be, *who should not* govern, not as it is now, *who should.* Whence it is manifest, that he who is, in very fact, a true magistrate, is not so constituted that he may consult his own good, but that he may provide for the good of the subject. Every man therefore, being conscious of this, would rather choose that others should labour for his advantage, than that he should enjoy the benefit of his own pains." In this glorious nation, on the contrary, there is scarce a man who scruples to plunge through thick and thin, with a view only of putting himself in the way of serving the public.

Again, when possest of power, with how noble and disinterested a choice do our great men confer their favours on others. That they may avoid the least suspicion of partiality, they commonly fill up all vacancies with such persons, that it would be in the highest degree absurd to imagine they were the objects of any man's particular liking or favour; nay, such is the generosity of these great men, that it is not unusual to bestow very considerable places on their footmen. How much more magnificent is this than that bare manumission, which was thought so great a reward by an old Roman. This is not, I must own, the invention of these times, but hath been so long the practice, that it seems likely to continue *as long as we shall be a people.*

Such are, in short, the virtues of this age; that, to use the words of Cicero, *si vellem omnia percurrere dies deficeret.* ——I shall therefore omit the rest; being well assured, that

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no instances, equal to what I have mentioned, can be found in the annals of any other country upon the face of the whole earth.

No. 3. Saturday, *January* 11, 1752.

"*Majores nusquam rhonci; juvenesque, senesque,*
Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent."—Martial.

IN ENGLISH.

"No town can such a gang of critics show;
Even boys turn up that nose they cannot blow."

By a record in the censor's office, and now in my custody, it appears that at a censorial inquisition, taken *Tricesimo qto. Eliz.* by one of my illustrious predecessors, no more than nineteen critics were enrolled in the cities of London and Westminster; whereas, at the last inquisition, taken by myself 25 *Geo. IIdi.* the number of persons claiming a right to that order appears to amount to 276,302.

This immense increase is, I believe, to be no otherwise accounted for, than from the very blamable negligence of the late censors, who have, indeed, converted their office into a mere sinecure, no inquisition, as I can find, having been taken since the censorship of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., in the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne.

To the same neglect are owing many encroachments on all the other orders of the society. That of gentlemen in particular, I observe to have greatly increased, and that of sharpers to have decreased in the same proportion within these few years.

All these irregularities it is my firm purpose to endeavour at reforming, and to restore the high office with which I am invested to its ancient use and dignity. This, however, must be attempted with prudence and by slow degrees; for habitual and inveterate evils are to be cured by slow alteratives, and not by violent remedies. Of this the good emperor

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Pertinax will be a lasting example. "This worthy man," says Dion Cassius, "perished by endeavouring too hastily to reform all the evils which infested his country. He knew not, it seems, though otherwise a man of very great knowledge, that it is not safe, nor indeed possible, to effect a reformation in too many matters at once: a rule which, if it holds true in private life, is much more so when it is applied to those evils that affect the public."

I thought it, therefore, not prudent, in the hurry of my above inquisition to make any exceptions, but admitted all who offered to be enrolled. This is a method which I shall not pursue hereafter, being fully resolved to inquire into the qualifications of every pretender.

And that all persons may come prepared to prove their right to the order of critics, I shall here set down those several qualifications which will be insisted on before any will be admitted to that high honour. In doing this, however, I shall strictly pursue the excellent rule I have cited, and shall act with most perfect moderation: for I am willing to throw open the door as wide as I can, so that as few as possible may be rejected.

It is, I think, the sentiment of Quintilian, that no man is capable of becoming a good critic on a great poet, but he who is himself a great poet. This would, indeed, confine the critics on poetry, at least, to a very small number; and would, indeed, strike all the ancients, except only Horace and Longinus, off the roll; of the latter of whom, though he was no poet, Mr. Pope finely says,

> "Thee, great Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
> And bless their critic with a poet's fire."

But with respect to so great a name as that of Quintilian, this rule appears to me much too rigid. It seems, indeed, to be little less severe than an injunction, that no man should criticise on cookery but he who was himself a cook.

To require what is generally called learning in a critic, is altogether as absurd as to require genius. Why should a

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man in this case, any more than in all others, be bound by any opinions but his own? Or, why should he read by rule any more than eat by it? If I delight in a slice of bullock's liver, or of Oldmixon, why shall I be confined to turtle or to Swift?

The only learning, therefore, that I insist upon is, that my critic *be able to read;* and this is surely very reasonable; for I do not see how he can otherwise be called a reader; and if I include every reader in the name of critic, it is surely very just to confine every critic within the number of readers.

Nor do I only require the capacity of reading, but the actual exercise of that capacity; I do here strictly forbid any persons whatever to pass a definitive sentence on a book *before they have read at least ten pages of it,* under the penalty of being for ever rendered incapable of admission to the order of critics.

Thirdly, all critics who, from and after the first day of February next, shall condemn any book, shall be ready to give some reason for their judgment; nor shall it be sufficient for such critic to drivel out, "I don't know, not I; but all that I know is, I don't like it." Provided, nevertheless, that any reason, how foolish or frivolous soever, shall be allowed a good and full justification; except only the words *poor stuff, wretched stuff, bad stuff, sad stuff, low stuff, paltry stuff.* All which *stuffs* I do for ever banish from the mouths of all critics.

Provided also, that the last-mentioned clause do extend only to such critics as openly proclaim their censures; for it is our intention, that all persons shall be at liberty to dislike privately whatever book they please, without understanding or reading one word of it, any thing therein or herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

But as it is reasonable to extend this power of judging for themselves no farther in this case of criticism than it is allowed to men in some others, I do here declare, that I shall not, for the future, admit any males to the office of criticism till they be of the full age of eighteen, that being

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the age when the laws allow them to have a capacity of disposing of personal chattels; for, before that time, they have only the power of disposing of themselves in the trifling article of marriage. Females, perhaps, I shall admit somewhat earlier, provided they be either witty or handsome, or have a fortune of five thousand pounds and upwards.

Together with childhood I exclude all other civil incapacities; and here I mean not only legal but real lunatics and idiots. In this number I include all persons who from the whole tenour of their conduct, appear to be incapable of discerning good from bad, right from wrong, or wisdom from folly, in any instance whatever.

There are again some persons whom I shall admit only to a partial exercise of this office; as, for instance, rakes, beaux, sharpers, and fine ladies, are strictly forbidden under penalty of perpetual exclusion, to presume to criticise on any works of religion or morality. All lawyers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, are strictly forbidden to pass any judgment on those authors who attempt any reformation in law or physic. Officers of state, and would-be officers of state (honest men only excepted), with all their attendants, and dependants, their placemen, and would-be placemen, pimps, spies, parasites, informers, and agents, are forbidden, under the penalty aforesaid, to give their opinions of any work in which the good of the kingdom in general is designed to be advanced; but as for all pamphlets which any-wise concern the great cause of Woodall Out, and Takeall In, Esqrs., full liberty is left to both parties; and the one may universally cry up and commend, and the other may universally censure and condemn, as usual. All critics offending against this clause are to be deemed infamous, and their several criticisms are hereby declared to be entirely void, and of none effect.

No author is to be admitted into the order of critics until he hath read over, and understood, Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, in their original language; nor then without a testimonial that he hath spoken well of some living author besides himself.

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Lastly, all persons are forbidden, under the penalty of our highest displeasure, to presume to criticise upon any of those works with which *we ourselves* shall think proper to oblige the public; and any person who shall presume to offend in this particular will not only be expunged from the roll of critics, but will be degraded from any other order to which he shall belong; and his name will be forthwith entered in the records of Grub Street.

ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

No. 4. TUESDAY, *January* 14, 1752.

——"Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus:
Æthiopem Cygnum: parvam extortamque puellam
Europen. Canibus pigris scabieque vetusta
Lævibus, et siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ
Nomen erit Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid adhuc est
Quod fremat in terris violentius."—JUVENAL, Sat. viii.

"ONE may observe," says Mr. Locke, "in all languages, certain words, that, if they be examined, will be found, in their first original, and their appropriated use, not to stand for any clear and distinct ideas." Mr. Locke gives us the instances of *wisdom, glory, grace.* "Words which are frequent enough (says he) in every man's mouth! but if a great many of those who use them should be asked what they mean by them, they would be at a stand, and not know what to answer; a plain proof, that though they have learned those sounds, and have them ready at their tongue's end, yet there are no determined ideas laid up in their minds, which are to be expressed to others by them."

Besides the several causes by him assigned of the abuse of words, there is one, which, though the great philosopher hath omitted it, seems to have contributed not a little to the introduction of this enormous evil. This is that privilege

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which divines and moral writers have assumed to themselves of doing violence to certain words in favour of their own hypotheses, and of using them in a sense often directly contrary to that which custom (the absolute lord and master, according to Horace, of all the modes of speech) hath allotted them.

Perhaps, indeed, this fault may be seen in somewhat a milder light (and I would always see the blemishes of such writers in the mildest). It may not, perhaps, be so justly owing to any designed opposition to custom as a total ignorance of it: an ignorance which is almost inseparably annexed to a collegiate life, and which any man, indeed, may venture to own without blushing.

But whatever may be the cause of this abuse of words the consequence is certainly very bad; for whilst the author and the world receive different ideas from the same words, it will be pretty difficult for them to comprehend each other's meaning; and hence, perhaps, it is, that so many gentlemen and ladies have contracted a general odium to all works of religion or morality; and that many others have been readers in this way all their lives without understanding what they read, consequently without drawing from it any practical use.

It would, perhaps, be an office very worthy the labour of a great commentator to explain certain hard words which frequently occur in the works of Barrow, Tillotson, Clark, and others of this kind. Such are *heaven*, *hell*, *judgment*, *righteousness*, *sin*, &c. All which, it is reasonable to believe, are at present very little understood.

Instead, however, of undertaking this task myself, at least at present, I shall apply the residue of this paper to the use of such writers only. I shall here give a short glossary of such terms as are at present greatly in use, and shall endeavour to fix to each those exact ideas which are annexed to every of them in the world; for while the learned in colleges do, as I apprehend, consider them all in a very different light, their labours are not likely to do much service to the polite part of mankind.

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A MODERN GLOSSARY.

ANGEL. The name of a woman, commonly of a very bad one.

AUTHOR. A laughing stock. It means likewise a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.

BEAR. A country gentleman; or, indeed, any animal upon two legs that doth not make a handsome bow.

BEAUTY. The qualification with which women generally go into keeping.

BEAU. With the article A before it, means a great favourite of all women.

BRUTE. A word implying plain-dealing and sincerity; but more especially applied to a philosopher.

CAPTAIN AND COLONEL. Any stick of wood with a head to it, and a piece of black riband upon that head.

CREATURE. A quality expression of low contempt, properly confined only to the mouths of ladies who are right honourable.

CRITIC. Like *homo*, a name common to all the human race.

COXCOMB. A word of reproach, and yet, at the same time, signifying all that is most commendable.

DAMNATION. A term appropriated to the theatre; though sometimes more largely applied to all works of invention.

DEATH. The final end of man; as well of the thinking part of the body as of all the other parts.

DRESS. The principal accomplishment of men and women.

DULNESS. A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.

EATING. A science.

FINE. An adjective of a very peculiar kind, destroying, or, at least, lessening the force of the substantive to which it is joined; as fine gentleman, fine lady, fine house, fine clothes, fine taste;—in all which *fine* is to be understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

FOOL. A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.

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GALLANTRY. Fornication and adultery.

GREAT. Applied to a thing, signifies bigness; when to a man, often littleness or meanness.

GOOD. A word of as many different senses as the Greek word Ἔχω, or as the Latin *Ago:* for which reason it is but little used by the polite.

HAPPINESS. Grandeur.

HONOUR. Duelling.

HUMOUR. Scandalous lies, tumbling and dancing on the rope.

JUDGE AND JUSTICE. An old woman.

KNAVE. The name of four cards in every pack.

KNOWLEDGE. In general, means knowledge of the town; as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever spoken of in the polite world.

LEARNING. Pedantry.

LOVE. A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite objects of all our appetites.

MARRIAGE. A kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly losers in the end.

MISCHIEF. Fun, sport, or pastime.

MODESTY. Awkwardness, rusticity.

NO BODY. All the people in Great Britain, except about 1200.

NONSENSE. Philosophy, especially the philosophical writings of the ancients, and more especially of Aristotle.

OPPORTUNITY. The season of cuckoldom.

PATRIOT. A candidate for a place at court.

POLITICS. The art of getting such a place.

PROMISE. Nothing.

RELIGION. A word of no meaning; but which serves as a bugbear to frighten children with.

RICHES. The only thing upon earth that is really valuable, or desirable.

ROGUE AND RASCAL. A man of a different party from yourself.

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SERMON. A sleeping dose.

SUNDAY. The best time for playing at cards.

SHOCKING. An epithet which fine ladies apply to almost every thing. It is, indeed, an interjection (if I may so call it) of delicacy.

TEMPERANCE. Want of spirit.

TASTE. The present whim of the town, whatever it be.

TEASING. Advice; chiefly that of a husband.

VIRTUE AND VICE. Subjects of discourse.

WIT. Profaneness, indecency, immorality, scurrility, mimickry, buffoonery. Abuse of all good men and especially of the clergy.

WORTH. Power, rank, wealth.

WISDOM. The art of acquiring all three.

WORLD. Your own acquaintance.

No. 5. SATURDAY, *January* 18, 1752.

"*Nostrisque ductum seditionibus*
Bellum resedit——."—HORACE.

PARAPHRASED.

"The war, I thank fortune, is now at an end,
Since I scarce could distinguish my foe from my friend."

THERE never was a peace so wholesome and advantageous to any country, but that some persons who have found or proposed to themselves certain emoluments from the continuance of the war, have openly dared to censure and malign it.

I do not wonder, therefore, to find that the peace, which I have lately concluded with the low republic, is not received by all my readers with universal approbation. One of my correspondents, in a rage, asserts that it was base and cowardly; a second declares, that he would have made no peace while a single drop of his ink had remained; and a third, with a very grave and political air, assures me, that

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the enemy was brought to such a state of distress, and so torn with intestine broils, there being scarce two members of the republic who do not heartily hate each other, that had the war continued but one campaign, I might have obtained what concessions I would have asked, or might have extirpated the whole race of Grub Street for ever.

But notwithstanding these opinions, all which I am well persuaded have many supporters, I do assert, that this peace was made by me, from very solid and substantial reasons; and I doubt not but that after-ages, when party and prejudice shall subside; when the reason of things, and not private views, shall lead men's judgments, this peace will be reckoned as wise a measure as was ever concerted in the cabinet; indeed a masterpiece (or as the enemy[1] calls it, a *coup de maître*) in politics.

Nor is the interest, which many good people proposed to themselves in the continuance of the war, so great a secret to me, as some may imagine. Sorry am I to say, that their own diversion, and not the general good of the allied cause, is at the bottom of their hearts. So powerful is the love of laughter in depraved minds, that they care not what nor whom they sacrifice to its gratification. The too general prevalency of this disposition hath been, in all times, of infinite service to Grub Street. Had mankind, indeed, restrained this inclination within proper rules, and had refused to indulge it at the expense of common sense and common humanity, the name of Grub Street, would have long since been obliterated out of the memory of man.

To such gentlemen as these I shall offer no arguments; but to all my sober and sensible readers, to all, in short, who know how to be merry and wise, I am convinced I shall appear to have acted very prudently in putting an end to the late war almost on any terms.

First, it was a war in which nothing but dry blows could

[1] By the 14th article of the Treaty of Covent Garden, the importation of French words and phrases in English writings is declared to be the sole right of Grub Street.

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be obtained on my side; whilst the enemy had much to hope, and as little to fear. In such a case, notwithstanding any superiority of force, the wisest measures must tend towards a pacification.

Secondly, the unfair methods made use of by the enemy, are a second reason for concluding a peace. This may be illustrated by a familiar instance; Mr. Sherlock is, I believe, justly allowed to be superior to all Europe in the skill of the broadsword; but what would this skill avail him against a number of blunderbusses? might he not, without any blemish to his courage or his skill, retreat from such an enemy; when these blunderbusses were moreover loaded with ragged bullets; and when, like the poisoned arrows of the wild Indians, they were discharged at him from lurking holes and places of security?

Again, who but a madman would engage with an enemy that is invulnerable! And this, however strange it appears, was, in reality, the case: for several of the enemy, as we are well assured, did in certain skirmishes with our forces, receive such blows on their heads with the sharpest weapons, as must have proved fatal to any common man; but to our great surprise we found that they were not in the least hurt by these blows, that many did not feel them, and some did even declare they were never hit. In real truth, as grass escapes the scythe by being low, a man may escape the sharpest satire by the same means: for ridicule may bring any person into contempt; but what is already the object of our contempt, can never be raised to be the proper object of ridicule.

And beside these discouragements, I had some little reason to suspect whether I should have fair play in the contest. It is the advice of Machiavel, that when two parties are at variance in a city, you should side with the weakest, in order to foment and continue the war. This is a rule in politics, which men are naturally enough inclined to follow; when a superior and inferior engage, the world, as well as the mob, are apt to side with the latter; and, therefore, when the comic writer says, "There is nothing so moving

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as a great man in distress;" I suppose he means, there is nothing so apt to move laughter.

I might, however, be contented to indulge this risible inclination in my readers, at the expense of having all the abusive words in the English language discharged at me, had I no other objection; but this would too much interrupt the design of my paper; which, if the public will grant me but a little of their patience, will, I hope, appear to be much nobler than that of diverting them, by sacrificing two or three poor writers to their mirth. However vain or romantic the attempt may seem, I am sanguine enough to aim at serving the noble interests of religion, virtue, and good sense, by these my lucubrations.

To effect so glorious a purpose, I know no readier a way than by an endeavour to restore that true and manly taste, which hath, within these few years, degenerated in these kingdoms. A degeneracy which hath been greatly owing to those base and scandalous writings, which the press hath lately poured in such a torrent upon us, that the name of an author is, in the ears of all good men, become almost an infamous appellation. Religion, virtue, modesty, decency, and the characters of some of the best of men, have been all violated by these writings; insomuch, that when we consider the impressions which young minds are apt to conceive from books, the very learning to read seems a dangerous part of a child's education.

Against works of this kind was the jocose war declared, and against such works, ridicule was surely no hard nor immoderate weapon. It was not my intention to attack the character of any person; and if I have been once provoked to so disagreeable an excess, no provocation shall again hurry me so far. Vice and folly, and not particular men, will be the objects of satire in this paper; and if any man blushes when he reads it, he shall have the pleasure of imputing it to his own grace, and not to the malignity of the writer.

There is no precept in the whole Christian religion which is less a stumbling block in my way, than that which

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forbids us to take vengeance on our enemies; and I can, with great truth, declare, that I do not at this instant, wish ill to any man living. Indeed, if a sentiment which I heard drop from the late Mr. Pope be true, "That nature never produced a more venomous animal than a bad author," I am sure that I want, at least, one ingredient in that character.

And as nothing is less agreeable to my own disposition than private abuse, so nothing is more foreign to the plan of this paper. When Hercules undertook to cleanse the stables of Augeas, (a work not much unlike my present undertaking) should any little clod of dirt, more filthy, perhaps, than all the rest, have chanced to bedaub him, how unworthy his spirit would it have been, to have polluted his hands, by seizing the dirty clod, and crumbling it to pieces. He should have known that such accidents are incident to such an undertaking: which, though both a useful and heroic office, was yet none of the cleanliest; since no man, I believe, ever removed great quantities of dirt from any place, without finding some of it sticking to his skirts.

No. 6. TUESDAY, *January* 21, 1752.

"*Quam multi tineas pascunt, blattasque diserti!*
Et redimunt soli carmina docta coci!
Nescio quid plus est quod donat secula chartis,
Victurus genium debet habere liber."—MARTIAL, lib. 6.

"How many fear the moth's and bookworm's rage,
And pastrycooks, sole buyers in this age?
What can these murtherers of wit control?
To be immortal, books must have a soul."

THERE are no human productions to which time seems so bitter and malicious an enemy, as to the works of the learned: for though all the pride and boast of art must sooner or later yield to this great destroyer; though all the labours of the architect, the statuary, and the painter, must

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share the same mortality with their authors; yet, with these, time acts in a gentler and milder manner, allows them generally a reasonable period of existence, and brings them to an end by a gradual and imperceptible decay; so that they may seem rather cut off by the fatal laws of necessity, than to be destroyed by any such act of violence, as this cruel tyrant daily executes on us writers.

It is true, indeed, there are some exceptions to this rule; some few works of learning have not only equalled, but far exceeded, all other human labours in their duration; but alas! how very few are these, compared to that vast number which have been swallowed up by this great destroyer. Many of them cut off in their very prime; others in their early youth; and others, again, at their very birth; so that they can scarce be said ever to have been.

And, as to the few that remain to us, is not their long existence to be attributed to their own unconquerable spirit, and rather to the weakness, than to the mercy of time? Have not many of their authors foreseen, and foretold, the endeavours which would be exerted to destroy them, and have boldly asserted their just claim to immortality, in defiance of all the malice, all the cunning, and all the power of time?

Indeed, when we consider the many various engines which have been employed for this destructive purpose, it will be matter of wonder, that any of the writings of antiquity have been able to make their escape. This might almost lead us into a belief, that the writers were really possessed of that divinity, to which some of them pretended, especially as those which seem to have had the best pretensions to this divinity, have been almost the only ones which have escaped into our hands.

And here, not to mention those great engines of destruction which Ovid so boldly defies, such as swords, and fire, and the devouring moths of antiquity, how many cunning methods hath the malice of time invented, of later days, to extirpate the works of the learned, and to convert the invention of paper, and even of printing, to the total

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abolition of those very works which they were so ingeniously calculated to perpetuate.

To the first of these, decency will permit me barely to hint to the reader. It is the application of it to a use for which parchment and vellum, the ancient repositories of learning, would have been utterly unfit. To this cunning invention of time, therefore, printing and paper have chiefly betrayed the learned; nor can I see, without indignation, the booksellers, those great enemies of authors, endeavouring by all their sinister arts to propagate so destructive a method: for what is commoner than to see books advertised to be printed *on a superfine, delicate, soft paper*, and again, *very proper to be had in all families*, a plain insinuation to what use they are adapted, according to these lines,

> "Lintott's for general use are fit,
> For some folks read, but all folks ——."

By this abominable method, the whole works of several modern authors have been so obliterated, that the most curious searcher into antiquity, hereafter, will never be able to wipe off the injuries of time.

And, yet, so truly do the booksellers verify that old observation, *dulcis odor lucri ex re qualibet*, that they are daily publishing several works, manifestly calculated for this use only; nay, I am told, that one of them is, by means of a proper translator, preparing the whole works of Plato for the B—.

Next to the booksellers are the trunk-makers, a set of men who have of late years made the most intolerable depredations on modern learning. The ingenious Hogarth hath very finely satirized this, by representing several of the most valuable productions of these times on the way to the trunk-maker. If these persons would line a trunk with a whole pamphlet, they might possibly do more good than harm; for then, perhaps, the works of last year might be found in our trunks, when they were possibly to be found nowhere else; but so far from this, they seem to take a delight in dismembering authors; and in placing their

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several limbs together in the most absurd manner. Thus while the bottom of a trunk contains a piece of poetry, the top presents us with a sheet of romance, and the sides and ends are adorned with mangled libels of various kinds.

The third species of these depredators are the pastry-cooks. What indignation must it raise in a lover of the moderns, to see some of their best performances stained with the juice of gooseberries, currants, and damascenes! But what concern must the author himself feel on such an occasion; when he beholds those writings, which were calculated to support the glorious cause of disaffection or infidelity, humbled to the ignoble purpose of supporting a tart or a custard! So, according to the poet,

> "Great Alexander dead, and turn'd to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away."

But, besides the injuries done to learning by this method, there is another mischief which these pastrycooks may thus propagate in the society: for many of these wondrous performances are calculated only for the use and inspection of the few, and are by no means proper food for the mouths of babes and sucklings. For instance, that the Christian religion is a mere cheat and imposition on the public, nay, that the very being of a God is a matter of great doubt and uncertainty, are discoveries of too deep a nature to perplex the minds of children with; and it is better, perhaps, till they come to a certain age, that they should believe quite the opposite doctrines. Again, as children are taught to obey and honour their superiors, and to keep their tongues from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, to what good purposes can it tend to show them that the very contrary is daily practised and suffered, and supported in the world? Is not this to confound their understandings, and almost sufficient to make them neglect their learning? Lastly, there are certain *arcana naturæ*, in disclosing which the moderns have made great progress; now whatever merit there may be in such denudations of nature, if I may so express myself, and however exquisite a relish they may

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afford to *very* adult persons of both sexes in their closets, they are surely too speculative and mysterious for the contemplation of the young and tender, into whose hands tarts and pies are most likely to fall.

Now as these three subjects, namely, infidelity, scurrility, and indecency, have principally exercised the pens of the moderns, I hope for the future, pastrycooks will be more cautious than they have lately been. In short, if they have no regard to learning, they will have some, I hope, to morality.

The same caution may be given to grocers and chandlers; both of whom are too apt to sell their figs, raisins, and sugar to children, without enough considering the poisonous vehicle in which they are conveyed. At the waste paper market, the cheapness of the commodity is only considered; and it is easy to see with what goods that market is likely to abound; since though the press hath lately swarmed with libels against our religion and government, there is not a single writer of any reputation in this kingdom, who hath attempted to draw his pen against either.

But to return to that subject from which I seem to have a little digressed. How melancholy a consideration must it be to a modern author, that the labours, I might call them the offspring of his brain, are liable to so many various kinds of destruction, that what Tibullus says of the numerous avenues to death may be here applied.

——"*Leti mille repente viæ.*"

"To death there are a thousand sudden ways."

For my own part, I never walk into Mrs. Dodd's shop, and survey all that vast and formidable host of papers and pamphlets arranged on her shelves, but the noble lamentation of Xerxes occurs to my mind; who, when he reviewed his army, on the banks of the Hellespont, is said to have grieved, for that not one of all those hundreds of thousands would be living a hundred years from that time. In the same manner, have I said to myself, "How dreadful a

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thought is it, that of all these numerous and learned works, none will survive to the next year?" But, within that time,

——"All will become,
Martyrs to pies, and relics of the b—."

I was led into these reflections by an accident which happened to me the other day, and which all lovers of antiquity will esteem a very fortunate one. Having had the curiosity to examine a written paper, in which my baker inclosed me two hot rolls, I have rescued from oblivion one of the most valuable fragments that I believe is now to be found in the world. I have ordered it to be fairly transcribed, and shall very soon present it to my readers, with my best endeavours, by a short comment, to illustrate a piece which appears to have remained to us from the most distant and obscure ages.

NO. 8. TUESDAY, *January* 28, 1752.

"*Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,*
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne."—HORACE.

"A motley mixture I in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags."—DUNCIAD.

THE following is a literal copy of the fragment mentioned in my sixth paper. In what language it was originally writ, is impossible to determine. To determine this, would be, indeed, to ascertain who these Robinhoodians were; a point, as we shall show in our comment, of the utmost difficulty. From the apparent difference in the style, and spelling of the translation, it seems to have been done into English by several hands, and probably in distant ages. I have placed my conjectures concerning some doubtful words at the bottom of the page, without venturing to disturb the text.

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IMPORTINENT[1] QUESTIONS CUNSARNING RELIDGIN AND GUBERMINT, HANDYLED BY THE ROBINHOODIANS.

March 8, 1751.

THIS evenin the questin at the Robinhood was, Whether relidgin was of any youse to a sosyaty; baken[2] bifor mee To'mmas Whytebred, baker.

James Skotchum, barber, spak as floweth: "Sir, I ham of upinion, that relidgin can be of no youse to any mortal sole; bycause as why, relidgin is no youse to trayd, and if relidgin be of no youse to trayd, how ist it yousefool to sosyaty. Now no body can deny but that a man maye kary on his trayd very wel without relidgin; nay, and better two, for then he maye wurk won day in a wik mor than at present; whereof no body can saye but that seven is more than six: besides, if we haf no relidgin we shall have no pairsuns,[3] and that will be a grate savin to the sosyaty; and it is a maksum[4] in trayd, that a peny sav'd is a peny got. Whereof——" The end of this speech seems to be wanting, as doth the beginning of the next.

"—— different opinion from the learned gentleman who spoke first to the question: First, I deny that trade can be carried on without religion; for how often is the sanction of an oath necessary in contracts, and how can we have oaths without religion? As to the gaining one day in seven, which the gentleman seems to lay much stress upon, I do admit it to be an argument of great force; but I question, as the people have been long used to idleness on that day, whether it would be easy to make them work upon it; and, consequently, if they had no churches to go to, whether they would not resort to some worse place? As to the expense of parsons, I cannot think it is prejudicial to the society in general; for the parsons are members of this society;

[1] Perhaps impertinent.

[2] I think this should be read *taken*, and the baker's being intent on his trade occasioned the corruption.

[3] Read *parsons*.

[4] Read *maxim*.

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and whether they who do but little, or others who do nothing at all for their livelihood, possess their revenues, is a matter of no manner of concern to the public. Indeed, what the gentleman says concerning the Dutch, I shall own is highly to the honour of those industrious people; and I question not but if religion was to interfere with any branch of our trade, there is still so much good sense left in this nation, that we should presently sacrifice the shadow to the substance. But though some instances should occur, in which religion may be prejudicial, it cannot be fairly argued from thence, that religion is therefore of no use to the society; and till that can be proved, I shall not give my vote for its abolition. But at present——" *hammer down.*

Mr. Mac Flourish, student.—"I shall with grete reediness undertake that tosk upon my seel.—Sir, the queestion, as I tak it, is, whether religion be of any use to society? And, sir, this is a queestion of that degnity, that grete emportance, that when I conseder the matter of wheech I am to speke, the degnity of the odience before whom I am to speke, wen I refleect on the smallness of my own abeelities, weel may I be struck with the greetest awe and reveerence; for, sir, neither Demosthenes, nor Eschines, nor Cecero, nor Hortensius, ever handled a more emportant queestion: and, sir, should any thing mesbecoming drop from me on this grete occasion, though your candour, your beneevolence, might encline you to extend an unmeerited attention, yet, sir, these walls, these stones, these boards, these very bracks, withute ears, withute a tongue, would tacitly express their endeegnation. Sir, it is a queestion, that whoever hath rede history, or deeved at all into the oxceelent mystery of politics, must confees, that all the grete pheelosophers, poets, orators, historians"——*hammer down.*

Mr. Ocurry, solicitor.—"Upon my shoul, I am very sorry now that the rules of this grate society forced the last very learned gentleman to sit down before he told us his opinion; but, whatever it be, I am after being of the saame. It is very true, upon my shoul, what he said, that it is a very grate question, and I do not well know fether I understand it as

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yet, or no; but this I think, that if religion be a great hurt to the nation, I cannot for my shoul see where the good of it is. This I know very well, that there is a very good religion in Ireland, and they do call it the Roman Catholic religion, and I am of it myself, though I don't very well know what it is. There is something about beads and masses, and patty nosters, and ivy marys, and I will fight for it as long as I am alive, and longer.—And, upon my shoul, I will tell you a good thing; if you are afraid of your own religion, you may send for ours, for I know it will come; for father Patrick Ocain did tell me, he would bring it along with him. Nay, he tould me, that he had brought it hither before he did come himself." [At which there was a laugh.]

Mr. Giles Shuttle, weaver.—"I hope no gentleman will treat this thing as a jest, whereof I thinks it to be a very great matter of earnest. Whereof I don't much understand your speech-making sort of work, but this I thinks, that I am as good a judge of these sort of matters, for I am worth a hundred pounds, and owes no man a farthing. Whereof I thinks, I am as good a man as another; for why should not any other man have as much sense as a gentleman? I thinks I knows something of trade; that to be sure, is the main article in every trading nation, whereby ——" Here the first paper was broke off. The second is as follows:

Question. Whether infinite power could make the world out of nothing?

The speakers to this question were, Mr. Thomas Tinderbox, the chandler; Mr. George White, boatswain's mate; Mr. Edward Peacock, victualler; Mr. Buge, the shoemaker; Mr. Goose, the tailor; Mr. Halt, the maker of pattins; and one great scholar, whose name I do not know.

It was urged on the behalf of infinite power, that we have no very adequate idea of it. That there are many things which we see are, and yet we cannot with any great certainty, tell how they came to be. That so far from our reason being able to comprehend every thing, some wise men have doubted, whether we do, with certainty,

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comprehend any thing. That whatever we may think we know, we do not know how we think. That either every thing was made by something out of nothing, or else nothing made every thing, either out of something or nothing. And, lastly, that infinite power might more reasonably be supposed to create every thing out of nothing, than no power at all could be supposed to make every thing out of any thing.

On the contrary, it was well argued, that nothing can be made out of nothing, for, *ex nihil, O nothing is fit.* That every day's experience must convince us of this; that, by infinite power, we only meant a very great degree of power; but that, if the thing to be done be not the subject of power, the smallest degree would be equal to the greatest. And it was urged with great force of wit and eloquence, by Mr. Goose, that the best tailor, and the worst, were alike unable to make a coat without materials. That, in this case, a tailor with infinite power would be in the same condition with a tailor who had no power at all. And if so small a thing as a coat could not be made out of nothing, how could so large a thing as the world be cut out of the same no materials? The scholar gave a very good answer to what had been offered concerning our ignorance of infinite power, and said, if he had no adequate idea of it, it was a good cause of disbelieving it; for, as reason was to be judge of all things, what was not the object of reason ought to be rejected by it. He admitted, that there were some things which did exist, and that we did not as yet know the manner in which they came to exist; but it did not follow that such causes were above the reach of human reason because she had not yet discovered them; for, he made no doubt, but that this society, by means of their free inquiry after truth, would, in the end, discover the whole; and that the manner in which a man was made would be no more a mystery to posterity than it is to the present age how they make a pudding. He concluded with saying, that some very wise and learned men, who lived near three thousand years ago, had asserted that the world had existed from all eternity, which opinion seemed

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to solve all difficulties, and was, as it appeared, highly agreeable to the sentiments of the whole society.

Question. Whether, in the opinion of this society, the government did right in ——

Here ends this valuable fragment, on which I shall give my comment in my next paper.

No. 9. SATURDAY, *February* 1, 1752.

"*Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.*"—VIRGIL.

"Tell in what clime these people did appear,
And you shall be the laureat of next year."

IT will be a very difficult matter to fix with any certainty at what place, and amongst what people, the Robinhood society was held, as we have not the least light to guess from what language the fragment which now remains to us, was originally translated. Two things may be averred, that this society was held in some country where the people were extremely free; and, secondly, that it was in a country where that part of the community, which the French called *la Canaille*, was at the head of public affairs.

From the latter of these circumstances, it appears that these Robinhoodians cannot be placed among the Egyptians; for Diodorus Siculus, speaking of these people, tells us, that, "Whereas in all democracies great injury is done to the state by the populace interfering in the public councils, the Egyptians very severely punished these artificers who presumed to meddle with matters of government."[1]

Nor can I ever believe, that the question, Whether religion was of any use to society? would ever have been supported amongst a people so highly devoted to super-

[1] Diod. Sic. fol. 68. Edit. Rhod. Hannov. Πλεῖστοι δὲ ταῖς δημοκρατουμέναις πόλεσιν, κ. τ. λ.

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stition, that religion was indeed the foundation of their civil society.

The same objection will recur against placing this society in Athens; for though Pericles, in his speech to the Athenians, recorded in Thucydides, compliments his countrymen with being all politicians, "Among us," says he, "even the mechanics are not inferior to their fellow-citizens in political knowledge,"[1]—yet in a country where Socrates was put to death, for attempting an innovation in religious matters, it is hard to believe that the dregs of the people would have been permitted to have questioned the very first principles of all religion with impunity.

And this objection will, I apprehend, hold likewise against all other states, not only those which we call civilised, but even the Tartars, Goths, Vandals, and Picts, &c., from the time they are recorded in history. None of these having been found without their deities, and without a very strong persuasion of the truth of some religion or other. And so far were they all from doubting whether religion was of any use, or, as the fragment hath it, youse to the society, that they carried the images of their gods with them to war, and relied upon their favour and assistance for succces in all affairs.

To say the truth, the only people now upon earth among whose ancestors I can suppose such an assembly to have been held, are the inhabitants of a certain tract of land in Africa, bordering on the Cape of Good Hope, commonly known unto us by the name of the Hottentots.

I am, however, well aware that there are many objections to this opinion. First, that these Hottentots are supposed not to have any knowledge of religion at all, nor ever to have heard the name of the divinity; whereas it appears manifestly that the Robinhoodians had some kind of religion even established in their country, and that the name of G— was at least known among them.

It is unnecessary to observe, likewise, that the members of this society had more of the use of letters, and were

[1] Thucyd. lib. ii. c. 40. Καὶ ἑτέροις πρὸς ἔργα τετραμμένοις, κ. τ. λ.

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better skilled in the rules of oratory than the Hottentots can be conceived to have been; for as to the speech of Mr. Mac Flourish, as well for the matter as for the eloquence of it, it might be spoken with great applause in many of our politest assemblies.

Upon the whole, therefore, I must confess myself entirely at a loss in forming any probable conjecture as to what part of the earth these Robinhoodians inhabited; not being able to trace the least footsteps of them in any history I have ever seen.

As to the time in which they flourished, the fragment itself will lend us some little assistance. It is dated 1 51; which figures, I make no doubt, should be all joined together, and then the only doubt will be from what era this reckoning began.

And here, I think, there can be no doubt, but that the era intended was that of the general flood in the time of Noah, and that the Robinhoodians were some party of those people, who are said, after the dispersion at Babel, to have been scattered over the face of the earth.

Those imperfect notions of religion which they appear to have entertained, admirably well agree with this opinion; for it is very reasonable to suppose that such immediate interpositions of providence, or, to speak more adequately, such denunciations of divine vengeance, as were exemplified in the deluge, and the dispersion at Babel, could scarce be so immediately eradicated as not to leave some little impression, some small sparks of religious veneration in the grandchildren and greatgrandchildren of those who had been spectators of such dreadful scenes; as, on the other hand, both sacred and profane history assures us, that these sparks were very faint, and not sufficient to kindle any true devotion among them.

Again, as the fragment very plainly appears to have been translated by several hands, so may we very reasonably infer that it was translated out of as many various languages: another reason to fix the date of this assembly soon after the above-mentioned dispersion.

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Lastly, the name of Robinhood puts the matter beyond all doubt or question; this word being, as a learned etymologist observed to me, clearly derived from the Tower of Babel; for the first, *Robin* and *Bobin* are allowed to be the same word; the first syllable then is *Bob*, change *o* into *a*, which is only a metathesis of one vowel for another, and you have *Bab;* then supply the termination *el* instead of *in* (for both are only terminations), and you have clearly the word *Babel.*

As for *h* in *hood*, it is known to be no letter at all, and therefore an etymologist may there place what letter he pleases, and why not a *t* as well as any other? Then change the final *d* into an *r*, and you have *toor*, which hath a better pretence, than the known word, *tor*, to signify tower.—Thus, by a few inconsiderable changes, the Robin-hood and Babel-Tower appear to be one and the same word.

Two objections have been made to the great antiquity of this fragment; the first is, that Ireland is mentioned in it, which, as Camden and others would make us believe, was not peopled till many ages after the era I have above mentioned; but these learned men are certainly in a mistake; for I am well assured that several Irish beggars, whose ancestors were dispossessed in the wars of the last century, are after having now in their possession, the title-deeds of their said estates from long before the times of Noah.

The other objection is, that the Dutch are likewise mentioned in the fragment, a people, as they are generally supposed, of a much later rise in the world, than the period of time which I have endeavoured to assign to this society.

To this I answer, that though that body of people who threw off the Spanish yoke in the time of the Duke of Alva are extremely modern, yet are the Dutch themselves of very great antiquity, as hath been well proved by the learned Goropius Becanus from the history of Herodotus.

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That historian tells us, that one of the Assyrian kings being desirous to discover who were the most ancient people, confined two children, a boy and a girl, till they were at the age of maturity, without suffering either of them to hear one articulate sound; having determined, I know not for what reason, that whatever language could claim their first word, the people speaking that language should be deemed the most ancient.

The word which was first pronounced by one of them was *Beker*, which in the Phœnician tongue signifies bread; the Phœnicians were therefore concluded to have been the first planters of mankind.

Under this mistake the world continued many ages, till at last the learned Goropius discovered that the word Beker, which in the Phœnician tongue signifies bread, did in the Dutch language signify a baker, and that before bread was, a baker was. *Ergo, &c.*

And here I cannot help observing, that this quotation, as it proves the antiquity of the Dutch, so it proves the great antiquity of bakers, to whose honour we may likewise read in Diodorus, that Isis the wife of Osyris was immortalised among the Egyptians, for having taught them the art of baking.

Succeeding ages, being unwilling to ascribe so great an honour to a woman, transferred it from her to her husband, and called him Bacchus, or, as it is more commonly by modern authors writ, Bakkus, and Bakus, which being literally done into English by the change of the Latin termination, is Baker.

Indeed, it is very reasonable to imagine that before the invention of cookery, the bakers were held in the highest honours, as the people derived from their art the greatest dainty of which their simple taste gave them any idea. And the great esteem in which cookery is held now may very well account for the preference given to bakers in those early ages, when these were the only cooks.

But if none of these reasons should be thought satisfactory to fix, with any absolute certainty, the exact era

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of this assembly, the following conclusions must be, I think, allowed by every reader:

First, That some religion had a kind of establishment amongst these people.

Secondly, That this religion, whatever it was, could not have the least sway over their morals or practice.

Thirdly, That this society, in which the first principles of religion and government were debated, was the chief assembly in this country, and Mr. Whitebread, the baker, the greatest man in it.

And lastly, I think it can create no manner of surprise in any one that such a nation as this hath been long since swept away from the face of the earth, and the very name of such a people expunged out of the memory of man.

No. 10. Tuesday, *February* 4, 1752.

"At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stultè, mirati."

MODERNISED.

"In former times this tasteless, silly town,
Too fondly prais'd Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown."

THE present age seems pretty well agreed in an opinion, that the utmost scope and end of reading is amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable books, that a reader can propose no more than mere entertainment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this in his studies.

Letters, however, were surely intended for a much more noble and profitable purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jack-puddings, whose business it is only to excite laughter; this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed, and served up, with graver matters,

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in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and, for this purpose, it hath been used by many excellent authors: "for why," as Horace says, "should not any one promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance? Ridicule, indeed," as he again intimates, "is commonly a stronger and better method of attacking vice than the severer kind of satire."

When wit and humour are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point. Pleasantry (as the ingenious author of Clarissa says of a story) should be made only the vehicle of instruction; and thus romances themselves, as well as epic poems, may become worthy the perusal of the greatest of men; but when no moral, no lesson, no instruction, is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon; and his admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great compliments to be paid to their wisdom.

After what I have here advanced I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an enemy to laughter, or to all those kinds of writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few men, I believe, do more admire the works of those great masters who have sent their satire (if I may use the expression) laughing into the world. Such are that great triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These authors I shall ever hold in the highest degree of esteem; not indeed for that wit and humour alone which they all so eminently possessed, but because they all endeavoured, with the utmost force of their wit and humour, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries.

I would not be thought to confine wit and humour to these writers. Shakespeare, Molière, and some other authors, have been blessed with the same talents, and have employed them to the same purposes. There are some, however, who, though not void of these talents, have made so wretched a

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use of them, that, had the consecration of their labours been committed to the hands of the hangman, no good man would have regretted their loss; nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself, in this number. For, if I may speak my opinion freely of these two last writers, and of their works, their design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue, and religion, out of the world. Now, whoever reads over the five great writers first mentioned in this paragraph, must either have a very bad head, or a very bad heart, if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.

In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable which is at the same time useful, to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber hobby, or fought with his own shadow for his amusement only? how much more absurd and weak would he appear, who swallowed poison because it was sweet?

How differently did Horace think of study from our modern readers!

> "*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:*
> *Condo et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.*'

"Truth and decency are my whole care and inquiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing that I can at any time draw forth my stores for my immediate use." The whole epistle indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives. If a man, for instance, should be overloaded with prosperity or adversity (both of which cases are liable to happen to us),

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who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great matter of comfort and utility from their doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the works of the latter are not, I think, yet completely made English; and, consequently, are less within the reach of most of my countrymen.

But, perhaps, it may be asked, will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? perhaps not; but if you are not a fool, my worthy friend, which I can hardly with civility suspect, they will both (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own part, I declare, I have not read even Lucian himself with more delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing, that such scribblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the wits of our age, should find readers, while the writings of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an author as Plutarch remain in the world, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The truth I am afraid is, that real taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; and those who have endeavoured to explain it to others, seem to have succeeded only in showing us that they knew it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own sentiments, I should derive it from a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; and hence perhaps it is, that so few have ever possessed this talent in any eminent degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see men of very bright imaginations, and of very accurate learning (which can hardly be acquired without judgment) who are entirely devoid of taste; and Longinus, who of all men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his reader very much if he should attempt to decide whether imagination or judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable critic.

But as for the bulk of mankind, they are clearly void of any degree of taste. It is a quality in which they advance

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very little beyond a state of infancy. The first thing a child is fond of in a book is a picture; the second is a story; and the third is a jest. Here then is the true Pons Asinorum which very few readers ever get over.

From what I have said it may perhaps be thought to appear, that true taste is the real gift of nature only; and if so, some may ask, to what purpose have I endeavoured to show men that they are without a blessing, which it is impossible for them to attain?

Now, though it is certain that to the highest consummation of taste, as well as of every other excellence, nature must lend much assistance; yet great is the power of art almost of itself, or at best with only slender aids from nature; and, to say the truth, there are very few who have not in their minds some small seeds of taste. "All men," says Cicero, "have a sort of tacit sense of what is right or wrong in arts and sciences, even without the help of arts." This surely it is in the power of art very greatly to improve. That most men therefore proceed no farther than as I have above declared is owing either to the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper education.

I shall probably, therefore, in a future paper, endeavour to lay down some rules by which all men may acquire, at least, some degree of taste. In the meanwhile, I shall (according to the method observed in inoculation) recommend to my readers, as a preparative for their receiving my instructions, a total abstinence from all bad books. I do therefore most earnestly entreat all my young readers, that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a quotation of St. Paul from Menander. *Evil books corrupt at once both our manners and our taste.*

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No. 11. SATURDAY, *February* 8, 1752.

———"*Si quid novisti rectius istis*
Candidus imperti."—HORACE.

ANGLICE.

"If you know a better way of providing for the poor,
Be pleased to tell it us."

IN a former paper I offered a conjecture, that the Robinhoodians must have been either the Hottentots themselves, or some such sort of people, for which I there advanced several very plausible reasons; the most forcible of which seems to be, *That their religion could not have the least sway over their morals or practice.* I will here add, in support of my opinion, that such a religion befitted only a people who were not possessed of any manner of property.

On the contrary, if we look into the doctrines and tenets of that institution which was accounted divine by our ancestors, and sincerely believed at least, in this country, we shall find it admirably calculated for the preservation of property; and most notably to correspond with the original design of all government, as we find this laid down by Thrasymachus in Plato's Dialogues de Republica. "Do you think," says Thrasymachus to Socrates (just after he had told him that he wanted a nurse to blow his nose), "that those governors of cities, who really understand their art, consider the people in any other light than as their cattle? Do they labour night and day with any other view than to make their subjects profitable to themselves?"

Now what can more effectually establish this excellent and useful doctrine, than that positive assertion in the 6th chapter of one St. Luke, 20th verse, "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."[1] If the poor or the people (for in this country the OI ΠΟΛΛΟΙ, and the OI ΠΤΩΧΟΙ, are synonymous) could be once firmly persuaded that they had a right to the other world, they might surely be well

[1] This is the reading in Mills, and this is certainly the best.

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contented to resign all pretensions to this. Nay, the rich might in that case very fairly withhold everything in this world from them: for it would be manifestly unjust that the poor should enjoy both. Thus the two worlds were equally divided, and as the rich could never be accused of making any, the least, attempt on that which was allotted to the poor, they had surely a very good plea to keep their own to themselves, and not to suffer the poor to make any encroachments on them.

And on this principle alone, that position in our law, that even necessity itself is no justification of theft can be vindicated: for in this instance the Roman or civil law, as we find in Grotius and Puffendorf, differs from us. Both these writers do indeed hold, that the rich have much the better title to all the good things of this world, an opinion which I suppose they found on the right of possession; but they agree, however, that a poor wretch, absolutely to prevent starving, may innocently take a loaf from his opulent neighbour, which he hath neither the heart to give nor the stomach to eat.

But, however wise, according to the opinion before cited from Plato, our law may here be, I much question whether it will not want the above sanction of religion to support it. Could anything, therefore, be so weak in our late governors, as to have suffered a set of poor fellows, who were just able to read and write, to inform their brethren, that the place which the rich had allotted them was a mere Utopia, and an estate, according to the usual sense of the phrase, *in nubibus* only! Could the poor become once unanimously persuaded of this, what should hinder them from an attempt in which the superiority of their numbers might give them some hopes of success; and when they have nothing real to risk in either world in the trial?

This is a matter of very serious consideration, and, as it seems of late to have employed most of our projectors, I hope I shall be at liberty to propose a scheme, which I think would very effectually remove the danger apprehended.

I have not here time to examine all the plans of others;

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one, however, I cannot entirely pass over in silence, as it somewhat resembles my own, and as I know so many good people who are pleased with it; and this is the scheme of the late Dean Swift, to force our poor to eat their own children, as what would not only afford provision for our present poor, but prevent their increase.

But with submission, however proper and humane this proposal might be in Ireland, I must observe it would be extremely cruel and severe here. For there the children of the poor being sustained for the most part with milk and potatoes, must be very delicious food; but here, as the children of the poor are little better than a composition of gin, to force their parents to eat them would in reality be to force them to poison themselves. The cruelty of which appears so monstrous at first sight, that it need not be exaggerated.

In truth, religion here, as in many other instances, will best do the business of the politician.

As to the restoration of the Christian religion, though I must own the expediency of it, could it be accomplished, I think it is a matter of too much difficulty. But perhaps another religion may be found, which will equally answer the above great purpose of government, and for which the people have not been lately inspired with any contempt or abhorrence; and which would have the pleasure of novelty to some, and of antiquity to others, to recommend it.

Without further preface then I shall propose the restoration of the ancient heathen religion; that form of worship I mean which was formerly practised among many nations, nay, even in this very country, and that consisted in the immolation of human sacrifices.

The great usefulness of these sacrifices to the purpose here contended for may partly be presumed, if we consider their true original, of which the learned have been hitherto so much puzzled to give an account.

The ingenious Abbé de Boissi imagines that the heathen world derived this practice from some uncertain traditional accounts of the intended sacrifice of Isaac by his father; a

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conjecture which, while the Christian religion flourished, might seem to have had some weight; but at present it is unnecessary to advance any argument to prove that a custom could not have been derived from a fact which is not believed to have had any existence.

In truth, these sacrifices were no other than an invention of politicians to secure the good things of this world to themselves, and at the same time to make a legal provision for the poor.

And this will more plainly appear, if we observe who were the poor in the first ages of the world. Now in those simple times when riches consisted only in flocks and herds, and when kings themselves were little better than shepherds, as the richest men abounded only in the necessaries of life, so there were few or none who were left entirely destitute of them: for before the introduction of money, men could not, as they do now, lock up thousands of sheep and oxen and the produce of a vast number of acres in a small coffer; and consequently, every country was found sufficient for the maintenance of its own inhabitants.

The poor therefore among these people were of two sorts only; namely, adventitious strangers and prisoners of war; and both these, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus, that great penetrator into the fogs of antiquity, were by many nations sacrificed to their gods.

Thus these sacrifices were no other than an invention of politicians to provide for, or rather to remove those redundant members in every society, for which the better (that is the richer) sort had no manner of use, and who were consequently in the language of the law become chargeable. Now, that the same laudable means would produce the same desirable end is too plain to require any proof.

I am, however, aware of one objection, which may be made to this scheme by some few persons, who will not be at the pains to give it a thorough examination; and who, as Madame Dacier said of one of the critics on Homer, find it more easy to cavil at an author than to understand him.

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The objection I would obviate is this; that my scheme is rather too barbarous and inhuman.

To this it might be sufficient to answer that it is for the good of the nation in general; that is to say, for the richer part.

But in truth it is for the advantage of the poor themselves; we may say indeed to these as the Roman soldier said to Nero, in the midst of his distress, "*Usque adeone mori miserum est?*" "Is there such a coward in the world, as to think death the most miserable of all evils?" Do we not daily see instances of men in distressed circumstances, that is to say, who cannot keep a coach and six, who fly to death as to a refuge? What must we think then of wretches in a state of hunger and nakedness; without bread to eat, without clothes to cover them, without a hut or hovel to receive them?

When Serenus was condemned to death by the senate of Rome, Gallus Asinius moved to mitigate the sentence to banishment; and proposed to send the convict either to the island of Gyaros or Donusa; but Serenus despised the alternative, as both islands were destitute of water; saying, as Tacitus hath it, *Dandos vitæ usus cui vita concederetur.* "If you grant me my life, give me also the necessaries of it." Without these, indeed, Serenus well knew that the favour pretended to be granted to him was a mere insult, and in reality an aggravation instead of a mitigation of his former sentence.

In this light, therefore, I shall be understood by my sensible reader, and instead of that censure of cruelty which hath been bestowed on Dr. Swift by some very ingenious and learned critics for his above-mentioned proposal, it will be attributed to my humane disposition that I have proposed to lessen the severity of that death which is suffered by so many persons, who in the most miserable lingering manner do daily perish for want in this metropolis.

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NO. 12. TUESDAY, *February* 11, 1752.

———"*utcunque ferent ea facta minores.*"—VIRGIL.

"Why should we heed what after times
Think of our follies or our crimes?"

"MOST of those things (says the ingenious Doctor South) that have the mightiest and most controlling influence upon the affairs and course of the world are downright lies. What is common fame, which sounds from all quarters of the world, and resounds back to them again, but generally a loud, rattling, impudent, overbearing lie? What are most of the histories of the world but lies? Lies immortalized, and consigned over as a perpetual abuse and flam upon posterity!"

There is, I am afraid, too much justice in the charge on history in general. Juvenal hath left this stamp of falsehood on the Greek histories then extant,

———"*Quicquid Græcia mendax*
Audet in historia."

And the same character Pliny gives to the historical writers in his own language, *Minus profecto mirentur Græciæ Mendacia, &c., qui cogitent nostros nuper paulo minus monstrifica quædam de iisdem tradidisse.* "We shall be less amazed at the monstrous lies of the Greeks (concerning the gardens of the Hesperides, &c.), when we consider how little less monstrous are the accounts of those matters which we find in our own tongue."

Herodian, who sets out with lamenting the little attention to truth which is commonly found in these recorders of time, hath an observation too pretty to be omitted. "The writer," says he, "is more careful to embellish his work with propriety of phrase, and harmony of style, than with truth; for he considers that posterity will be more likely to admire the two former excellences, than to detect his want of the last."

I do not however conclude that the historian whenever (in the language of the Houyhnhnms) he relates the thing which

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is not, intends himself to impose a falsehood on his reader. We frequently meet with lies in history, when the writer, I am convinced, did not deserve the opprobrious name of a liar.

Some writers (I confess) are hardly entitled to this candid interpretation; such are those historians who relate falsehoods as of their own knowledge, and are not only the recorders of a lie, but the witnesses of it; and those again whose works contain scarce anything besides lies, such as Master Geoffry of Monmouth, and some others, who may be fairly said to immortalize lies, and to consign them over as a perpetual abuse and flam upon posterity.

But if no latitude should be given to historians, I am afraid not only Matthew Paris, the best of our ancient annalists, but the valuable remains of Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, Dion Cassius, and indeed almost every history, must be condemned to the flames. The last of these whom I have mentioned tells us, I remember, a most notable fact, (it may indeed be called a Hummer). It is the story of an apparition in the shape of Alexander the Great; who with four hundred attendant spirits traversed great parts of Thrace to Byzantium, and then crossed the water to Chalcedon, where after some time they all vanished. This story he relates as a fact which happened in his own time, and which was (he says) attested by many thousands of eye-witnesses.

In reality, there are other apologies for the historian, besides the allowances which we are to make for superstition and credulity. Nothing is so short-lived as truth, occasioned, I suppose, by her extreme indolence and sluggishness, which are so remarkable, that she never cares to wag out of her own house, nor even to visit her next-door neighbour. Physicians may on the contrary well account for the long life of falsehood, by the constant exercise which she uses: for according to Virgil,

> "*Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum*
> *Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*"

Where *fama* may very well be translated "a lie."

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If we candidly consider therefore the materials which the historian is obliged to make use of, and the great difficulty with which he can come at truth, as a lie is always ready to present itself to his pen, we shall not always conclude that the writer intended to impose a falsehood on us when we reject his narrative as incredible. For my own part, though I have not quite so much faith at present, as I once had in the casualties related by Sir Richard Baker, in that wonderful Chronicle which was the great favourite of my youth; I do yet nevertheless acquit the writer of any design to impose on posterity. And though my faith is now somewhat staggered in attempting to believe that the devil carried away half a church, with many other such miracles recorded by that great writer, I am however well persuaded that they were firmly believed by the writer himself.

Without pursuing this lucubration any farther, I will endeavour to illustrate what I have already said, by presenting my reader with the specimen of a history of the present age, which may probably be written many hundreds of years hence, by some future Sir Richard Baker under his favourite title of Casualties in the Reign of George the Second.

CASUALTIES HAPPENING IN THIS REIGN.

Towards the beginning of this reign there flourished in some part of Wales a very extraordinary woman who brought forth at one birth nineteen couple of rabbits, one of which having been eaten by the Royal Society, and by them declared to have a most delicious relish, the breed was afterwards propagated all over the kingdom of England, were called Welsh rabbits, and were a long time in great request.

About the same time a set of infernal spirits appeared in London, and held a nocturnal meeting under the name of the Hell-fire Club. One prank of this club is confirmed by so many writers, that it would be ridiculous infidelity to deny our assent to it. This was the taking up the theatre which then stood in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and carrying it on

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their shoulders, together with all the audience, into Covent Garden, where are still some remains of that theatre now to be seen. Here we are well assured that many devils used frequently to appear during the time of acting, and dance to divert the company, till at last a most immense dragon descended from above and carried them all *up to hell.*

Several other very extraordinary matters are reported in good authors of this club. Some of the members, it is said, commenced writers, and openly propagated atheism, deism, immorality, indecency, and all kinds of scurrility against the best and worthiest men of those times. It hath been greatly lamented by the learned, that not the least remains of these works have come down to us, as this would have sufficiently silenced those objections of some critics; who would persuade us, in opposition to the whole current of historical evidence, that all which is related of this club is a mere fable, and the invention of a certain legend-writer in the twenty-third century.

The chief argument which these critics rest upon is this, that it is impossible to suppose a nation arrived at such an enormous degree of corruption and prostitution to have existed even a few years upon the face of the earth. And this, I confess, would have some weight, was it not overthrown by that account of the thorough reformation which, according to the best chronologists, happened in the year 1753, brought about by one General Drawgandsir, who at the head of a vast army set up his standard in the Common Gardens, and with a certain weapon called a ridicule, or ridicle, or as one conjectures a wry-sickle, brought the people by main force to better manners.

But the most extraordinary miracle of all that happened about this time, and which indeed we should not have mentioned had it not been so well attested by a great number of spectators, was this which follows. A certain juggler placed a common quart-bottle on a table, on the stage of a public theatre, and in the sight of several hundreds of people, conveyed himself into the bottle, where he remained a decent time: after which he again returned out of his

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place of confinement, in the same manner as he had gone into it.

And what makes this the more remarkable, is that the juggler was not of the smallest size of men, which would indeed have added great credibility to the story; but was a well-proportioned and middle-sized man.

But strange as this story may appear, it is extremely well attested; for it hath the authority of a fragment of undoubted antiquity, in which the author writes that he was himself one of the f—l—s[1] who were assemb—— to see the perf—rm—nce.

About this time likewise we are assured, that a set of attorneys' clerks, apprentices, players, fiddlers, tailors, shoemakers, and other mechanics; assembled themselves together to examine into the truth of religion. They met in a place called Robin's Wood, and were, after several skirmishes, all dispersed by General Drawgandsir.

In the middle of the same reign, or somewhat sooner, two blazing stars appeared, and shone all over London, for the space of a year or more. They were esteemed the most beautiful stars that ever enlightened the sky, were called the Sisters, and were universally admired. They at last set in two great houses, where they long shone as bright as they had shined in the sky before: and the owners of those houses were envied by all mankind.

Now in all these instances there appears a mixture of truth and falsehood, such as was probably the case with those accounts of the first ages that appear in profane history, in which none of the fables were perhaps solely the invention of the writer, but were originally founded on some matter of fact; which is however so obscured and metamorphosed in the tradition, that the real truth no more appears in the fable than the seed is to be discovered in the plant that is produced from it.

I will conclude this paper with a story which was communicated to me by a noble duke lately dead, and which from his mouth I can attest to be a fact.

[1] The original will be here imperfect.

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A certain nobleman taking the air one day, on the downs near Salisbury, saw among the Baras[1] there, one of a larger size than the rest; "this," said a gentleman present, "is, I suppose, the dormitory of some giant." The nobleman, who was a great lover of a jest, took the hint; and, when they returned home, immediately despatched a paragraph to be inserted in a particular newspaper, which he knew was constantly taken in by a certain virtuoso in that country; in which paragraph it was affirmed, "That the bones of a certain giant, supposed to have been, when alive, near ten foot high, were lately found in a Bara near Salisbury, and were then in the possession of a certain clergyman, who was mentioned by name." The joke had its effect with the virtuoso, who immediately despatched a man and horse for the bones to the clergyman, whose patron he was; nor did it cease there, but the same silly story was literally translated into French; and on the authority of the newspaper transmitted to posterity as a real fact, in a very voluminous work in folio soon after published in France.

No. 17. Saturday, *February* 29, 1752.

"*Credite, Posteri.*"—Horace.

"Let posterity take my word for it."

It is a common expression with historians "That such and such facts will hardly be believed by posterity;" and yet these facts are delivered by them as undoubted truths, and very often affirmed upon their own knowledge.

But, what is much more astonishing, many of those very instances, which are represented as difficult articles of truth by future ages, did most probably pass as common occurrences at the time when they happened, and might seem

[1] The graves of those who were slain in the wars of our ancestors are so called in Saxon.

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scarce worthy of any notice to the generality of people who were eye-witnesses to the transactions.

The Cardinal de Retz, after relating the almost incredible distress of the then Queen of England, who was likewise the daughter of France, and had not credit at Paris for a faggot to warm herself in the month of January, proceeds thus: "Nous avons horreur, en lisant les histoires, de lachetez moins monstreuses que celle-là; et le peu de sentiment que je trouvais dans la plupart des esprits sur ce fait m'a obligé de faire, je crois, plus de mille fois cette reflexion: que les exemples du passé touchent sans comparaison plus les hommes que ceux de leurs siecles. Nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voions; et je vous ai dit quelquefois, que je ne sais si le consulat du cheval de Caligula nous auroit autant surpris que nous nous l'imaginons."—"We are shocked, in reading history, at many less scandalous instances than this; and the little impression which I observed this made in the generality of men's minds at that time, hath caused this reflection to recur to me a thousand times: That the examples of former ages do beyond all comparison more sensibly affect us than those of our own times. Custom blinds us with a kind of glare to those objects before our eyes, and I have often doubted whether we should have been as much surprised at Caligula, when he made his horse a consul, as we are apt to imagine we should have been."

I can with truth declare, that I have a thousand times reflected on the judicious discernment of this uncommon observation; the justice and excellence of which I will endeavour to illustrate to my reader, by taking once more a survey of that opinion, which posterity may be reasonably supposed to entertain of the present times; and as I have formerly shown that they will probably, in some instances, believe much more than ourselves, so in others, it is altogether as probable, that they will believe less.

Without further preface, then, let us suppose some great and profound critic, in the fortieth century, undertaking to comment on those historical materials relating to this kingdom with which that age may possibly furnish him; and

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in what manner may we conceive him more likely to write than in the following?

ABSTRACT FROM HUMPHREY NEWMIXON'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

* * * * * * * * *

"*Desunt multa.*"

Though it is impossible to deliver any thing with great certainty of those fabulous ages, which a little preceded the time when universal ignorance began to overspread the face of the earth; and more especially prevailed in this island, till the restoration of learning, which first began in the thirty-sixth century: some few monuments of antiquity have however triumphed over the rage of barbarism, which may serve us to confute the horrid forgeries of that legendary Geoffry Bechard, who wrote about the year 3000.

This Geoffry writing of the year 1751, hath the following words: "The Inglis hat set temps ware soe dicted to gamein, soe that severl off the grate menn yous'd to mak yt thee soal bisens off thayr lifs; hand knot unli thee messirs, butt also theyre ems yous'd to spind a hole dais, hand knits hatt thayr cartes. Les ems aussi bien ass messirs cheept thayre l'assemble forr thatt propos, hat whitch les fems hat perdus mundoy quelle thayres messirs rop koontri for get."

So far this bishop, who was reputed to be one of the most learned men of his age, *quia legere et scribere potebat*, says a contemporary author; but those who contend the most for his learning will be able, I am afraid, to say but little for his honesty; since all must allow that he was either deceived himself or hath endeavoured to deceive his readers; for I have now by me a record of undoubted antiquity, by which it appears, that all kinds of gaming were, within a very few years before this period, of which this Geoffry writes, absolutely prohibited under the severest penalties. This law might

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indeed be infringed by some of the lowest of the people; and there is some reason to think it was so; for in a speech of George the Good, delivered from the throne in that very year 1751, a severe execution of the laws in this respect is recommended to the magistrate.

But that the great men, as the bishop says, should fly thus in the face, not only of those laws which they themselves made, but of their sovereign too, is too incredible to be imposed even on children.

Again, here is a reflection not only on the great men but on the great ladies of those times, who are represented in a light, which I shall not affront the present virtuous and prudent matrons, their great grand-daughters in the seventieth descent, by mentioning. But how inconsistent is this character with what we find in the writings of Sir Alexander Drawcansir, the only annalist of whose works any part hath descended to us, who, in one of his annals or journals, acquaints us, that there was not a single lady in his time married, who was not possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy.

The same authority is sufficient to contradict the absurd account which this Geoffry gives in another place of the ladies of those days; where he says that women of the first quality used to make nightly riots in their own houses. One passage is so ridiculous, that I cannot omit it. The ladies of St. James's parish, says he, used to treat their company with Drums; and this was thought one of their most elegant entertainments; some copies, I know, read Drams, but the former is the true reading, nor would the letter much cure the absurdity.

A learned critic indeed of my acquaintance suspects, that the above passage is corrupt, and proposes, instead of St. James's to read St. Giles's, and instead of Drum to read Dram; and then he says the above account will agree with a record of that age, by which it appears, that the women of St. Giles's parish were notoriously addicted to dram-drinking at that time. And as for the word Lady, he urges, that it did not then, as it doth now, signify a woman

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of great rank and distinction, but was applied promiscuously to the whole female sex; to support which he produces a passage from Sir Alexander Drawcansir, where the wife of a low mechanic is called a lady of great merit.

Another legend, recorded by our Geoffry, is sufficient of itself to destroy his credit. He tells us, that a *herd of bucks* used to frequent all the public places; nay, he says that two or three such animals would sometimes venture among several thousands of gentlemen and ladies, and put them all into confusion and disorder. This is a very scandalous reflection on the gentlemen of those days; but it is at the same time so incredible, that it needs no refutation.

The truth I believe is, that the bishop was a weak and credulous man, and very easily imposed upon: especially in those matters with which his function prevented him from being well acquainted. What he writes of their theatrical entertainments is beyond all measure ridiculous. "De vurst a nite of le play," says he, "d'author was a put a de stake sur on de theatre stage, dare des criticats dey palt at him, hyess him, catadecall him; off, off him, vor too dree heures. Dis be dam playe. Des criticats be de a perentice, klarque, boo, buccuk and gamambler."

Now I will refer it to any one whether the historian can be conceived here to write of a civilized people, and such the Britons are allowed on all hands to have been at that time.

Monsieur de Belle Lettre in his Melange Critique, which he published in the year 3892, treats the whole history of this Geoffry as a romance; and, indeed, what is recorded in it concerning dogs seems sufficiently to favour this opinion. At this time, says Bechard, the chief learning among those people was among the dogs. Learning was then a common epithet to several of the canine speeches, and a great dispute was for a long time carried on between a French and English individual of this species. We know not in whose favour it was determined; but it is agreed on all hands, that the question was, which was the most learned of the two. The historian adds, that several of the most

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eminent writers were of the canine kind; and were universally called sad dogs.[1]

The bishop concludes his history with these words: "Monstr. incred ten tousand pip. siffi nit. up got zee oostryche tap tonnobus, is pregados. dat zocurn hypor hoperad abun, idelonycus quinto pur zin inmus fi fadon addili."

Which is so ridiculous a supposition, that I shall leave it with the reader without any remark.

No. 18. Tuesday, *March* 3, 1752.

"*Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a gadibus usque;*
Aurorem et gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vina[2] *bona, atque illis multum diversa*——."—Juvenal.

"From where Cornubia's hundred boroughs end,
To where the Caledonian shores extend,
How few are found with taste to ascertain
The vilest Perry, and the best Champagne."

It is from a very common but a very false opinion that we constantly mix the idea of levity with those of wit and humour. The gravest of men have often possessed these qualities in a very eminent degree, and have exerted them on the most solemn subjects with very eminent success. These are to be found in many places in the most serious works of Plato and Aristotle, of Cicero and Seneca. Not only Swift, but South hath used them on the highest and most important of subjects. In the sermons of the latter, there is perhaps more wit than in the comedies of Congreve; and in his controversy with Sherlock on the Trinity, he hath

[1] "Sad is synonymous with grave, wise. The Judges were formerly called sad men of the law."

[2] So I choose to read this passage, at least on the present occasion.

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not only exerted great wit, but many strokes of the most exquisite drollery; not to mention the instance of St. Paul, whose writings do in my opinion contain more true wit than is to be found in the works of the unjustly celebrated Petronius.

In this manner, and with like error, we unite the ideas of gravity with dulness, as if the former was inseparably annexed to the latter. True indeed it is that Dulness appears in her own form, and in her proper dress, when she walks abroad in some critical essay on a grave subject; and many millions of reams have in all ages been sacrificed to her by her votaries in this manner; but she doth not always preserve this solemn air. She often appears in public in essays of entertainment, as the booksellers choose to call them; and sometimes in print, as well as on the stage, disguises herself in a jack-pudding coat, and condescends to divert her good friends with sundry feats of dexterity and grimace.

The late ingenious Dr. Swift, who was one of the greatest enemies that Dulness ever had, and who hath traced her out and exposed her in all her various disguises, likens these two different appearances of dulness to the different qualities of small beer in the barrel and small beer in the bottle. The former of which is well known to be of all things the most vapid, insipid and heavy; but the latter is altogether as airy, frothy, brisk and bouncing.

But though there is excellent drollery in this comparison, I have still another liquor in my eye, which will better match this airy and brisk kind of dulness; at least will give the reader a more just idea of that very quality which we principally intend to remark in this paper. The liquor I mean is that of Perry, for as this hath often been imposed on the injudicious palate for champagne, so hath this kind of dulness with no less assurance been often vented to the public under the name of wit.

As this is grown to be a very common practice, and as the consequence of it is very pernicious to the society; the understandings of men being as capable of an injury as their health, and as every taste is no more capable of

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distinguishing in the case of wit than in the case of champagne, I shall do, I think, no inconsiderable service to the public by giving them some rules to direct their judgment, and to arm them against this imposition. And here I shall chiefly make use of the words Champagne and Perry, instead of Wit and Dulness, as the two former seem the pleasanter and better-sounding words, and will equally explain my meaning.

The first caution I shall give my reader on this head, is to take care of all shops over the door of which is writ in great letters the following word, BIBLIOPOHUM, the true reading of which is BIBITOPERRYUM; a corruption which hath led many men into an error, and hath carried them into a perry-shop by mistake.

In the next place, I caution all persons to pay no regard to the labels with which the perry-merchants constantly endeavour to put off the worst of their stuff. Nothing, indeed, is more common than to see a quantity of rank perry, with a label signifying that it is the very best of champagne, and approved of by all persons of taste. The words, "curious, eminent, learned, the sixth or seventh edition. Done into English from the original French vessels, &c.," written upon the label, are all of them certain marks of Perry.

Nor is much more regard to be had to the positive assertion of the merchant himself; for nothing is more usual in this trade, as well as with the wine-merchant, than to sell one thing for another. Both of these make use, indeed, of the same imposition, and as every dealer in French vinegar hath the names of the most excellent wines always at his tongue's end, and ready to be applied to the worst goods in his warehouse, so hath our perry-merchant constantly in his mouth the names of the most celebrated authors; under one of which without any scruple, he vends the genuine anonymous productions of Grub Street. The names of Swift, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Prior, &c., have been used by the one kind of merchant, as of Lafeat, Latour, Bennet, &c., have been by the other.

Having premised these cautions, I come now to those

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marks which may distinguish the true champagne from the other by their several flavours.

The first quality which is remarkable in perry, is its extreme frothiness, in which indeed it will sometimes almost wholly evaporate.

Secondly, it is very apt to bounce and fly with much noise, as it is truly little more than a composition of wind, and proceeded originally, according to the observations of Butler, from the author's incapacity of sending his wind downwards.

An extraordinary degree of thinness is another manifest sign of perry. Let the quantity be never so large, you can immediately see through it; nor is there ever anything to be found at the bottom.

There are perhaps some other differences which do not at present occur to me; but, indeed, the surest way of judging is by the opposite consequences, which never fail to attend these two liquors.

First, as champagne is sure to raise the spirits, and to fill almost every man with mirth and gaiety; so this is as certain to depress, and render those who swallow any quantity more heavy and dull.

If, after a large draught, you find yourself inclined to irreligion and blasphemy, never touch a drop more, for this is a sure sign of the very worst of all perry.

Again, if after sitting to it (as is the language of drinking) an hour or two, you find in yourself a propensity to talking indecently, indeed, to any discourse which modest ears should not hear, this is another manifest indication; nothing indeed, being so very apt to corrupt the minds of youth, to make them unfit for civil company, and to send them to the brothels, than this kind of perry. In this instance, indeed, the metaphorical perry, which I have been here treating of, and that genuine liquor which comes to us from Worcestershire, seem to bear a strict analogy to each other. And for this reason, I suppose, it is so sacred to the brothel, that when a bottle of champagne is then called for, a bottle of perry is sure to be brought to the customer,

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that being the only champagne which is ever admitted into these houses, from the tendency no doubt which it hath to propagate that kind of filth in which they deal.

The last odious quality of this kind of perry, and which most clearly distinguishes it from that which we here call the true champagne, is that it never fails to propagate gross abuse and scandal; so far indeed as to inspire men to call names, and to deal in all the language of Billingsgate. So very rancorous is the nature of perry, that many eminent dabblers in it have escaped the cudgel or the whipping-post from this circumstance only, that they have been so absolutely intoxicated as to be unable to pronounce certain syllables in an articulate manner. Instead of minister, lord, bishop, &c., they have only uttered such sounds as may be imitated by pronouncing m-nst-r, l-d, b-sh-p, and so forth. Thus by stripping a name or a title of its vowels, they securely strip the owner of all his virtues and good qualities.

Now champagne, on the contrary, is known to inspire men not only with the most sparkling wit, but with the highest good humour; and so far is it from filling the head or heart with mischief and rancour, that in France the character which is given to the best champagne, and that of a certain age, is that it is *ami d'homme*, "A friend to mankind;" an appellation which, as it is perhaps the most glorious of all, so hath it most justly belonged to those great men in all ages whom Heaven hath been pleased to distinguish with those superior talents which are properly said to constitute a true genius.

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No. 21. Saturday, *March* 14, 1752.

"*Est miserorum, ut malevolentes sint atque invideant bonis.*"—Plautus.

"It is a miserable state to be malevolent, and to envy good men."

I shall publish the following letter with the same design that the Spartans exposed drunken men to the view of their children. Examples may perhaps have more advantage over precepts in teaching us to avoid what is odious, than in impelling us to pursue what is amiable. If the reader will peruse it with attention, he will, I conceive, discover in it a very useful moral; of which I shall give no further hint, than by desiring the reader not to be offended at the contradictions that occur in it.

Mr. Censor,—When I first read the name of Axylus to a letter in your paper, though I easily perceived the writer to be a silly fellow, I little guessed who was the individual person: but in his second performance he hath been pleased to acquaint me who he is.

This fellow, sir, you are to know, I have employed every means in my power to persecute, ever since I was acquainted with him; not because he is a fool (for I have no fixed quarrel with so numerous a body), but because he is in reality a good man.

You will, perhaps, think this a very strange confession? and so it would be, if there was any possibility of your guessing from whom it came; but I have the satisfaction to be assured, that, though I am actually known both to you and to your friend Axylus, I shall be the last person in the world to whom either of you will impute the character I shall here lay open. I well know that I pass upon you both, and a thousand other such wise people, for one of the best and worthiest men alive; for, as a late orator at the Robinhood said, "he had the honour to be an Atheist;" so I, sir, have the honour to be a most profound hypocrite. By which means I have universally obtained a good character,

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and perhaps a much better than what the silly Axylus hath acquired by really deserving it; for, as Plato remarks in the second book of his Republic, the just man and the unjust man are often reciprocally mistaken by mankind, and do frequently pass in the world the one for the other. The reason of which, as I take it, and as he in Plato indeed intimates, is, that the former are for the most part fools, and the latter are men of sense.

If I could so far prevail, however, as to deprive this Axylus of all the praise which he receives from his actions, and to show him in an opprobrious light to the world, I might perhaps be contented, and wish him ill no longer. And yet I am not positive that this would be the case; for what amends can it make to a man, who sees his mistress in his rival's arms, that the world in general are persuaded that he himself alone enjoys her; or could all the flattery of his courtiers, and all the Te Deums of his priests, satisfy Lewis XIV., and prevent his envying the Duke of Marlborough? I am well apprised that the reputation of goodness is all which I aim at, and is all which a wise man would desire; notwithstanding which, I am convinced that praise sounds most harmonious to that ear where it finds an echo from within; nay, who knows the secret comforts which a good heart may dictate from within, even when all without are silent! I perceive symptoms of such inward satisfaction in Axylus, and for that reason I envy and hate him from the bottom of my soul.

You will perhaps say, why then do you not imitate him? Your servant, sir; shall I imitate a fool because I see him happy in his folly? for folly I am convinced it is to interest yourself in the happiness, or in the concerns of others. Horace, who was a sensible writer, and knew the world, advises every man to roll himself up in himself, as a polished bowl, which admits of no rubs from without; and the old Greek, like a wise rogue, exclaims; "When I am dead, let the earth be consumed by fire. It is no concern of mine; all my affairs are well settled."

Here again it may be objected, why do you envy one

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whom you condemn as a fool? To this I own it is not easy to give an answer. In fact, nature hath moulded up with the wisest clay of man some very simple ingredients. Hence we covet those commendations which we know are seldom bestowed without a sneer, and which are annexed to characters that we despise. The truth I am afraid is, that I would willingly be this very man. That I have sometimes such a fear, I confess to you, as I think it impossible you should ever guess from whence the confession comes; for I would not, for ten thousand pounds, that any man should know I had ever such a wish; nay, I would not for an equal sum know myself that I had it.

And from this fear, this suspicion (for I once more assure you, and myself, that it is no more than a suspicion), I heartily detest this Axylus. For this reason, I have hitherto pursued him with the most inveterate hatred; have industriously taken every occasion to plague him, and have let slip no opportunity of ruining his reputation.

I am aware I may have let drop something which may lead you into an opinion that I really esteem this character, which I would endeavour to persuade you I despise; but, before I finish this letter, I flatter myself I shall place this fellow in so contemptible a light, that I shall have no reason to apprehend your drawing any such conclusion.

First, notwithstanding all the secret comforts which Axylus pretends to receive from the energies of benevolence, as he calls them, I cannot persuade myself, that there is really any pleasure in a good action. I must own to you, I do not speak this absolutely on my own knowledge, for I do not remember to have done one truly good, benevolent action in my whole life. Indeed, I should heartily despise myself, if I had any such recollection.

And if there be no pleasure in goodness, I am sure there is no profit in it. This Axylus himself will, I doubt not, be ready to confess. No man hath ever made or improved, though many have injured, and some have destroyed, their fortunes this way.

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In the last place, as to the motives which arise from our vanity, and which, as that very wise writer Mr. Mandevil observes, are much the strongest supports of what is generally called benevolence, I think to make the folly of doing good from such motives very plainly appear. I am far from being an enemy to praise, or from expressing that contempt for a good character, which some have affected. But, surely, it becomes a man to purchase everything as cheap as he can; now, why should he be at the pains and expense of being good in reality, when he may so certainly obtain all the applause he aims at merely by pretending to be so?

An instance of this I give you in myself, who, without having ever done a single good action, have universally a good character; and this I have acquired by only taking upon me the trouble of supporting one constant series of hypocrisy all my days.

Axylus, on the contrary, for want of undergoing this trouble, hath missed the praises he deserves. While he carelessly doth a hundred good actions, without being at the pains of displaying them, they are all overlooked by the world; nay, often by my means (for I am always watchful on such occasions), his most disinterested benevolence is seen in a disadvantageous light; and his goodness, instead of being commended, turns to his dishonour.

An example of this I saw the other day, when you published his last letter, where all that is said of an unhappy woman, drawn in to be guilty of the highest degree of wickedness by the most wicked and profligate of men, I am convinced flowed immediately from that compassion which is the constant energy of these good hearts. Now, sir, even this I turned against him. I represented it as a barbarous attempt to revile the character of a man before he had undergone his trial: and, can you believe it? such is the nature of man, I found some persons who could not, or would not, see the difference between concluding a person guilty who is in custody, and who is to undergo a legal disquisition into his crimes, and concluding one to be guilty

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of a fact, for which he hath fled from justice, and who, even by the evidence given on oath in the solemn trial of another, appears to all the world to be guilty.

But perhaps it may be said, though the world in general do not commend your actions, still you are repaid for them sufficiently by having the esteem, the love, the gratitude, of those to whom they are done. To this purpose I will tell you a short story; the fact is true, and happened to Mr. Axylus himself.

That silly good man had done many great services to a private family. Indeed, the very bread they ate was for a long time owing to his foolish generosity, and, at length, by his advice and assistance, this family was brought from a state of poverty and distress to what might be called affluence in their condition. I was acquainted with the whole scene, and often present at it, and, indeed, it was one of the pleasantest I ever saw; for while the good man was rejoicing in his own goodness, and feeding his foolish vanity with fond conceits of the grateful returns which were made to him in the bosoms of the obliged, they, on the other side, were continually laughing at his folly amongst themselves, and flattering their own ingenuity with their constant impositions on his good-nature, and ascribing every thing which they obtained of him to their own superior cunning and power of over-reaching him.

When I had enjoyed this scene till I was weary of it, I was resolved to work myself another satisfaction out of it, by tormenting the man I hate. I accordingly communicated the secret to Axylus, and gave him almost demonstration of the truth of what I told him. He answered with a smile, he hoped I was mistaken; but if not, he was answerable for the means only, and not for the end; and the very same day did a new favour to one of the family.

I will conclude by telling you, that it was I who sent him the trial of Miss Blandy to vex him, and I hope you will print this letter, that he may have the plague of guessing at me, for I am sure he will guess wrong; and, perhaps, may fix on one of his best friends; which will

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be doing him a very great injury, and will, consequently, give great pleasure to,

Sir, yours,

IAGO.

I cannot dismiss this letter without observing, that if there be really such a person as this writer describes himself, the possession of his own bad mind is a worse curse to him than he himself will ever be able to inflict on the happy Axylus.

NO. 23. SATURDAY, *March* 21, 1752.

"Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω,
Εἷς Βασιλεὺς, ᾧ ἔδωκε Κόρνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω
Σκῆπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσιν ἐμβασιλεύῃ."—HOMER.

——"Here is not allow'd,
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey."—POPE.

THOUGH of the three forms of government acknowledged in the schools all have been very warmly opposed, and as warmly defended; yet, in this point, the different advocates will, I believe, very readily agree, that there is not one of the three which is not greatly to be preferred to a state of total anarchy; a state in which there is no subordination, no lawful power, and no settled government; but where every man is at liberty to act in whatever manner it pleaseth him best.

As this is in reality a most deplorable state, I have long lamented, with great anguish of heart, that it is at present the case of a very large body of people in this kingdom. An assertion which, as it may surprise most of my readers, I will make haste to explain, by declaring, that I mean the fraternity of the quill, that body of men to whom the public assign the name of authors.

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However absurd politicians may have been pleased to represent the *imperium in imperio*, it will here, I doubt not, be found on a strict examination to be extremely necessary. The commonwealth of literature being, indeed, totally distinct from the greater commonwealth, and no more dependent upon it than the kingdom of England is on that of France. Of this our legislature seems to have been at all times sensible, as they have never attempted any provision for the regulation or correction of this body. In one instance, it is true, there are (I should rather, I believe, say there were) some laws to restrain them; for writers, if I am not mistaken, have been formerly punished for blasphemy against God, and libels against the government; nay, I have been told, that to slander the reputation of private persons was once thought unlawful here as well as among the Romans, who, as Horace tells us, had a severe law for this purpose.

In promulgating these laws (whatever may be the reason of suffering them to grow obsolete) the state seems to have acted very wisely; as such kind of writings are really of most mischievous consequence to the public; but alas; there are many abuses, many horrid evils, daily springing up in the commonwealth of literature, which appear to affect only that commonwealth, at least immediately, of which none of the political legislators have ever taken any notice; nor hath any civil court of judicature ever pretended to any cognizance of them. Nonsense and dulness are no crimes *in foro civili:* No man can be questioned for bad verses in Westminster Hall; and amongst the many indictments for battery, not one can be produced for breaking poor Priscian's head, though it is done almost every day.

But though immediately, as I have said, these evils do not affect the greater commonwealth; yet as they tend to the utter ruin of the lesser, so they have a remote evil consequence, even on the state itself; which seems, by having left them unprovided for, to have remitted them, for the sake of convenience, to the government of laws, and to the superintendence of magistrates of this lesser common-

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wealth; and never to have foreseen or suspected that dreadful state of anarchy, which at present prevails in this lesser empire; an empire which hath formerly made so great a figure in this kingdom, and that, indeed, almost within our own memories.

It may appear strange, that none of our English historians have spoken clearly and distinctly of this lesser empire; but this may be well accounted for, when we consider that all these histories have been written by two sorts of persons; that is to say, either politicians or lawyers. Now the former of these have had their imaginations so entirely filled with the affairs of the greater empire, that it is no wonder the business of the lesser should have totally escaped their observation. And as to the lawyers, they are well known to have been very little acquainted with the commonwealth of literature, and to have always acted and written in defiance to its laws.

From these reasons it is very difficult to fix, with certainty, the exact period when this commonwealth first began among us. Indeed, if the originals of all the greater empires upon earth, and even of our own, be wrapped in such obscurity that they elude the inquiries of the most diligent sifters of antiquity, we cannot be surprised that this fate should attend our little empire, opposed as it hath been by the pen of the lawyer, overlooked by the eye of the historian, and never once smelt after by the nose of the antiquary.

In the earliest ages, the literary state seems to have been an ecclesiastical democracy; for the clergy are then said to have had all the learning among them; and the great reverence paid at that time to it by the laity appears from hence, that whoever could prove in a court of justice that he belonged to this state, by only reading a single verse in the Testament, was vested with the highest privileges, and might do almost what he pleased; even commit murder with impunity. And this privilege was called the benefit of the clergy.

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This commonwealth, however, can scarce be said to have been in any flourishing state of old time, even among the clergy themselves; inasmuch as we are told, that a rector of a parish going to law with his parishioners, about paving the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter, *Paveant illi, non paveam ego.* Which he construed thus: "They are to pave the church, and not I." And this by a judge, who was likewise an ecclesiastic, was allowed to be very good law.

The nobility had clearly no ancient connection with this commonwealth, nor would submit to be bound by any of its laws; witness that provision in an old act of parliament: "That a nobleman shall be entitled to the benefit of his clergy (the privilege above mentioned) even though he cannot read." Nay, the whole body of the laity, though they gave such honours to this commonwealth, appear to have been very few of them under its jurisdiction; as appears by a law cited by Judge Rolls in his Abridgment, with the reason which he gives for it: "The command of the sheriff," says this writer, "to his officer, by word of mouth, and without writing, is good; for it may be, that neither the sheriff nor his officer can write or read."

But not to dwell on these obscure times, when so very little authentic can be found concerning this commonwealth, let us come at once to the days of Henry VIII., when no less a revolution happened in the lesser than in the greater empire; for the literary government became absolute, together with the political, in the hands of one and the same monarch; who was himself a writer, and dictated, not only law, but common sense too, to all his people; suffering no one to write or speak but according to his own will and pleasure.

After this king's demise, the literary commonwealth was again separated from the political; for I do not find that his successor on the greater throne succeeded him likewise in the lesser. Nor did either of the two queens, as I can learn, pretend to any authority in this empire, in which the Salique law hath universally prevailed; for though there have been some considerable subjects of the female sex in

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the literary commonwealth, I never remember to have read of a queen.

It is not easy to say with any great exactness, what form of government was preserved in this commonwealth during the reigns of Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; for though there were some great men in those times, none of them seemed to have affected the throne of wit: Nay, Shakespeare, who flourished in the latter end of the last reign, and who seemed so justly qualified to enjoy this crown, never thought of challenging it.

In the reign of James I. the literary government was an aristocracy, for I do not choose to give it the evil name of oligarchy, though it consisted only of four, namely, Master William Shakespeare, Master Benjamin Jonson, Master John Fletcher, and Master Francis Beaumont. This quadrumvirate, as they introduced a new form of government, thought proper, according to Machiavel's advice, to introduce new names; they therefore called themselves the *Wits*, a name which hath been affected since by the reigning monarchs in this empire.

The last of this quadrumvirate enjoyed the government alone, during his life; after which the troubles that shortly after ensued involved this lesser commonwealth in all the confusion and ruin of the greater, nor can any thing be found of it with sufficient certainty, till the *Wits*, in the reign of Charles II., after many struggles among themselves for superiority, at last agreed to elect John Dryden to be their king.

This King John had a very long reign, though a very unquiet one; for there were several pretenders to the throne of wit in his time, who formed very considerable parties against him, and gave him great uneasiness, of which his successor hath made mention in the following lines:

> "Pride, folly, malice, against Dryden rose,
> In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux."

Besides which, his finances were in such disorder, that it is affirmed, his treasury was more than once entirely empty.

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He died, nevertheless, in a good old age, possessed of the kingdom of wit, and was succeeded by King Alexander, surnamed Pope.

This prince enjoyed the crown many years, and is thought to have stretched the prerogative much farther than his predecessor: he is said to have been extremely jealous of the affections of his subjects, and to have employed various spies, by whom, if he was informed of the least suggestion against his title, he never failed of branding the accused person with the word *dunce* on his forehead in broad letters; after which the unhappy culprit was obliged to lay by his pen for ever; for no bookseller would venture to print a word that he wrote.

He did indeed put a total restraint on the liberty of the press; for no person durst read any thing which was writ without his licence and approbation; and this licence he granted only to four during his reign, namely, to the celebrated Dr. Swift, to the ingenious Dr. Young, to Dr. Arbuthnot, and to one Mr. Gay, four of his principal courtiers and favourites.

But without diving any deeper into his character, we must allow that King Alexander had great merit as a writer, and his title to the kingdom of wit was better founded at least than his enemies have pretended.

After the demise of King Alexander, the literary state relapsed again into a democracy, or rather indeed, into downright anarchy; of which, as well as of the consequences, I shall treat in a future paper.

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No. 24. TUESDAY, *March* 24, 1752.

"*Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,*
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum."—HORACE.

"Trifling pursuits true wisdom casts away;
And leaves to children all their childish play."

THE mind of man is compared by Montaigne to a fertile field, which, though it be left entirely uncultivated, still retains all its genial powers; but instead of producing any thing lovely or profitable, sends forth only weeds and wild herbs of various kinds, which serve to no use or emolument whatsoever.

The human mind is, indeed, of too active a nature to content itself with a state of perfect rest or sloth. There are few men such arrant stocks or stones as to be always satisfied with idleness, or to come up to that description in Lucretius:

"*Mortua cui vita est prope jam vivo, atque videnti,*
Qui somno partem majorem conterit ævi,
Et vigilans stertit."

St. Paul describes these men better, when, writing to the Thessalonians, he says, some of them are *μηδὲν ἐργαζόμενοι, ἀλλὰ περιεργαζόμενοι*: "Doing no work, but busying themselves in impertinence." Or, as the Latin author expresses the same sentiment: *Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens:* "Puffing and sweating to no purpose; employed about many things, and doing nothing."

The original of diversions is certainly owing to this active temper; for to what purpose were they calculated, but as the very word in our language implies, to cast off idleness? than which, to the generality of mankind, there is not, I believe, a much heavier burthen.

But if we look a little deeper into this matter, we shall find, that there is implanted in our nature a great love of business, and an equal abhorrence of idleness. This discovers

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itself very early in children; most of whom, as I have observed, are never better pleased than when they are employed by their elders.

The same disposition we may perceive in men, in those particularly to whom fortune hath made business unnecessary, and whom nature very plainly appears never to have designed for any. And yet, how common is it to see these men playing at business, if I may use the expression, and pleasing themselves all their lives with the imagination that they are not idle?

From this busy temper may be derived almost all the works with which great men have obliged the world. Hence it was that the great artifex, Nero, arrived at so great skill, as he himself tells us he did, in music; to which he applied with such unwearied industry on the stage, that several persons counterfeited death, in order to be carried out of the theatre from hearing him; for it would have been very unsafe for the *town* of Rome to damn his performances.

If Domitian had not been of a busy, as well as a cruel temper, he would never have employed so many hours in the ingenious employment of fly-spitting, which he is supposed to have brought to the highest degree of perfection of which the art is capable. Hence it is, so many industrious critics have spent their lives in all such reading as was never read, as Mr. Pope hath it; witness the laborious and all-read Dr. Zachary Grey, who, to compile those wonderful notes to his Hudibras, must have ransacked not only all the stalls, but all the trunks and bandboxes in the world.

Didymus, the grammarian, was another labourer of this kind. Seneca tells us, "that he writ four thousand books; in some of which he inquires into the country of Homer; in others, who was the true mother of Æneas, whether Anacreon loved wenching or drinking most; whether Sappho was a common prostitute;" with other such learning, with which, if you had already stuffed your head, your study ought to be how to get it out again.

Tiberius, wise as he was in policy, had a great inclination

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to this kind of knowledge. "He pursued it," says Suetonius, "*usque ad ineptias et derisum, &c.*, to a degree of folly and ridicule; for he used to ask the grammarians, of whose company he was very fond, such kind of questions as these: Who was the mother of Hecuba? By what name Achilles passed among the daughters of Lycomedes? What songs the Syrens used to sing? &c."

Cardinal Chigi, who was afterwards Pope Alexander VII., was a genius of this kind. He proclaimed a public prize for that learned man who could find a Latin word for the word Chaise. He likewise spent seven or eight days in searching whether Musca, a fly, came from Mosco, or Mosco from Musca. De Retz, from whose memoirs I have taken this story, says, That he had formerly discovered that the cardinal was *Homme de minutiis;* for that the said cardinal, in a discourse on the studies of his youth, had told De Retz that he had writ two years with the same pen.

I cannot omit the excellent remark of my author, though not to my present purpose. "It is true," says he, this is but a trifle; but I have often observed, that little things afford us truer symptoms of the dispositions of men than great ones."

What, but the utmost impatience of idleness, could prompt men to employ great pains and trouble, and expense too, in making large collections of butterflies, pebbles, and such other wonderful productions; while others, from the same impatience, have been no less busy in hunting after monsters of every kind, as if they were at enmity with Nature, and desirous of exposing all her errors.

The Greeks have a word for this industry. They call it Κενοσπουδία: and oftener Πολυπραγμοσύνη. Neither of which words I can translate without a periphrasis. By both is meant a vain curiosity and diligence in trifles.

I make no doubt, but that the same industry would often make a man of a moderate capacity a very competent master of some notable science, which hath made him a proficient in some contemptible art, or rather knack. The dexterous juggler might have made a complete mechanic.

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The same labour, and, perhaps, the same genius, which brings a man to a perfection at the game of chess, would make a great proficiency in the mathematics. Many a beau might have been a scholar, if he had consulted books with the same attention with which he hath consulted a looking-glass; and many a fox-hunter might, to his great honour, have pursued the enemies of his country with less labour and with less danger than he hath encountered in the pursuit of foxes.

I am almost inclined to think, that if a complete history could be compiled of the eminent works of the Κενόσπουδοι, the triflers, it would manifestly appear, that more labour and pains, more time (I had almost said, more genius) have been employed in the service of folly than have been employed by the greatest men in inventing and perfecting the most erudite and consummate works of art or wisdom.

I will conclude this paper with a passage from the excellent and truly learned Doctor Barrow, which gives a very serious, but very just turn to this subject.

"*Aliud agere*, to be impertinently busy, doing that which conduceth to no good purpose, is in some respect worse than to do nothing, or to forbear all action; for it is a positive abuse of our faculties, and trifling with God's gifts; it is throwing away labour and care, things valuable in themselves; it is often a running out of the way which is worse than standing still; it is a debasing our reason, and declining from our manhood; nothing being more foolish or childish than to be solicitous and serious about trifles; for who are more busy and active than children? Who are fuller of thoughts and designs, or more eager in the prosecution of them, than they? But all is about ridiculous toys, the shadows of business, suggested to them by apish curiosity and imitation. Of such industry we may understand that of the preacher, 'The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them;' for that a man soon will be weary of that labour which yieldeth no profit or beneficial return."

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No. 27. Saturday, *April* 4, 1752.

——"*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,*
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."—Ovid.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Of all the oppressions which the rich are guilty of, there seems to be none more impudent and unjust than their endeavour to rob the poor of a title which is most clearly the property of the latter. Not contented with all the honourables, worshipfuls, reverends, and a thousand other proud epithets which they exact of the poor, and for which they give in return nothing but dirt, scrub, mob, and such like, they have laid violent hands on a word to which they have not the least pretence or shadow of any title.

The word I mean is the comparative of the adjective good, namely *better*, or as it is usually expressed in the plural number *betters*. An appellation which all the rich usurp to themselves, and most shamefully use when they speak of, or to the poor: for do we not every day hear such phrases as these: Do not be saucy to your *betters*. Learn to behave yourself before your *betters*. Pray know your *betters*, &c.

It is possible that the rich have been so long in possession of this, that they now lay a kind of prescriptive claim to the property; but however that be, I doubt not but to make it appear, that if the word better is to be understood as the comparative of good, and is meant to convey an idea of superior goodness, it is with the highest impropriety applied to the rich, in comparison with the poor.

And this I the rather undertake, as the usurpation which I would obviate, hath produced a very great mischief in society; for the poor having been deceived into an opinion (for monstrous as it is, such an opinion hath prevailed) that the rich are their betters, have been taught to honour, and of consequence to imitate the examples of those whom they ought to have despised; while the rich on the contrary are misled into a false contempt of what they ought to respect,

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and by this means lose all the advantage which they might draw from contemplating the exemplary lives of these their real betters.

First then let us imagine to ourselves, a person wallowing in wealth, and lolling in his chariot, his mind torn with ambition, avarice, envy, and every other bad passion, and his brain distracted with schemes to deceive and supplant some other man, to cheat his neighbour or perhaps the public, what a glorious use might such a person derive to himself, as he is rolled through the outskirts of the town, by due meditations, on the lives of those who dwell in stalls and cellars! What a noble lesson of true Christian patience and contentment may such a person learn from his betters, who enjoy the highest cheerfulness in their poor condition; their minds being disturbed by no unruly passion, nor their heads by any racking cares!

Where again shall we look for an example of temperance? In the stinking kitchens of the rich, or under the humble roofs of the poor? Where for prudence but among those who have the fewest desires? Where for fortitude, but among those who have every natural evil to struggle with?

In modesty, I think, there will be little difficulty in knowing where we are to find our betters: for to this virtue there can be nothing more diametrically opposite than pride. Whenever therefore we observe persons stretching up their heads, and looking with an air of contempt on all around them, we may be well assured there is no modesty there. Indeed I never yet heard it enumerated among all the bad qualities of an oyster-woman or a cinder-wench, that she had a great deal of pride, and consequently there is at least a possibility that such may have a great deal of modesty, whereas it is absolutely impossible that those to whom much pride belongs, should have any tincture of its opposite virtue.

Nor are the pretensions of these same betters less strongly supported in that most exalted virtue of justice, witness the daily examples which they give of it in their own persons. When a man was punished for his crimes the Greeks said that he gave justice. Now this is a gift almost totally

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confined to the poor, and it is a gift which they very seldom fail of making as often as there is any very pressing occasion. Who can remember to have seen a rich man whipt at the cart's tail! And how seldom (I am sorry to say it) are such exalted to the pillory, or sentenced to transportation! And as for the most reputable, namely the capital punishments, how rarely do we see them executed on the rich! Whereas their betters, to their great honour be it spoken, do very constantly make all these gifts of justice to the society, which the other part have it much more in their power to serve by showing the same regard to this virtue.

As for chastity, it is a matter which I shall handle with great delicacy and tenderness, as it principally concerns that lovely part of the creation, for whom I have the sincerest regard. On this head therefore, I shall only whisper, that if our ladies of fashion were sometimes for variety only to take a ride through St. Giles's, they might find something in the air there as wholesome as in that of Hanover or Grosvenor Square.

It may perhaps be objected to what I have hitherto advanced that I have only mentioned the cardinal virtues, which (possibly from the popish epithet assigned to them) are at present held in so little repute, that no man is conceived to be the better for possessing them, or the worse for wanting them. I will now therefore proceed to a matter so necessary to the genteel character, that a superior degree of excellence in it hath been universally allowed by all gentlemen, in the most essential manner, to constitute our betters.

My sagacious reader, I make no doubt, already perceives I am going to mention decency, the characteristic, as it is commonly thought, of a gentleman; and perhaps it formerly was so; but at present it is so far otherwise, that, if our people of fashion will examine the matter fairly and without prejudice, they cannot have the least decency left, if they refuse to allow that, in this instance, the mob are most manifestly their betters.

Who that hath observed the behaviour of an audience at the playhouse, can doubt a moment to what part he should

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give the preference in decency! Here indeed I must be forced, however against my inclination, to prefer the upper ladies (I mean those who sit in the upper regions of the house), to the lower. Some, perhaps, may think the pit an exception to this rule; but I am sorry to say, that I have received information by some of my spies, that the example of the boxes hath of late corrupted the manners of their betters in the pit; and that several shopkeepers' wives and daughters have begun to interrupt the performance, by laughing, tittering, giggling, chattering, and such like behaviour, highly unbecoming all persons who have any regard to decency: whereas nothing of this kind hath been imputed, as I have yet heard, to the ladies in either gallery, who may be truly said to be above all these irregularities.

I readily allow, that on certain occasions the gentlemen at the top of the house are rather more vociferous than those at the bottom. But to this I shall give three answers: first, that the voice of men is stronger than that of beaux. Secondly, that on these occasions, as at the first night of a new play, the entertainment is to be considered as among the audience, all of whom are actors in such scenes. Lastly, as these entertainments all begin below-stairs, the concurrence of the galleries is to be attributed to the politeness of our betters who sit there, and to that decent condescension which they show in concurring with the manners of their inferiors.

Nor do these, our betters, give us examples of decency in their own persons only; they take the utmost care to preserve decency in their inferiors, and are a kind of deputies to the censor in all public places. Who is it that prevents the stage being crowded with grotesque figures, a mixture of the human with the baboon species? Who (I say) but the mob? The gentlemen in the boxes observe always the profoundest tranquillity on all such occasions; but no sooner doth one of these apparitions present its frightful figure before the scenes, than the mob, from their profound regard to decency, are sure to command him off.

And should any person of fashion in the boxes expose themselves to public notice by any indecent particularities of

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behaviour; from whom would they receive immediate correction and admonishment, but from the mob who are (for this purpose perhaps) placed over them?

Was it not for this tender care of decency in the mob, who knows what spectacles the desire of novelty and distinction would often exhibit in our streets? For let persons be guilty of the highest enormities of this kind, they may meet a hundred people of fashion without receiving a single rebuke. But the mob never fail to express their indignation on all indecencies of this kind: and it is, perhaps, the awe of the mob alone which prevents people of condition, as they call themselves, from becoming more egregious apes than they are, of all the extravagant modes and follies of Europe.

Thus, I think, I have fully proved what I undertook to prove. I do not pretend to say, that the mob have no faults; perhaps they have many. I assert no more than this, that they are in all laudable qualities very greatly superior to those who have hitherto, with much injustice, pretended to look down upon them.

In this attempt, I may perhaps have given offence to some of the inferior sort, but I am contented with the assurance of having espoused the cause of truth; and in so doing, I am well convinced I shall please all who are really my betters.

No. 31. Saturday, *April* 18, 1752.

"*Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.*"—Virgil.

"He who doth not hate one bad commentator, let him love a worse."

Sir,—You are sensible, I believe, that there is nothing in this age more fashionable than to criticise on Shakespeare. I am indeed told that there are not less than 200 editions of that author, with commentaries, notes, observations, &c., now preparing for the press; as nothing, therefore, is more natural than to direct one's studies by the humour of the

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times, I have myself employed some leisure hours on that great poet. I here send you a short specimen of my labours, being some emendations of that most celebrated soliloquy in Hamlet, which, as I have no intention to publish Shakespeare myself, are very much at the service of any of the 200 critics above mentioned.

I am, &c.,

"To be, or not to be; that is the question."—HAMLET Act. III. Sc. 2.

This is certainly very intelligible; but if a slight alteration were made in the former part of the line, and an easy change was admitted in the last word, the sense would be greatly improved. I would propose then to read thus:

"To be, or not. To be! that is the *bastion*."

That is, the stronghold, the fortress. So Addison in Cato:

"Here will I hold ———."

The military terms which follow, abundantly point out this reading.

"Whether 'tis nobler in the *mind* to suffer
The *slings* and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or *to take arms against a sea* of troubles,
And by opposing end them."

Suffering is, I allow, a Christian virtue, but I question whether it hath ever been ranked among the heroic qualities. Shakespeare certainly wrote buffet, and this leads us to supply man for mind; mind being alike applicable to both sexes, whereas Hamlet is here displaying the most masculine fortitude. Slings and arrows in the succeeding line is an impropriety which could not have come from our author; the former being the engine which discharges, and the latter the weapon discharged. To the sling he would have opposed the bow; or to arrows, stones. Read, therefore, winged arrows, that is, feathered arrows, a figure very usual among poets. So in the classical ballad of Chevy Chase:

"The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet."

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The next line is undoubtedly corrupt—to take arms against a sea, can give no man, I think, an idea; whereas by a slight alteration and transposition all will be set right, and the undoubted meaning of Shakespeare restored.

> "Or *tack* against an *arm 'oth' sea* of troubles,
> And by composing end them."

By composing himself to sleep, as he presently explains himself. "What shall I do?" says Hamlet, "shall I buffet the storm, or shall I tack about and go to rest?"

> ——"*To die*, to sleep;
> No more; and by a sleep to say we end
> The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
> The flesh is heir to; 'tis a *consummation*
> Devoutly to be wished. *To die*, to sleep;
> To sleep, perchance to dream; ——"

What to die first, and to go to sleep afterwards; and not only so, but to dream too? But though his commentators were dreaming of nonsense when they read this passage, Shakespeare was awake when he writ it. Correct it thus:

> ——"To lie to sleep."

i.e. to go to sleep, a common expression; Hamlet himself expressly says he means no more, which he would hardly have said if he had talked of death, a matter of the greatest and highest nature: and is not the context a description of the power of sleep, which every one knows puts an end to the heartache, the toothache, headache, and indeed every ache? So our author in his Macbeth, speaking of this very sleep, calls it,

> "Balm of hurt minds, great nature's *second course*."

Where, by the by, instead of second course I read sicken'd dose; this being indeed the dose which nature chooses to apply to all her shocks, and may be therefore well said devoutly to be wished for; which surely cannot be so generally said of death. But how can sleep be called a

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consummation? the true reading is certainly consultation, the cause for the effect, a common metonymy, *i.e.*, when we are in any violent pain, and a set of physicians are met in a consultation, it is to be hoped the consequence will be a sleeping dose. Death, I own, is very devoutly to be apprehended, but seldom wished, I believe, at least by the patient himself, at all such seasons.

For natural shocks I would read shakes; indeed, I know only one argument which can be brought in justification of the old reading; and this is, that shock hath the same signification, and is rather the better word. In such cases the reader must be left to his choice.

> "For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have *shuffled* off this mortal *coil*,
> Must give us pause ———"

Read and print thus:

> "For in that sleep, of death what dreams may come?
> When we have *scuffled* off, this mortal *call*,
> Must give us pause ———"

i.e. must make us stop. Shuffle is a paltry metaphor, taken from playing at cards; whereas scuffle is a noble and military word.

> "The whips and scorns of time."

Undoubtedly whips and spurs.

> "When he himself might his *quietus* make
> With a bare bodkin."

With a bare pipkin. The reader will be pleased to observe that Hamlet, as we have above proved, is here debating whether it were better to go to sleep or to keep awake; as an argument for the affirmative, he urges that no man in his senses would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, &c., when he himself, without being at the expense of an apothecary, might make his quietus, or

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sleeping dose, with a bare pipkin, the cheapest of all vessels, and consequently within every man's reach.

> ——"Who would fardles bear,
> To groan and sweat under a weary life?"

Who indeed would bear any thing for such a reward? The true reading is,

> ——"Who would for th' ales bear
> To groan," &c.

Who would bear the miseries of life for the sake of the ales? In the days of Shakespeare, when diversions were not arrived at that degree of elegance to which they have been since brought, the assemblies of the people for mirth were called by the name of an ale. This was the drum or rout of that age, and was the entertainment of the better sort, as it is at this day of the vulgar. Such are the Easter ales and the Whitsun ales at present celebrated all over the west of England. The sentiment, therefore, of the poet is this, "Who could bear the miseries of life, to enjoy the pleasures of it," which latter word is by no forced metaphor called the ales of life.

> "And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
> Than fly to others that we know not of."

This I own is sense as it stands; but the spirit of the passage will be improved if we read,

> "Than try *some others*," &c.

> ——"Thus the native hue of resolution,
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Read,

> ——"Thus the native blue of resolution,
> Is pickled o'er in a stale cask of salt."

This restores a most elegant sentiment; I shall leave the relish of it therefore with the reader, and conclude by wishing that its taste may never be obliterated by any future alteration of this glorious poet.

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No. 33. Saturday, *April* 25, 1752.

"*Odi profanum vulgus.*"—Horace.

"I hate profane rascals."

Sir,—In this very learned and enlightened age, in which authors are almost as numerous as booksellers, I doubt not but your correspondents furnish you with a sufficient quantity of waste paper. I perhaps may add to the heap; for, as men do not always know the motive of their own actions, I may possibly be induced, by the same sort of vanity as other puny authors have been, to desire to be in print. But I am very well satisfied with you for my judge, and, if you should not think proper to take any notice of the hint I have here sent you, I shall conclude, that I am an impertinent correspondent, but that you are a judicious and impartial critic. In my own defence, however, I must say, that I am never better pleased than when I see extraordinary abilities employed in the support of His honour and religion, who has so bountifully bestowed them. It is for this reason that I wish you would take some notice of the character, or rather story, here sent you. In my travels westward last summer I lay at an inn in Somersetshire, remarkable for its pleasant situation, and the obliging behaviour of the landlord, who, though a downright rustic, had an awkward sort of politeness, arising from his good-nature, that was very pleasing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, was a sort of good-breeding undressed. As I intended to make a pretty long journey the next day I rose time enough to behold that glorious luminary the sun set out on his course, which, by the by, is one of the finest sights the eye can behold; and as it is a thing seldom seen by people of fashion, unless it be at the theatre at Covent Garden, I could not help laying some stress upon it here. The kitchen in this inn was a very pleasant room; I therefore called for some tea, sat me in the window, that I might enjoy the prospect which

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the country afforded, and a more beautiful one is not in the power of imagination to frame. This house was situated on the top of a hill; and for two miles below, its meadows, enlivened with variety of cattle, and adorned with a greater variety of flowers, first caught my sight. At the bottom of this vale ran a river, which seemed to promise coolness and refreshment to the thirsty cattle. The eye was next presented with fields of corn that made a kind of an ascent, which was terminated by a wood, at the top of which appeared a verdant hill, situate as it were in the clouds, where the sun was just arrived, and peeping o'er the summit, which was at this time covered with dew, gilded it over with his rays, and terminated my view in the most agreeable manner in the world. In a word, the elegant simplicity of every object round me, filled my heart with such gratitude, and furnished my mind with such pleasing meditations, as made me thank Heaven I was born. But this state of joyous tranquillity was not of long duration: I had scarce begun my breakfast, when my ears were saluted with a genteel whistle, and the noise of a pair of slippers descending the staircase; and soon after I beheld a contrast to my former prospect, being a very beauish gentleman, with a huge laced hat on, as big as Pistol's in the play; a wig somewhat dishevelled, and a face which at once gave you a perfect idea of emptiness, assurance, and intemperance. His eyes, which before were scarce open, he fixed on me with a stare, which testified surprise, and his coat was immediately thrown open to display a very handsome second-hand gold-laced waistcoat. In one hand, he had a pair of saddle-bags, and in the other a hanger of mighty size, both of which, with a graceful G—d d—n you, he placed upon a chair. Then advancing towards the landlord, who was standing by me, he said, "By G—d, landlord, your wine is damnable strong." "I don't know," replied the landlord; "it is generally reckoned pretty good, for I have it all from London." "Pray, who is your wine-merchant?" says the man of importance. "A very great man," says the landlord, "in his way; perhaps you may know him, sir; his name is Kirby." "Ah! what honest

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Tom; he and I have cracked many a bottle of claret together; he is one of the most considerable merchants in the city; the dog is hellish poor, damnable poor; for I don't suppose he is worth a farthing more than a hundred thousand pound; only a plum, that's all; he is to be our lord mayor next year." "I ask pardon, sir, that is not the man, for our Mr. Kirby's name is not Thomas, but Richard." "Ay!" says the gentleman, "that's his brother; they are partners together." "I believe," says the landlord, "you are out, sir, for that gentleman has no brother." "D—n your nonsense, with you and your outs," says the beau, "as if I should not know better than you country puts; I who have lived in London all my lifetime." "I ask a thousand pardons," says the landlord, "I hope no offence, sir." "No, no," cries the other, "we gentlemen know how to make allowance for your country breeding." Then stepping to the kitchen-door, with an audible voice he called the ostler, and in a very graceful accent, said, "D—n your blood, you cock-ey'd son of a bitch, bring me my boots; did not you hear me call?" Then turning to the landlord, said, "Faith! that Mr. What-de-callum, the exciseman, is a damn'd jolly fellow." "Yes, sir," says the landlord, "he is a merryish sort of a man." "But," says the gentleman, "as for that schoolmaster, he is the queerest bitch I ever saw; he looks as if he could not say boh to a goose." "I don't know, sir," says the landlord, "he is reckoned to be a desperate good scollard about us, and the gentry likes him vastly, for he understands the measurement of land and timber, knows how to make dials and such things; and for cyphering, few can out-do'en." "Ay!" says the gentleman, "he does looks like a cypher indeed; for he did not speak three words all last night." The ostler now produced the boots, which the gentleman taking in his hand, and having placed himself in the chair, addressed in the following speech: "My good friend, Mr. Boots, I tell you plainly, that if you plague me so damnably as you did yesterday morning, by G— I'll commit you to the flames; stap my vituals, as my Lord Huntingdon says in the play:" he then looked full in my face, and asked the landlord if

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he had ever been at Drury Lane playhouse? which he answered in the negative. "What," says he, "did you never hear talk of Mr. Garrick and King Richard?" "No, sir," says the landlord. "By G—," says the gentleman, "he is the cleverest fellow in England;" he then spouted a speech out of King Richard, which begins, Give me an horse, &c. "There," says he, "that, that is just like Mr. Garrick." Having pleased himself vastly with this performance, he shook the landlord by the hand with great good-humour, and said, "By G— you seem to be an honest fellow, and good blood; if you'll come and see me in London, I'll give you your skinful of wine, and treat you with a play and a whore every night you stay. I'll show you how it is to live, my boy. But here, bring me some paper, my girl; come, let us have one of your love-letters to air my boots." Upon which, the landlord presented him with a piece of an old newspaper. "D—n you," says the gent, "this is not half enough; have you never a Bible or Common Prayer Book in the house? Half a dozen chapters of Genesis, with a few prayers, make an excellent fire in a pair of boots." "Oh! Lord forgive you," says the landlord, "sure you would not burn such books as those." "No!" cries the spark, "where was you born? go into a shop of London, and buy some butter or a quartern of tea, and then you'll see what use is made of these books." "Ay!" says the landlord, "we have a saying here in our country, that 'tis as sure as the devil is in London, and if he was not there, they could not be so wicked as they be." Here a country fellow who had been standing up in one corner of the kitchen, eating of cold bacon and beans, and who, I observed, trembled at every oath this spark swore, took his dish and pot, and marched out of the kitchen, fearing, as I afterwards learned, that the house would fall down about his ears, for he was sure, he said, "That man in the gold-laced hat was the devil." The young spark, having now displayed all his wit and humour, and exerted his talents to the utmost, thought he had sufficiently recommended himself to my favour, and convinced me he was a gentleman. He therefore with an air addressed

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himself to me, and asked me, which way I was travelling? To which I gave him no answer. He then exalted his voice: but at my continuing silent, he asked the landlord if I was deaf? Upon which, the landlord told him, he did not believe the gentleman was dunch, for that he talked very well just now. The man of wit whispered in the landlord's ear, and said, "I suppose he is either a parson or a fool." He then drank a dram, observing that a man should not cool too fast; paid sixpence more than his reckoning, called for his horse, gave the ostler a shilling, and galloped out of the inn, thoroughly satisfied that we all agreed with him in thinking him a clever fellow, and a man of great importance. The landlord smiling, took up his money, and said he was a comical gentleman, but that it was a thousand pities he swore so much; if it was not for that, he was a very good customer, and as generous as a prince, for that the night before, he had treated everybody in the house. I then asked him, if he knew that comical gentleman, as he called him? "No, really, sir," said the landlord, "though a gentleman was saying last night, that he was a sort of rider, or rideout, to a linendraper at London." This, Mr. Censor, I have since found to be true; for having occasion to buy some cloth, I went last week into a linendraper's shop, in which I found a young fellow, whose decent behaviour, and plain dress, showed he was a tradesman. Upon looking full in his face, I thought I had seen it before, nor was it long before I recollected where it was, and that this was the same beau I had met with in Somersetshire. The difference in the same man in London, where he was known, and in the country where he was a stranger, was beyond expression; and was it not impertinent to make observations to you, I could enlarge upon this sort of behaviour; for I am firmly of opinion, that there is neither spirit nor good sense in oaths, nor any wit or humour in blasphemy. But as vulgar errors require an abler pen than mine to correct them, I shall leave that task to you, and am, sir,

Your humble servant,

R. S.

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No. 34. TUESDAY, *April* 28, 1752.

"*Natio comœda est.*"—JUVENAL.

"We are a nation of players."

IT is the advice of Solomon, to train up a child in the way he shall go, and this, in the opinion of Quintilian, can never be undertaken too early. He, indeed, begins his institution even with the very nurse.

The wise man here very plainly supposes a previous determination in the parent in what way he intends his child shall go; for, without having fixed this with certainty, it will be impossible for any man to fulfil the precept.

Now all the ways of life in which, in this country, men walk themselves, and in which they so manifestly intend to train their children, seem to me to be reducible to two; viz. the way of spending an estate, and the way of getting one. These may, indeed, in this sense, be called the two great high roads in this kingdom.

As to the former, it is much the less beaten and frequented track, as it requires a certain viaticum obvious to the reader, which is not in the possession of every one; in this way, therefore, the eldest sons of great families and heirs of great estates, can only be trained. The methods of training here, are no more than twofold, both very easy and apposite; it is therefore no wonder that they are both pursued with very little deviation by almost every parent. The one, which is universally practised in the country, contains very few rules, and these extremely simple; such as drinking, racing, cock-fighting, hunting, with other rural exercises. The other, which is proper to the town, and, indeed, to the higher people, is somewhat more complex. This includes dancing, fencing, whoring, gaming, travelling, dressing, French connoisseurship, and perhaps two or three other less material articles.

But the great and difficult point is that of training youth in the other great road, namely, in the way to get an estate.

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Here, as in our journey over vast and wide plains, the many different tracks are apt to beget uncertainty and confusion, and we are often extremely puzzled which of these to choose for ourselves, and which to recommend to our children.

The most beaten tracks in this road are those of the professions, such as the church, the law, the army, &c. In some one of these, the younger children of the nobility and gentry have usually been trained, often with very ill success; arising sometimes from a partial opinion of the talents of the child, and more often from flattering ourselves with hopes of more interest with the great than we have really had.

To all these professions many things may be objected, as we shall presently see, when we compare them with a path in life, which I am about to recommend to my reader, and which we shall find clear from most of the objections that may be raised against any other.

Without further preface, the way of life which I mean to recommend, is that of the stage, in which I shall hope for the future to see several of our young nobility and gentry trained up, and particularly those of the most promising parts.

In the first place then, the stage at present promises a much better provision than any of the professions; for though perhaps it is true that there are in the church, the law, the state, the army, &c., some few posts which yield the possessors greater profit than is to be acquired on the stage: yet these bear no proportion to the infinite numbers who are trained in the several professions, and who almost literally starve. The income of an actor of any rank, is from six to twelve hundred a year; whereas, that of two-thirds of the gentlemen of the army is considerably under one hundred; the income of nine-tenths of the clergy is less than fifty pounds a year; and the profits in the law, to ninety-nine in a hundred, amount not to a single shilling.

And as for those few posts of great emolument, upon which we all cast our eyes, as the adventurers in a lottery

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do on the few great prizes, if we impartially examine our own abilities, how few of us shall dare to aspire so high? whereas on the stage, scarce any abilities are required, and we see men, whom nobody allows to deserve the name of actors, enjoying salaries of three, four, and five hundred a year.

Again, if we consider the great pains and time, the head-aches, and the heartaches, which lead up to the top of either the army or the law:

> "*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,*
> *Multa tulit, fecitque puer:*"

this consideration will sufficiently discourage our attempts, especially when, on the other hand, we may on the stage leap all at once into eminence; and if we expect no more than four or five hundred pounds for the first year of our acting, our demands will be thought modest.

And further, in any of the professions, all our abilities will be thrown away, and all our time and labour lost, unless we have other ingredients to recommend us. Unless we have some powerful friend or relation, or some beautiful wife or sister, we shall never procure an opportunity of showing the world what we are; whereas to the stage no interest is necessary to introduce you. The publishing the name of a gentleman who never acted before in the play-bills, will fill the house as surely as if he proposed to get into a bottle, and no manager is ashamed of putting you at first into any of his principal parts.

And if we view this in the light of ambition, the stage will have no less advantage over the professions. To personate a great character three hours in the twenty-four, is a matter of more consequence than it is generally esteemed. The world itself is commonly called a stage; and in the eye of the greatest philosophers, the actions in both appear to be equally real, and of equal consequence. Where then is the mighty difference between personating a great man on the great theatre, or on the less? In both cases we often assume that character when it doth not really belong to us,

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and a very indifferent player acts it sometimes better than his right honourable brother, and with ten thousand times the applause.

It was not therefore without reason that our worthy Laureat, in the excellent apology for his life, gave thanks to Providence that he did not in his youth betake himself either to the gown or the sword. Wise, indeed, as well as happy was his choice, as many of his contemporaries, whose ill stars led them to the way of those professions, had the question been put to them on their death-bed, must have acknowledged. How many of these his contemporaries who have professed the laws or religion of their country; how many others who have fought its battles, after an obscure and wretched life of want and misery, have bequeathed their families to the stalls and the streets?

That the reverse hath been the fate of this gentleman I need not mention, and am pleased to think. And yet in the days of his acting, nothing like to the present encouragement was given on the stage. Mrs. Oldfield herself (as I have been informed) had not half the theatrical income of our present principal actresses. To what greater height it may rise I know not; but from the present flourishing condition of the stage, and from the proportionable decline of the learned professions, I think it may be prophesied, that it will be as common hereafter to say, that such a particular estate was got by the stage, as it was formerly to see great houses rise by the law.

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No. 35. SATURDAY, *May* 2, 1752.

"Ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
Ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας.
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφὸς,
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆες'
Πόλεμοι, φόνοι δι' αὐτόν."—ANACREON.

[See the translation afterwards.]

TO SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

BEDLAM, *April* 1, 1752.

SIR,—I make no question but before you have read half through my letter you will be surprised at its being dated as above; and may perhaps agree with the conclusion which I have made long ago, that this place is set apart by the English for the confinement of all those who have more sense than the rest of their countrymen.

However that be, I shall begin by telling you very bluntly, that if you really intend to bring about any reformation in this kingdom, you will certainly miss your end, and for this simple reason, because you are absolutely mistaken in the means.

Physicians affirm, that before any vicious habits can be repaired in the natural constitution, it is necessary to know and to remove their cause. The same holds true in the political. Without this, in both instances we may possibly patch up and palliate, but never can effectually cure.

Now, sir, give me leave to say, you do not appear to me to have in the least guessed at the true source of all our political evils, neither do you seem to be in any likelihood of ever acquiring even a glimpse of any such knowledge. It is no wonder, therefore, that, instead of pursuing the true method of cure, you should more than once, in the course of your lucubrations, have thrown out hints which would actually tend to heighten the disease.

Know then, sir, that it is I alone who have penetrated to the very bottom of all the evil. With infinite pains and

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study I have discovered the certain cause of all that national corruption, luxury, and immorality, which have polluted our morals; and of consequence it is I alone who am capable of prescribing the cure.

But when I lay this sole claim to such discovery, I would be understood to have respect only to the moderns. To the philosophers among the ancients, and to some of their poets, I am well apprised that this invaluable secret was well known, as I could prove by numberless quotations. It occurs, indeed, so very often in their works, that I am not a little surprised how it came to escape the observation of a gentleman who seems to have been so conversant with those illustrious lamps of real knowledge and learning.

Without further preface then, what is the true fountain of that complication of political diseases which infests this nation, but money? Money! which, as the Greek poet says in my motto, "May he perish that first invented; for this it is which destroys the relation of brother and of parent, and which introduces wars and every kind of bloodshed into the world."

If this be granted, as it surely must, where is the remedy? Is it not to remove the fatal cause, by extirpating this poisonous metal, this Pandora's box, out of the nation?

But though the advantages arising from this abolition, are, in my opinion, extremely self-evident; yet as they may possibly not strike with equal force upon the minds of others, since no man hath in my memory given the least obscure hint of such a project, I shall mention some few of the greatest; and to avoid a common place of those authors I have above mentioned, I shall confine myself to such instances as particularly affect this country.

First then, it would effectually put an end to all that corruption which every man almost complains of, and of which every man almost partakes; for by these means those contentions which have begun and continued this corruption, and which always will continue it, will immediately subside. The struggle will be then, not who shall serve their country in great and difficult posts and

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employments; but who shall be excused from serving it; and the people being left to themselves, will always fix upon the most capable, who, by the fundamental laws of our constitution, will be compelled to enter into their service. Thus a certain method called election, which is of very singular use in a nation of freedom, will be again revived; otherwise it may possibly sink only to a name.

For though I admit it possible, that bare ambition may incite some persons to attempt employments for which they are utterly unfit, yet the very powers of bribery would be thus taken away, or would be rendered so public, that it would then be easily within the power of the law to suppress it; for no man could distribute a herd of cattle, or a flock of sheep in private.

Secondly, this method would effectually put a stop to luxury, or would reduce it to that which was the luxury of our ancestors, and which may more properly be called hospitality.

Thirdly, it would be of the highest advantage to trade, for it would prevent our dealing any longer with those blood-sucking nations, who take not our own commodities in barter for theirs. This kind of traffic, I might perhaps be expected to speak more favourably of, as it so plainly tends to remove the evil of which I complain, and in process of time would possibly effect that excellent purpose. But I must observe, that however advantageous the end may be, the means are not so advisable; nay, if we suffer any money to remain among us, I think there may be good reasons showed, why we should retain as much as we can. It is often, indeed, mischievous to do that by halves, which it would be highly useful to do effectually; for this must certainly be allowed, that, while money is permitted to be the representative of all things, as it is at present, none but a nation of idiots would constantly put it into the hands of their enemies.

Fourthly, it would restore certain excellent things, such as piety, virtue, honour, goodness, learning, &c., all which are totally abolished by money, or so counterfeited by it, that

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no one can tell the true from the false; the word rich, indeed, is at present considered to signify them all; but of this enough may be found in the old philosophers and poets, whom I have before mentioned.

Again, how desirous would the lawyers be to put a speedy end to a suit, or the physical people to a disease, if once my scheme should take place? It may be said, indeed, that they would then carry away men's goods and chattels, as they do now from those who have no money; but I answer, that this is done in order to convert them into money; for otherwise they would hardly admit the ragged and lousy bed of a poor wretch into their houses.

Fór the same reason my scheme would effectually put an end to all robberies; a matter which seems so much to puzzle the legislature; for though our goods are sometimes stolen as well as our money, yet the former are only taken in order to convert them into the latter. It is not the use, but the value of a watch, snuff-box, or ring, that is considered by the robber, who always thinks with Hudibras,

> "What is the worth of any thing,
> But so much money as 'twill bring?"

I shall add but one particular more; which is, that my scheme would most certainly provide for the poor, and that by an infallible (perhaps the only infallible) method, by removing the rich. Where there are no rich, there will of consequence be found no poor? for Providence hath in a wonderful manner provided in every country a plentiful subsistence for all its inhabitants; and where none abound, none can want.

Having long meditated on this excellent scheme, so long that, if you will believe some people, I have cracked my brain, I was resolved to acquit myself, and to show by way of example, how fully I was convinced of the truth of my principles. I therefore converted an estate of three hundred pounds a year into money; of this I put a competent sum in my pocket, and took my next heir with me upon the Thames, where I began to unload my pockets into the

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water. But I had scarce discharged three handfuls, before my heir seized me, and with the assistance of the waterman, conveyed me back to shore. I was for a day secured in an apartment of my own house; and thence the next morning by a conspiracy among my relations, brought hither, where I am like to remain, till the rest of mankind return to their senses.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

MISARGURUS.

No. 37. SATURDAY, *May* 9, 1752.

"*Scilicet in vulgus manent exempla regentum.*"—CLAUDIAN.

"*The creatures* will endeavour to ape their betters."

THERE are many phrases that custom renders familiar to our ears, which, when looked into, and closely examined, will appear extremely strange, and of which it must greatly puzzle a very learned etymologist to account for the original.

Of this sort is the term, *People of Fashion.* An expression of such very common use, and so universally understood, that it is entirely needless to set down here what is meant by it; but how it first acquired its present meaning, and became a title of honour and distinction, is a point, I apprehend, of no small difficulty to determine.

I have on this occasion consulted several of my friends who are well skilled in etymology. One of these traces the word Fashion through the French language up to the Latin. He brings it from the verb *facio*, which, among other things, signifies *to do.* Hence he supposes *People of Fashion*, according to the old derivation of *lucus à non lucendo*, to be spoken of those who do nothing. But this is too general, and would include all the beggars in the nation.

Another carries the original no farther than the French

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word *Façon*, which is often used to signify affectation. This likewise will extend too far, and will comprehend attorneys' clerks, apprentices, milliners, mantua-makers, and an infinite number of the lower people.

A third will bring fashion from Φάσις. This in the genitive plural makes Φάσεων, which in English is the very word. According to him, by People of Fashion, are meant people whose essence consisteth in appearances, and who, while they seem to be something, are really nothing.

But though I am well apprised that much may be said to support this derivation, there is a fourth opinion, which, to speak in the proper language, hath yet a more smiling aspect. This supposes the word Fashion to be a corruption from Fascination, and that these people were formerly believed by the vulgar to be a kind of conjurors, and to possess a species of the black art.

In support of this opinion, my friend urges the use which these people have always made of the word Circle, and the pretence to be inclosed in a certain circle, like so many conjurors, and by such means to keep the vulgar at a distance from them.

To this purpose likewise he quotes the phrases, a polite circle, the circle of one's acquaintance, people that live within a certain circle, and many others. From all which he infers, that in those dark and ignorant ages, when conjurors were held in more estimation than they are at present, the credulous vulgar believed these people to be of the number, and consequently called them *People of Fascination*, which hath been since corrupted into *People of Fashion*.

However whimsical this opinion may seem, or however far-fetched the derivation may sound to those who have not much considered the barbarous corruption of language, I must observe in its favour, how difficult it is, by any other method, to account not only for that odd phrase, People of Fashion; but likewise for that circle within which those people have always affected to live.

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Even now, when conjurors have been long laughed out of the world, the pretence to the circle is nevertheless maintained, and within the circle the People of Fascination do actually insist upon living at this day.

It is moreover extremely pleasant to observe what wonderful care these people take to preserve their circle safe and inviolate, and with how jealous an eye they guard against any intrusion of those whom they are pleased to call the vulgar; who are on the other hand as vigilant to watch, and as active to improve every opportunity of invading this circle, and breaking into it.

Within the memory of many now living, the circle of the People of Fascination included the whole parish of Covent Garden, and great part of St. Giles's in the Fields; but here the enemy broke in, and the circle was presently contracted to Leicester Fields, and Golden Square. Hence the People of Fashion again retreated before the foe to Hanover Square; whence they were once more driven to Grosvenor Square, and even beyond it, and that with such precipitation, that, had they not been stopped by the walls of Hyde Park, it is more than probable they would by this time have arrived at Kensington.

In many other instances we may remark the same flight of these people, and the same pursuit of their enemies. They first contrived a certain vehicle called a hackney-coach, to avoid the approach of the foe in the open streets. Hence they were soon routed, and obliged to take shelter in coaches of their own. Nor did this protect them long. The enemy likewise in great numbers mounted into the same armed vehicles.[1] The People of Fascination then betook themselves to chairs; in which their exempt privileges being again invaded, I am informed that several ladies of quality have bespoke a kind of couch somewhat like the Lectica of the Romans; in which they are next winter to be carried through the streets upon men's shoulders.

The reader will be pleased to observe, that, beside the local circle which I have described above, there is an

[1] Rather coat of arms.

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imaginary or figurative one, which is invaded by every imitation of the vulgar.

Thus those People of Fascination, or, if they like it better, of Fashion, who found it convenient to remain still in coaches, observing that several of the enemy had lately exhibited arms on their vehicles, by which means those ornaments became vulgar and common, immediately ordered their own arms to be blotted out, and a cypher substituted in their room; perhaps cunningly contrived to represent themselves instead of their ancestors.

Numberless are the devices made use of by the People of Fashion of both sexes, to avoid the pursuit of the vulgar, and to preserve the purity of the circle. Sometimes the periwig covers the whole beau, and he peeps forth from the midst like an owl in an ivy-bush; at other times his ears stand up behind half a dozen hairs, and give you the idea of a different animal. Sometimes a large black bag, with wings spread as broad as a raven's, adorns his back; at other times, a little lank silk appears like a dead black-bird in his neck. To-day he borrows the tail of a rat, and to-morrow that of a monkey; for he will transform himself into the likeness of the vilest animal, to avoid the resemblance of his own species.

Nor are the ladies less watchful of the enemy's motions, or less anxious to avoid them. What hoods and hats, and caps and coifs, have fallen a sacrifice in this pursuit! Within my memory the ladies of the circle covered their lovely necks with a cloak; this being routed by the enemy, was exchanged for the manteel; this again was succeeded by the pelorine; the pelorine by the neckatee; the neckatee by the capuchine; which hath now stood its ground a long time, but not without various changes of colour, shape, ornaments, &c.

And here I must not pass by the many admirable arts made use of by these ladies, to deceive and dodge their imitators; when they are hunted out in any favourite mode, the method is to lay it by for a time, and then to resume it again all at once, when the enemy least expect it. Thus

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patches appear and disappear several times in a season. I have myself seen the enemy in the pit, with faces all over spotted like the leopard, when the circle in the boxes have, with a conscious triumph, displayed their native alabaster, without a simple blemish, though they had a few evenings before worn a thousand; within a month afterwards the leopards have appeared in the boxes, to the great mortification of the fair faces in the pit.

In the same manner the ruff, after a long discontinuance, some time since began to revive in the circle, and advanced downwards, till it almost met the tucker. But no sooner did the enemy pursue, than it vanished all at once, and the boxes became a collection of little hills of snow, extremely delightful to the eyes of every beholder.

Of all the articles of distinction the hoop hath stood the longest, and with the most obstinate resistance. Instead of giving way, this, the more it hath been pushed, hath increased the more; till the enemy hath been compelled to give over the pursuit from mere necessity; it being found impossible to convey seven yards of hoop into a hackney coach, or to slide with it behind a counter.

But as I have mentioned some of the arts of the circle it would not be fair to be silent as to those of the enemy, among whom a certain citizen's wife distinguished herself very remarkably, and appeared long in the very top of the mode. It was at last, however, discovered, that she used a very unfair practice, and kept a private correspondence with one of those milliners who were entrusted with all the secrets of the circle.

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No. 42. Tuesday, *May* 26, 1752.

——"*Me literulas stulti docuere parentes.*"—Martial.

"My father was a fool,
When he sent me to school."

Mr. Censor,—It hath been a common observation, "That great scholars know nothing of the world." The reason of this is not, as generally it is imagined, that the Greek and Latin languages have a natural tendency to vitiate the human understanding; but in solemn truth, gentlemen who obtain an early acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ancients, are too apt to form their ideas of their own times on the patterns of ages which bear not the least resemblance to them. Hence they have fallen into the greatest errors and absurdities; and hence, I suppose, was derived the observation above mentioned.

Numberless are the instances which may be produced of these errors of the literati; so many indeed, that I have often thought there is no less difference between those notions of the world which are drawn from letters, and those which are drawn from men, than there is between the ideas of the human complexion which are conceived by one in perfect health, and one in the jaundice.

Let us suppose a man, possessed of this jaundice of literature, conveyed into the levees of the great. What notion will he be likely to entertain of the several persons who compose that illustrious assembly, from their behaviour? How will he be puzzled when he is told that he hath before his eyes a number of freemen? How much more will he be amazed when he hears that all the servility he there beholds arises only from an eager desire of being permitted to serve the public?

Again, convey the same gentleman to a hunting-match, a horse-race, or any other meeting of patriots; will he not immediately conclude from all the roaring and ranting, the hallaoing and huzzaing, the gaming and drinking, which he

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will there observe, that he is actually present at the orgia of Bacchus, or the celebration of some such festival? How then will he be astonished to find that he is in the company of a set of honest fellows, who are the guardians of liberty, and are actually getting drunk in the service of their country.

Introduce him next to a drum or a rout, and if the blaze of beauty doth not blind him to any other contemplation, how greatly superior will he think the British ladies to all those of Greece and Rome—at their needles? when he views all the exquisite decorations of art which set off the persons of his fair countrywomen, how will he despise all the compliments paid heretofore to the personages of the Greek and Roman ladies of quality, who claimed a preference over each other from their superior skill in handling their needles? But what must be his amazement, when he is assured, that not one of these ladies ever handled any such instrument; that all the ornaments of the best dressed woman there are owing to the handiwork of others, and that the whole business of the lives of all present, is only to toss about from the one to the other certain pieces of painted paper, being a pastime common to grown persons and children; with this difference only, that the former play for the higher wagers!

What idea can we suppose such a person could conceive of the word Beau; and if he could have no adequate notion of the word, much less would he be able to obtain any such notion of the thing! should he behold a little dapper effeminate spark, carried through the sunshine in a soft machine by two labourers; his body dressed in all the tinsel which serves to trick up a harlot, and his hair appearing to have been decked by the same tire-woman with hers; would such a sight as this recall to the mind of our learned friend any image of a Greek and Roman soldier; or could he be easily persuaded, that the insect before his eyes was a military commander; in rank a centurion, or perhaps a tribune?

In one particular, and in one alone, it is possible he

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might form a true judgment. The many eulogiums on the chastity of the ancient Spartan and Roman dames, and on the extraordinary modesty of their young females of rank, must give him a perfect idea of our present ladies of fashion.

With this single exception, I think I may aver, that a scholar, when he first comes to this town from the university, comes among a set of people, as entirely unknown to him, and of whom he hath no more heard or read, than if he was to be at once translated into one of the planets; the world in the town and that in the moon being equally strange to him and equally unintelligible.

How wise therefore is the conduct of the present age, in laying aside that foolish custom of our ancestors, who used to throw away many of the most precious years of their sons' lives by confining them to schools and universities; where what they learnt, was so far from being of any use to them upon their coming into the world, as it is called, that it served only to puzzle and mislead them. They were indeed obliged to unlearn all that had been taught them, before they could acquire that useful knowledge mentioned in the beginning of my paper.

Whereas by the present method of bringing youth to town, about the age of fifteen or sixteen, and entering them immediately in those several schools, where the knowledge of the world is taught; such as the play-houses, gaming-houses, and bawdy-houses; a young gentleman of any tolerable docility, becomes at the age of eighteen a perfect master of all the knowledge of the world at home; and it is then a proper time for him to set out on his travels into foreign parts, and to make himself acquainted with the world abroad.—This completes his education; and he returns at one-and-twenty, a most accomplished fine gentleman; having visited all the principal courts of Europe, and become versed in all their fashions at a season of life when our dull forefathers knew nothing of those foreign people but from history, nor even of their countries but from geography.

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It was my misfortune, however, to have a father of the antique way of thinking; by which means, I lost the best part of my youth in turning over those books in which I have said there is little useful to be learned. I remember a passage out of Horace, who is the best of them, and who seems to be very particularly a favourite of yours. His words are these,

> *" Vitæ summa brevis*
> *Spem nos vetat inchoare longam."*

Which may be thus rendered after your paraphrastical manner: "The shortness of life affords no time for a tedious education." How many indeed of my own acquaintance have I known to die of old age at twenty-five! so that by the ancient method of educating our sons at schools and universities, a great part of them will be in danger of going out of the world before they know any thing of it.

> " Life (says Mr. Pope) can little more supply,
> Than just to look about us, and to die."

Is it not therefore the duty of a father to give his son an opportunity of looking about him as soon as he can?

I am, sir,
Your most humble servant,
TOM TELLTRUTH.

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No. 43. SATURDAY, *May* 30, 1752.

"*Non quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quicquid Etruscos*
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarent;
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum
Cum referre negas, quali sit quisque parente
Natus, dum ingenuus."—HORACE.

MODERNISED.

Though there is no man of a better family in Europe than your lordship, no man hath less in his mouth that scornful phrase, *People whom no body knows.* You apply it not even to me, whose father was a mechanic. On the contrary, I have heard you say: "It matters not what any man's parents were, provided that he behaves himself like a gentleman."

The following letter had a coronet on its seal.

TO SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, KNT.

SIR,—I read over your paper on the circle with great pleasure. You have there, with great force of eloquence, set forth the terrible difficulties which we of the better sort go through to keep the creatures, as you very properly call them in your motter, at a distance.

But, dear knight, why would you suffer that beastly clerk to an odious justice of peace, to contaminate the dear names of drum and rout by putting the word mob close before them: for in your account of high-constables, and such animals, in your paper of the 2nd of May, you tell us of a drum or rout, where several hundred mob assemble together.

You cannot imagine the mischief you have done by this silly paragraph. My woman tells me that since the publishing it, some city creature hath declared that she intends to keep drums and routs next winter. Upon this news we had a council at Lady Sadlife's in the afternoon, where all the ladies at once declared that it would be odious to use those names any longer.

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At the breaking up of the assembly I was deputed to write to you, to desire you would invent us some new terms for our assemblies against the winter. What think you of a rattle for one? but this is submitted to you, by

Sir,

Your humble servant

ZARA GRANDEMONDE.

The lady cannot expect a hasty answer in a matter which she herself thinks of such consequence. However, as I am resolved to observe the most perfect impartiality on all occasions, I shall here subjoin a letter from a gentleman, who sees my paper of the 9th instant in a light very different from that in which it hath appeared to her ladyship.

MR. CENSOR,—I greatly honour you for that just ridicule with which you have lately exposed the follies of a set of people, who affect a desire of distinguishing themselves; not as persons who are by fortune, and sometimes by the blindness of fortune, placed above their fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen, but as if they were really of a different species, and by nature constituted beings of a higher order than the rest of human kind.

Such distinctions, I apprehend, Mr. Censor, are totally inconsistent with the religion professed in this country, with the liberty which we claim, and with that spirit of trade which all men agree it is our interest to encourage.

But farther, sir, they are maintained in open defiance of truth, and even of common sense. We are by nature all equal. We bring with us the same perfections and imperfections (I speak generally), both of mind and body, into the world. And again, as we were equal in the womb, so we are equal in the grave.

Politicians, I own, have in different nations set up different distinctions. In some virtue, in others genius, in others military achievements, have been the marks which have raised one man above another in the public estimation. In some countries perhaps these marks have been mere chimerical;

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but among every trading people, as I take it, money is that which stamps a value on the possessor, and places a man at the head of his countrymen.

It was my happiness (for so I think it) to be bred to trade; and it hath been my fortune to succeed so well in it, that I am worth what is called half a plum; indeed I believe if my accounts were balanced, I should find the amount in money and stock to be pretty near sixty thousand pounds. All this will one day or other be the property of an only child, a girl who, in the opinion of all my acquaintance, hath great personal merit, and I have omitted no care nor spared any expense in her education.

This girl, Mr. Censor, is now in the twentieth year of her age; and to speak an impartial truth, I can discover but one fault in her. In short, she is run mad with the love of quality. Within these two last years, during which I have given her, I am afraid, a little too much liberty, she hath spent above half her time at the other end of the town. She goes often to court, and is almost every night of her life (in the winter season) at some drum or rout (as she calls them) with a lady of quality, who hath taken a great liking to her; for which you will perhaps be able to account, when I tell you my girl hath lost about a thousand pounds at play, and her ladyship is got above two thousand pounds more into my books.

This, however, I do not much value: for I would please my child at almost any expense; but what I most regret is, the apparent loss of her good breeding, since she hath kept this quality company. She was formerly the civillest of all young women; but of late she hath learnt to toss up her nose at all her neighbours and equals; nay indeed, at her betters, I mean, at the wives and daughters of citizens, who are by some thousands better men than myself. It was but the other day that she absolutely refused to go to the play-house with my neighbour Curd the cheesemonger's daughters, though they had a pit-ticket to spare, which they offered her. I insisted strongly on her going, and what do you think was her answer? "Indeed, papa," said she, "I would

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not sit in the pit on any account; nor would I be seen with such people for the world."

In real truth, Mr. Censor, I am sometimes afraid that she hath a contempt for her own father, though I cannot tax her with any disrespectful behaviour to my person, nor with any other instances of undutifulness than in spending her time in a manner which she must know is disagreeable to my inclinations, as I foresee no good consequence can attend it.

The only offer of marriage which she hath hitherto had was from a man of quality (as they call him), but who could make no settlement adequate to her fortune. When I absolutely refused my consent on any other terms (will you believe it, sir?) this modest gentleman had the assurance to declare, that he might have expected some concessions on the account of birth from a man who was never born.

Be so good, sir, as to tell me, what is the meaning of this word birth, and of what valuation it is; having never yet seen it brought to account in any journal or ledger. Is not, think you, thirty thousand pounds rather too high a price? Be pleased likewise to give me your opinion, whether a man whose parents were honest and substantial persons, may not only be said to be born, but to be well-born, even as well as any honourable son of a —— in the world?

I am, sir,
Your humble servant,
PAUL TRAFFICK.

THAMES STREET, *May* 20.

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No. 44. TUESDAY, *June* 2, 1752.

—— "*O bone, ne te*
Frustrere, insanis et tu."—HORACE.

"My good friend, do not deceive thyself; for with all thy charity, thou also art a silly fellow."

I HAVE in a former paper endeavoured to show that a rich man without charity is a rogue; and perhaps it would be no difficult matter to prove, that he is also a fool. If a man, who doth not know his true interest may be thought to deserve that appellation: in what light shall we behold a Christian, who neglects the cultivation of a virtue which is in Scripture said *to wash away his sins*, and without which all his other good deeds cannot render him acceptable in the sight of his Creator and Redeemer?

Even in this world, it is surely much too narrow a view to confine a man's interest merely to that which loads his coffers. To pursue that which is most capable of giving him happiness is indeed the interest of every man; and there are many who find great pleasure in emptying their purses with this view to one who hath no other satisfaction than in filling it. Now what can give greater happiness to a good mind than the reflection on having relieved the misery, or contributed to the well-being of his fellow-creature. It was a noble sentiment of the worthy Mr. Thomas Firmin, "That to relieve the poor, and to provide work and subsistence for them, gave to him the same pleasure as magnificent buildings, pleasant walks, well-cultivated orchards and gardens, the jollity of music and wine, or the charms of love and study, gave to others." This is recorded in the life of a plain citizen of London, and it as well deserves to be quoted as any one apophthegm that is to be found in all the works of Plutarch.

A Christian therefore, or a good man though no Christian, who is void of charity, is ignorant of his own interest, and may with great propriety be called a silly fellow. Nay, if

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we will believe all the great writers whom I cited in my former paper, to which I might add Plato and many more, a mere human being who places all his happiness in selfish considerations, without any relative virtues, any regard to the good of others, is, in plain truth, a downright fool.

I have been encouraged to treat the want of charity with the more freedom, as I am certain of giving little offence to any of my readers by so doing. Charity is, in fact, the very characteristic of this nation at this time. I believe we may challenge the whole world to parallel the examples which we have of late given of this sensible, this noble, this Christian virtue.

We cannot therefore surely be arraigned of folly, from the want of charity; but is our wisdom altogether as apparent in the manner of exerting it? I am afraid the true answer here would not be so much to our advantage. Are our private donations generally directed by our judgment to those who are the properest objects? Do not vanity, whim, and weakness, too often draw our purse-strings? Do we not sometimes give because it is the fashion, and sometimes because we cannot long resist importunity? May not our charity be often termed extravagance or folly; nay, is it not often vicious, and apparently tending to the increase and encouragement of idle and dissolute persons?

It would be almost endless to attempt to be particular on this head. I shall mention therefore only one instance, namely, the giving our money to common beggars. This kind of bounty is a crime against the public. It is assisting in the continuance and promotion of a nuisance. Our wise ancestors prohibited it by a law, which would probably have remained in force and use to this day, had not the legislature conceived, that, after the severe penalties which have been since inflicted on beggars, none would have the boldness to become such; and that, after the sufficient legal provision which hath been made for the poor, no persons would have so little regard either to common sense or to the public as to relieve them.

But instead of staying to argue with such people, I shall

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hasten to the other branch of charity, which is of a public nature; of which there are many species in this kingdom.

The origin of this kind of charity was no better than priestcraft and superstition. When men began to perceive the near approach of that great enemy of human nature who was to deprive them of all their ill-gotten possessions, and not only so, but might, as they apprehended, deliver them into the hands of an Almighty justice, to punish them for all those knavish arts by which these possessions were acquired; the priest stepped in, took advantage of the terrors of their consciences; and persuaded them, that by consigning over a great part (sometimes the whole) of their acquisitions to the use of the Church, a pardon for all kind of villainy was sure to be obtained.

In this attempt the priest found but little difficulty when he had to do with a mind tainted with superstition, and weakened with disease; especially when he could back all his other arguments with one truth at least, namely—Give us that *which you can by no possible means keep any longer yourself.*

Thus the unwilling Will, as Dr. Barrow pleasantly calls it, was at last signed. The fruits of fraud and rapine were trusted to the use of the Church, and the greatest rascals died very good saints, and their memories were consecrated to honour and good example.

How notably these attempts succeeded is well known to all who are versed either in our law or our history. So common was it for men to expiate their crimes in this manner, and to finish all their other robberies, by robbing their heirs, that had not the legislature often and stoutly interfered in crushing these superstitious (or as they were called charitable) uses, they seemed to have bid fair for swallowing up the whole property of the nation.

In process of time, however, the lawyer came to the assistance of the priest (for, like the devil, he is always ready at hand when called for), and formed a distinction between the superstitious and charitable use. Henceforward, instead of robbing their relations for the use of the Church, a method

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was devised of robbing them for the use of the poor. Hence poor-houses, alms-houses, colleges, and hospitals, began to present themselves to the view of all travellers, being always situated in the most public places, and bearing the name and title of the generous founder in vast capital letters; a kind of ΚΤΗΜΑ ΕΣ ΑΕΙ, a monument of his glory to all generations.

Thus we see the foundation of this kind of charity, and a very strong one it is, being indeed no other than fear and vanity, the two strongest passions which are to be found in human nature.

It may be thought, perhaps, that I have omitted a third, which some may imagine to be the strongest and greatest of all, and this is benevolence, or the love of doing good; but that these charitable legacies have no such motive appears to me from the following considerations:

First, if a man was possessed of real benevolence, and had (as he must then have) a delight in doing good, he would no more defer the enjoyment of this satisfaction to his death-bed than the ambitious, the luxurious, or the vain, would wait till that period for the gratification of their several passions.

Secondly, if the legacy be, as it often is, the first charitable donation of any consequence, I can never allow it possible to arise from benevolence; for he who hath no compassion for the distresses of his neighbours whom he hath seen, how should he have any pity for the wants of posterity which he will never see?

Thirdly, if the legacy be, as is likewise very common, to the injury of his family, or to the disappointment of his own friends in want, this is a certain proof that his motive is not benevolence; for he who loves not his own friends and relations, most certainly loves no other person.

Lastly, if a man hath lived any time in the world, he must have observed such horrid and notorious abuses of all public charities, that he must be convinced (with a very few exceptions) that he will do no manner of good by contributing to them. Some, indeed, are so very wretchedly contrived

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in their institution, that they seem not to have had the public utility in their view; but to have been mere jobs *ab initio*. Such are all hospitals whatever, where it is a matter of favour to get a patient admitted, and where the forms of admission are so troublesome and tedious, that the properest objects (those I mean who are most wretched and friendless) may as well aspire at a place at court as at a place in the hospital.

From what I have here advanced I know I have rendered myself liable to be represented by malice and ignorance as an enemy to all public charity: I hope to obviate this opinion effectually in a future paper, in which I shall endeavour to point out who are really the objects of our benevolence, as well as to propose some expedients by which the obstructions which attend some of our best-calculated charities of the public kind may be removed. I cannot, however, conclude this, without paying a compliment to the present age for two glorious benefactions, I mean that to the use of the foundling infants, and that for the accommodation of poor women in their lying-in.

No. 47. SATURDAY, *June* 13, 1752.

——"*Heu plebes scelerata!*"—SILIUS ITALICUS.

—— "O ye wicked rascallions!"

IT may seem strange that none of our political writers, in their learned treatises on the English constitution should take notice of any more than three estates, namely, Kings, Lords, and Commons, all entirely passing by in silence that very large and powerful body which form the fourth estate in this community, and have been long dignified and distinguished by the name of *The Mob*.

And this will seem still the more strange, when we consider

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that many of the great writers above mentioned have most incontestably belonged to this very body.

To say precisely at what time this fourth estate began first to figure in this commonwealth, or when the footsteps of that power which it enjoys at this day were first laid, must appear to be a matter of the highest difficulty, perhaps utterly impossible, from that deplorable silence which I have just mentioned. Certain however it is, that at the time of the Norman conquest, and long afterwards, the condition of this estate was very low and mean, those who composed it being in general called villains; a word which did not then bear any very honourable idea, though not so bad a one perhaps as it hath since acquired.

The part which this fourth estate seems anciently to have claimed was to watch over and control the other three. This indeed they have seldom asserted in plain words, which is possibly the principal reason why our historians have never explicitly assigned them their share of power in the constitution, though this estate have so often exercised it, and so clearly asserted their right to it by force of arms; to wit, by fists, staves, knives, clubs, scythes, and other such offensive weapons.

The first instance which I remember of this was in the reign of Richard I. when they espoused the cause of religion; of which they have been always stout defenders, and destroyed a great number of Jews.

In the same reign we have another example in William Fitz-Osborne, *alias* Longbeard, a stout asserter of the rights of the fourth estate. These rights he defended in the city of London, at the head of a large party, and by force of the arms above mentioned; but was overpowered, and lost his life by means of a wooden machine called the gallows, which hath been very fatal to the chief champions of this estate; as it was in the reign of Henry III. to one Constantine, who having, at the head of a London mob, pulled down the house of the High-steward of Westminster, and committed some other little disorders of the like kind, maintained to the chief justiciary's face, "that he had done

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nothing punishable by law," *i.e.* "contrary to the rights of the fourth estate." He shared however the same fate with Mr. Fitz-Osborne.

We find in this reign of Henry III. the power of the fourth estate grown to a very great height indeed; for, whilst a treaty was on foot between that king and his barons, the mob of London thought proper not only to insult the queen with all manner of foul language, but likewise to throw stones and dirt at her. Of which assertion of their privilege we hear of no other consequence than that the king was highly displeased; and indeed it seems to be allowed by most writers that the mob in this instance went a little too far.

In the time of Edward II. there is another fact upon record of a more bloody kind, though perhaps not more indecent; for the Bishop of Exeter being a little too busy in endeavouring to preserve the city of London for the king his master, the mob were pleased to cut his head off.

I omit many lesser instances, to come to that glorious assertion of the privileges of the mob under the great and mighty Wat Tyler, when they not only laid their claim to a share in the government, but in truth to exclude all the other estates; for this purpose, one John Staw, or Straw, or Ball, a great orator, who was let out of Maidstone gaol by the mob, in his harangues told them, that as all men were sons of Adam, there ought to be no distinction; and that it was their duty to reduce all men to perfect equality. This they immediately set about, and, to do it in the most effectual manner, they cut off the heads of all the nobility, gentry, clergy, &c., who fell into their hands.

With these designs they encamped in a large body at Blackheath, whence they sent a message to King Richard II. to come and talk with them, in order to settle the government; and when this was not complied with, they marched to London, and the gates being opened by their friends, entered the city, burnt and plundered the Duke of Lancaster's palace, that of the Archbishop, and many other great houses, and put to death all of the other three estates

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with whom they met, among whom was the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Treasurer.

The unhappy end of this noble enterprise is so well known, that it need not be mentioned. The leader being taken off by the gallantry of the Lord Mayor, the whole army, like a body when the head is severed, fell instantly to the ground; whence many were afterwards lifted to that fatal machine which is above taken notice of.

I shall pass by the exploits of Cade and Ket, and others. I think I have clearly demonstrated, that there is such a fourth estate as the mob actually existing in our constitution; which though, perhaps, for very politic reasons, they keep themselves generally like the army of Mr. Bayes, in disguise, have often issued from their lurking places, and very stoutly maintained their power and their privileges in this community.

Nor hath this estate, or their claims, been unknown to the other three; on the contrary, we find in our statute books numberless attempts to prevent their growing power, and to restrain them at least within some bounds; witness the many laws made against ribauds, roberdsmen, draw-latches, wasters, rogues, vagrants, vagabonds; by all which, and many other names, this fourth estate hath been from time to time dignified and distinguished.

Under all these appellations they are frequently named in our law-books; but I do not perfectly remember to have seen them mentioned under the term of fourth estate in all my reading; nor do I recollect that any legislative or judicial power is expressly allowed to belong to them. And yet certain it is, that they have from time immemorial been used to exercise a judicial capacity in certain instances wherein the ordinary courts have been deficient for want of evidence; this being no let or hindrance to the administration of justice before the gentlemen who compose this fourth estate, who often proceed to judgment without any evidence at all. Nor must I omit the laudable expedition which is used on such occasions, their proceedings being entirely free from all those delays which are so much complained of in

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other courts. I have indeed known a pickpocket arrested, tried, convicted, and ducked almost to death, in less time than would have been consumed in reading his indictment at the Old Bailey. These delays they avoid chiefly by hearing only one side of the question, concluding, as Judge Gripus did of old, that the contrary method serves only to introduce incertainty and confusion.

I do not however pretend to affirm any thing of the legal original of this jurisdiction. I know the learned are greatly divided in their opinions concerning this matter, or rather perhaps in their inclinations; some being unwilling to allow any power at all to this estate, and others are stoutly contending that it would be for the public good to deliver the sword of justice entirely into their hands.

So prevalent hath this latter opinion grown to be of modern days, that the fourth estate hath been permitted to encroach in a most prodigious manner. What these encroachments have been, and the particular causes which have contributed to them, shall be the subject of my next Saturday's paper.

No. 48. TUESDAY, *June* 16, 1752.

"Ὦ μεγίστη τῶν θεῶν
Νῦν οὖσ' Ἀναίδεια."—MENANDER.

" O thou greatest of all the deities,
Modern Impudence ! "

THERE is a certain quality which, though universal consent hath not enrolled it among the cardinal virtues, is often found sufficient, of itself, not only to carry its possessor through the world, but even to carry him to the top of it. It is almost perhaps unnecessary to inform my reader, that the quality I mean is impudence; so dear is this to one female at least that it effectually recommends a man to fortune without the

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assistance of any other qualification. She seems indeed, to think, with the poet, that,

> ———"he who hath but impudence,
> To all things hath a fair pretence,"

and accordingly provides that those who want modesty shall want nothing else.

What are the particular ingredients of which this quality is composed, or what temper of mind is best fitted to produce it, is perhaps difficult to ascertain; so far I think experience may convince us, that, like some vegetables, it will flourish best in the most barren soil. To say truth, I am almost inclined to an opinion, that it never arrives at any great degree of perfection unless in a mind totally unincumbered with any virtue, or with any great or good quality whatever. It would indeed seem that nature had agreed with fortune in setting a high value on impudence, and had accordingly decreed, that those of her children who had received this rich gift at her hands were amply provided for without any further portion.

And surely it is not without reason that I call this the gift of nature; indeed, genius itself is not more so. We may here apply a phrase which the French use on an occasion not so proper to be mentioned, and affirm, "That it is not in the power of every man to be impudent who would be so." A man born without any genius may as reasonably hope to become such a poet as Homer, or such a critic as Longinus, as one born without any impudence can pretend, without any merit, to aspire to these characters.

Though nature however must give the seeds, art may cultivate them. To improve or to depress their growth is greatly within the power of education. To lay down the proper precept for this purpose would require a large treatise, and such I may possibly publish hereafter. In the mean time it shall suffice to mention only two rules, which may be partly collected from what I have above asserted, and which are of universal use. This is with the utmost care

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to suppress and eradicate every seed or principle of what is any wise praiseworthy out of the mind; and, secondly, to preserve this in the purest state of ignorance, than which nothing more contributes to the highest perfection and consummation of impudence; the more a man knows, the more inclined is he to be modest; it is indeed within the province only of the highest human knowledge to survey its own narrow compass.

It may, I think, be predicated in favour of impudence, that it is the quality which, of all others, we are capable of carrying to the greatest height; so far, indeed, that did not the strongest force of evidence convince us of the truth of some examples, we should be apt to doubt the possibility of their existence. What but the concurrent testimony of historians, and the indubitable veracity of records, could compel us to believe that there have been men in the world of such astonishing impudence, as, in opposition to the certain knowledge of many thousands, to take upon themselves to personate kings and princes as well in their life-time as after their death? and yet our own, as well as foreign annals, afford us such instances.

But the greatest hero in impudence whom, perhaps, the world ever produced, appeared in France at the end of the last century. His name was Peter Mege, and he was a common soldier in the marines. This fellow had the assistance only of one who had been a footman to a certain man of quality, called Scipion le Brun de Castelane, Seigneur de Caille et de Rougon, a nobleman who had fled from France to Switzerland to avoid a religious persecution. With this confederate alone, Peter Mege had the amazing impudence to personate the young Seigneur de Caille, who was at that time dead; and this in the life-time of the father, in defiance of all his noble relations then in possession of his forfeited estate, upon the spot where the young gentleman had lived to the age of twenty-one; and all this without the least resemblance of features, shape, or stature; without being acquainted with any part of the history of him whom he was to represent, or being able to give the least

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account of any of his family; indeed, without being able to write and read.

But how much more will the reader be surprised to hear that this most impudent of all attempts succeeded so far as to obtain a sentence in the parliament of Provence in favour of the soldier? And this success would have been final, had not the canton of Berne interposed, and obtained an appeal to the parliament of Paris, where at last the impostor was defeated.

To account for all this, and to assuage his reader's astonishment, the very ingenious author of the trial, when he informs us that this impostor was confronted with twenty witnesses, who swore to the identity of Peter Mege, and as many more who had been fellow-students with the young nobleman, and who, on their oaths, declared that this Peter was not the person, goes on thus: "But what was most strange, was the steady countenance of the soldier, which never once betrayed him, nor gave the least symptom of any doubt of his success. It is in vain to form a project of usurping the name of another, to lay your plan ever so regularly and systematically, if you do not provide yourself with a stock of impudence to support every attack to which you may be exposed. In such an attempt the forehead must be furnished as well without as within; more indeed will depend on the outside: for it is the steadiness of the front, hardiness, or downright audacity, which impose on mankind the most, and make amends for all defects in the understanding. The soldier had made many blunders; but his invincible assurance repaired all, and brought over even his enemies to his side." And to say truth, I know scarce any thing to which such a degree of assurance is not equal.

This attempt, indeed, of personating *who* you are not, seems to be attended with too great difficulties: and to succeed in it, is, perhaps, beyond the power of impudence; we are not therefore to wonder that all the heroes in this way have been unsuccessful. In fact, we ought to fix our whole attention on the undaunted impudence of engaging in

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such a design, and not to suffer the defeat to lessen our admiration; but to say of such a hero, with Ovid,

——— "*Si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.*"

But if, in personating the *who*, impudence is found unequal to the task; in personating *what* we are not, it is almost sure to come off triumphant. Here I believe the undertaker seldom fails, but through his own fault; that is, by not being impudent enough.

My Lord Bacon advises a modest man to shelter his vices under those virtues to which they are the nearest allied. The avaricious man, he would have to affect frugality; the extravagant, liberality; and so of the rest. Now the reverse of this should be the rule of our impudent man.——If you are a blockhead, my friend, be sure to commence writer; and if entirely illiterate, be sure to pretend to learning. If you are a coward, be a bully, and always talk of feats of bravery; if again you are a beggar, boast of your riches. In short, whatever vice or defect you have, set up for its opposite virtue or endowment. And if you are possessed of every ill quality, you may assert your title to every good one.

The last species of impudence which I shall mention, is to assert openly and boldly what you really are, let this be ever so bad. Own your vices, and be proud of them; and in time, perhaps, you may laugh virtue out of countenance, and bring your vices into fashion. This, however, is a little unsafe to attempt, unless you are very sure of yourself, and of the degree of impudence which you possess. A modest woman may be a w——e; but to behave with indecency in public, indeed, to throw off all that would recommend a woman to a vicious man of sense and taste; to show, as De Roty says of a court lady, not the least sense of virtue in the practice of every vice; this requires the highest degree of impudence; that degree, indeed, which is inconsistent with every great or good quality whatever.

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No. 49. SATURDAY, *June* 20, 1752.

"*Odi profanum vulgus.*"—HORACE.

"I hate the mob."

IN a former paper I have endeavoured to trace the rise and progress of the power of the fourth estate in this constitution. I shall now examine that share of power which they actually enjoy at this day, and then proceed to consider the several means by which they have attained it.

First, though this estate have not *as yet* claimed that right which was insisted on by the people or mob in old Rome, of giving a negative voice in the enacting laws, they have clearly exercised this power in controlling their execution. Of this it is easy to give many instances, particularly in the case of the gin-act some years ago; and in those of several turnpikes which have been erected against the good-will and pleasure of the mob, and have by them been demolished.

In opposing the execution of such laws, they do not always rely on force; but have frequent recourse to the most refined policy; for sometimes, without openly expressing their disapprobation, they take the most effectual means to prevent the carrying a law into execution; those are by discountenancing all those who endeavour to prosecute the offences committed against it.

They well know that the courts of justice cannot proceed without informations; if they can stifle these, the law of course becomes dead and useless. The informers therefore in such cases they declare to be infamous, and guilty of the crime *læsæ mobilitatis*. Of this whoever is suspected (which is with them a synonymous term with convicted), is immediately punished by buffeting, kicking, stoning, ducking, bemudding, &c., in short, by all those means of putting (sometimes quite, sometimes almost) to death, which are called by that general phrase of mobbing.

It may, perhaps, be said, that the mob do, even at this

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day, connive at the execution of some laws, which they can by no means be supposed to approve.

Such are the laws against robbery, burglary, and theft. This is, I confess, true; and I have often wondered that it is so. The reason perhaps is, the great love which the mob have for a holiday, and the great pleasure they take in seeing men hanged; so great, that, while they are enjoying it, they are all apt to forget that this is hereafter, in all probability, to be their own fate.

In all these matters, however, the power of this estate is rather felt than seen. It seems, indeed, to be like that power of the crown of France, which Cardinal de Retz compares to those religious mysteries that are performed in the *sanctum sanctorum;* and which, though it be often exercised, is never expressly claimed.

In other instances the fourth estate is much more explicit in their pretensions, and much more constant in asserting and maintaining them; of which I shall mention some of the principal.

First, they assert an exclusive right to the river Thames. It is true, the other estates do sometimes venture themselves upon the river; but this is only upon sufferance; for which they pay whatever that branch of the fourth estate called watermen, are pleased to exact of them. Nor are the mob contented with all these exactions. They grumble whenever they meet any persons in a boat, whose dress declares them to be of a different order from themselves. Sometimes they carry their resentment so far as to endeavour to run against the boat and overset it; but if they are too good-natured to attempt this, they never fail to attack the passengers with all kind of scurrilous, abusive, and indecent terms, which indeed they claim as their own, and call mob language.

The second exclusive right which they insist on is to those parts of the streets which are set apart for the foot-passengers. In asserting this privilege, they are extremely rigorous; insomuch, that none of the other orders can walk through the streets by day without being insulted, nor by

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night without being knocked down. And the better to secure these foot-paths to themselves, they take effectual care to keep the said paths always well blocked up with chairs, wheelbarrows, and every other kind of obstruction; in order to break the legs of those who shall presume to encroach upon their privileges by walking the streets.

Here it was hoped their pretensions would have stopped; but it is difficult to set any bounds to ambition; for, having sufficiently established this right, they now begin to assert their right to the whole street, and to have lately made such a disposition with their waggons, carts, and drays, that no coach can pass along without the utmost difficulty and danger. With this view we every day see them driving side by side, and sometimes in the broader streets three abreast; again, we see them leaving a cart or waggon in the middle of the street, and often set across it, while the driver repairs to a neighbouring alehouse, from the window of which he diverts himself while he is drinking, with the mischief or inconvenience which his vehicle occasions.

The same pretensions which they make to the possession of the streets they make likewise to the possession of the highways. I doubt not I shall be told they claim only an equal right; for I know it is very usual when a carter or a drayman is civilly desired to make a little room, by moving out of the middle of the road either to the right or left, to hear the following answer: "D—n your eyes, who are you? Is not the road and be d—n'd to you, as free for me as you?" Hence it will, I suppose, be inferred, that they do not absolutely exclude the other estates from the use of the common highways. But notwithstanding this generous concession in words, I do aver this practice is different, and that a gentleman may go a voyage at sea with little more hazard than he can travel ten miles from the metropolis.

I shall mention only one claim more, and that a very new and a very extraordinary one. It is the right of excluding all women of fashion out of St. James's Park on a Sunday evening. This they have lately asserted with great vehemence, and have inflicted the punishment of mobbing on several

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ladies who had transgressed without design, not having been apprised of the good pleasure of the mob on this point. And this I the rather publish to prevent any such transgressions for the future, since it hath already appeared that no degree of either dignity or beauty can secure the offender.[1]

Many things have contributed to raise this fourth estate to that exorbitant degree of power which they at present enjoy, and which seems to threaten to shake the balance of our constitution. I shall name only three, as these appear to me to have had much the greatest share in bringing it about.

The first is, that act of parliament which was made at the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and which I cannot help considering as a kind of compromise between the other three estates and this. By this act it was stipulated, that the fourth estate should annually receive out of the possessions of the others, a certain large proportion yearly, upon an implied condition (for no such was expressed) that they should suffer the other estates to enjoy the rest of their property without loss or molestation.

This law gave a new turn to the minds of the mobility. They found themselves no longer obliged to depend on the charity of their neighbours, nor on their own industry, for a maintenance. They now looked upon themselves as joint proprietors in the land, and celebrated their independency in songs of triumph; witness the old ballad which was in all their mouths,

> "Hang sorrow, cast away care;
> The parish is bound to find us," &c.

A second cause of their present elevation has been the private quarrels between particular members of the other estates, who, on such occasions, have done all they could on both sides to raise the power of the mob, in order

[1] A lady of great quality and admirable beauty was mobbed in the Park at this time.

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to avail themselves of it, and to employ it against their enemies.

The third, and the last which I shall mention, is the mistaken idea which some particular persons have always entertained of the word liberty; but this will open too copious a subject, and shall be therefore treated in a future paper.

But before I dismiss this I must observe, that there are two sorts of persons of whom this fourth estate do yet stand in some awe, and whom, consequently, they have in great abhorrence: these are a justice of peace and a soldier. To these two it is entirely owing that they have not long since rooted all the other orders out of the commonwealth.

No. 51. Saturday, *June* 27, 1752.

"*Hæ tibi erunt artes* ——."—Virgil.

"These must be your golden rules."

Of all our manufactures there is none at present in a more flourishing condition, or which hath received more considerable improvement of late years, than the manufacture of paper. To such perfection is this brought at present, that it almost promises to rival the great staple commodity of this kingdom.

The two principal branches of this manufacture are carried on by painting and printing. To what a degree of excellence the artists are arrived in the former I need not mention. Our painted paper is scarcely distinguishable from the finest silk; and there is scarce a modern house which hath not one or more rooms lined with this furniture.

But however valuable this branch may be, it is by no means equal to that which is carried on by printing. Of such consequence indeed to the public may this part of

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the paper manufacture be made, that I doubt not but that, with proper care, it would be capable of finding an ample provision for the poor. To which purpose it seems better adapted than any other, for a reason which I shall presently assign.

Of printing likewise there are two kinds; that of the rolling, and that of the letter-press,—or perhaps I shall be better understood by most of my readers by the terms prints and books.

The former (though of infinitely the less consequence) hath been of late much improved; and though it doth not consume a great quantity of paper, doth however employ a great number of hands. This was formerly an inconsiderable business, and very few got their bread by it; but some ingenious persons have of late so greatly extended it, that there are at present almost as many print-shops as there are bakers in this metropolis.

This improvement hath been owing to a deep penetration into human nature, by which it hath been discovered, that there are two sights which the generality of mankind do hunger after with little less avidity than after their daily bread. The one is, to behold certain parts which are severally common to one half of the species exhibited to view, in the most amiable and inviting manner; the other is, to see certain faces, which belong to individuals, exposed in a ridiculous and contemptible light. By feeding both which appetites, the print-makers have very plentifully fed themselves.

I come now to the second branch of printing, namely, to that which is performed at the letter-press, and which consists of books, pamphlets, papers, &c. The flourishing state of this manufacture needs no kind of proof. It is indeed certain, that more paper is now consumed this way in a week than was formerly the consumption of a year.

To this notable increase nothing perhaps hath more contributed, than the new invention of writing without the qualifications of any genius or learning. The first printers, possibly misled by an old precept in one Horace, seem to

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have imagined that both those ingredients were necessary in the writer, and accordingly, we find they employed themselves on such samples only as were produced by men in whom genius and learning concurred; but modern times have discovered that the trade is very well to be carried on without either; and this by introducing several new kinds of wares, the manufacture of which is extremely easy, as well as extremely lucrative. The principal of these are blasphemy, treason, bawdry, and scandal. For in the making up of all these, the qualifications above mentioned, together with that modesty which is inseparable from them, would be rather an incumbrance than of any real use.

No sooner were these new-fashioned wares brought to market than the paper merchants, commonly called booksellers, found so immense a demand for them, that their business was to find hands sufficient to supply the wants of the public. In this, however, they had no great difficulty, as the work was so extremely easy that no talents whatever (except that of being able to write), not even the capacity of spelling, were requisite.

The methods, however, which have been used by the paper-merchants to make these new-fashioned wares universally known are very ingenious, and worthy our notice.

The first of these methods was for the merchant himself to mount in the most public part of the town into a wooden machine called the pillory, where he stood for the space of an hour, proclaiming his goods to all that passed that way. This was practised with much success by the late Mr. Curll, Mr. Mist, and others, who never failed of selling several large bales of goods in this manner.

Notwithstanding, however, the profits arising from this method of publication, it was not without objections; for several wanton persons among the mob were used on such occasions to divert themselves by pelting the merchant while he stood exposed on the *publishing stool*, with rotten eggs and other mischievous implements, by which means he often came off much bedaubed, and sometimes not without bodily hurt.

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Some of the more cunning, therefore, among the merchants began to decline this practice themselves, and employed their understrappers, that is to say, their writers, for such purposes; for it was conceived a piece of blasphemy, bawdry, &c., would be as well sold by exhibiting the author as by exhibiting the bookseller.

Of this, probably, they received the first hint from the case of one Mr. Richard Savage, an author whose manufactures had long lain uncalled for in the warehouse, till he happened, very fortunately for his bookseller, to be found guilty of a capital crime at the Old Bailey. The merchant instantly took the hint, and the very next day advertised the works of Mr. Savage, now under sentence of death for murder. This device succeeded, and immediately (to use their phrase) carried off the whole impression.

Encouraged by this success, the merchant, not doubting the execution of his author, bid very high for his dying speech, which was accordingly penned and delivered. Savage, however, was, contrary to all expectation, pardoned, and would have returned the money; but the merchant insisted on his bargain, and published the dying speech which Mr. Savage should have made at Tyburn, of which, it is probable, as many were sold as there were people in town who could read.

The gallows being thus found to be a great friend to the press, the merchants, for the future, made it their chief care to provide themselves with such writers as were most likely to call in this assistance; in other words, who were in the fairest way of being hanged: and though they have not always succeeded to their wish, yet whoever is well read in the productions of the last twenty years, will be more inclined perhaps to blame the law than the sagacity of the booksellers.

The whipping-post hath been likewise of eminent use to the same purposes; and though, perhaps, this may raise less curiosity than the gallows, in one instance, at least, it hath visibly the advantage; for an author, though he may deserve it often, can be hanged but once, but he may be whipped

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several times, indeed, six times by one sentence, of which we have lately seen an instance in the person of Stroud,[1] who is a strong proof of the great profits which the paper-merchants derive from the whipping one of their manufacturers.

Mr. Stroud, in imitation of several eminent persons, thought proper to publish an Apology for his life. The public, however, were less kind to him than they have been to other great apologists, and treated his performance with contempt. But no sooner was he tied to the cart's tail than the work began to sell in great numbers; and this sale revived with every monthly whipping; so that if he had been whipped, as some imagined he was to have been, once a month during life, the merchant possibly might have sold as many bales of his works as have been sold of those of Swift himself.

I shall conclude with hoping, that, as the merchants seem at present to have their eye chiefly on the whipping-post for the advancement of their manufactures, it is to be hoped courts of justice will do all that in them lies to encourage a trade of such wonderful benefit to the kingdom, and which seems more likely than any other to provide a maintenance for our poor; as no qualification is required to the production of these wares besides that of being able to write, nor any tools or stock to set up a manufacture besides pen and ink, and a small quantity of paper; so that an author may indeed be equipped at a cheaper rate than a blacker of shoes.

[1] A noted swindler, who was ordered to be whipped several times through the streets.—C.

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No. 53. SATURDAY, *July* 4, 1752.

"*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*"—HORACE.

"What will this gascoon be able to perform after this puff?"

TO THE CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,—Your predecessors in the censorship were used to celebrate the several extraordinary personages who appeared in their time. As I doubt not to find in yourself the same good disposition, I here send you an advertisement printed in the Daily Advertiser of Monday last; the author of which must, I think, be esteemed the most extraordinary person whom any age hath produced.

"UN François, homme de lettres, est arrivé de Paris à Londres, pour y enseigner le François, la Fable, la Poësie, la Blason, la Philosophie Françoise, le Latin, sans exiger aucune étude de son disciple; l'étude étant un obstacle à sa méthode. S'il y a des tempéramens trop foibles pour les contraindre, des caractères trop vifs pour les fixer, des personnes trop agées pour s'appliquer à l'étude, et qu'ils veuillent apprendre quelqu'une de ces sciences sur une méthode si simple, plus courte, et plus solide que tout ce qui a précédé; they are desired to inquire at Mr. Bezançon's Snuff-shop in Little Earl Street, the Black Boy, by the Seven Dials."

As it is possible that some of your readers may not have yet conversed with this surprising master, I shall, for his and their sakes, endeavour to render it in English.

Thus then it runs:

"A Frenchman, a man of learning, is arrived at London from Paris, in order to teach the French language, Fables, Poetry, Heraldry, *French Philosophy*, and the Latin tongue; without exacting any study from his scholars, *all study being an obstacle to his method.* If there be any constitutions too

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weak to bear contradiction, any characters too lively to be capable of attention, any persons too far advanced in life to apply themselves to study, and who are willing to learn any of the above sciences by a simple method, and one shorter as well as more solid than any which hath been hitherto practised, they are desired to inquire," &c., as above."

I must confess myself so ignorant, that till I read this wonderful performance, I did not know there was a philosophy which was peculiar to France, and which went under the name of French Philosophy! Perhaps this is what is meant by the French Marquè de St. Evremont, when he says, "Premièrement, j'aime la guerre, après la guerre Madame de——, après Madame de—— la religion, après la religion *la philosophie.*—Voilà ce que j'aime, Morbleu!"—"My first passion is *the war*, my second is *Madame* de——; my third is *religion*, and my fourth passion is *philosophy.*—Now I have told you what my passions are, d—n me!" In which passage it seems pretty plain, that *la philosophie* is no other than what the French likewise call *la danse;* and then it will be plain that the artist above mentioned is no other than a dancing-master, to whose method of teaching I do readily agree that study is often a very deplorable obstacle.

But this will by no means solve all the difficulties; for though dancing will possibly make a man a great adept in the French philosophy, how he will be able to dance into any English science, or into the Latin tongue, is somewhat hard to conceive. Perhaps, by French philosophy, the author means what is also called *l'industrie ou l'art de voler bien les poches*, which I must beg to be excused from translating into our coarser language; in barbarous French it may be called the art of *pcka de poka.* But if this be his meaning, I fancy he will be greatly deceived in his views, since I believe it is impossible to find more able masters than some of his countrymen have already shown themselves here in that art. Nor do I believe that study or intense application can be

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an enemy to this art, since I know several of the English who have plodded on all their lives on this very science, and have at last, by mere dint of study, become very great proficients in it.

To say the truth, I am inclined to think, that by *à la Philosophie Françoise*, is meant no other than *la bonne assurance;* that assurance which the French alone call good, and which, it is very probable, they alone may call philosophy.

And this I the rather conclude to be the undertaker's meaning, as it is certain that, to the making any considerable progress in this French philosophy, study is of all things the greatest obstacle. I have, indeed, observed in a late paper, that no man of learning was ever a proficient in this art. I must further observe, that the disciples which our master seems to have principally chosen, such, I mean, as can bear no contradiction, such as are incapable of any attention, and such aged persons who are willing, all at once, without any labour, to leap, as it were, into science, are all excellently adapted to receive the strongest and most immediate impressions of this philosophy.

Nor can I help observing, which is a further confirmation of my opinion, how nobly our artist hath contrived to convince the world of his fitness for the task he hath undertaken. I defy the ingenuity of man to invent a better method of conveying to the public, in so few lines, an idea of a capacity for any undertaking whatever, than this astonishing Frenchman hath made use of to show this nation how well qualified he is to teach them the French philosophy, or the good assurance. I will not venture to prophesy what success may attend so new and so extraordinary a proposal. This, however, I cannot avoid remarking, that it seems to indicate what opinion of the understandings of the good people of this island at present prevails among the French philosophers abroad. I am well convinced, it would be extremely difficult to persuade the greatest adept in the good assurance which this kingdom ever produced, to expect any success from such a proposal even among the Hottentots,

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if he could make himself enough understood to publish his scheme among them.

I am, sir,
Your most humble servant,
ANTIGALLICUS.

No. 54. SATURDAY, *July* 11, 1752.

—— "*His juventus orta parentibus*
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico."—HORACE.

"Such were the heroes of that glorious reign,
That humbled to the dust the pride of Spain."

MR. CENSOR,—You have formerly entertained the public by representing to them the opinions which posterity will be supposed to conceive of the present age; you will possibly furnish no less amusement to your readers, by casting your eyes backwards into our annals, as the manners of their ancestors will, I apprehend, appear no less strange to the present age, than the history of these our times can be thought hereafter.

After this short introduction, I shall present you with a curious dialogue which seems to have been written towards the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I have taken the liberty to modernize the language without doing the least violence to the sentiments of the original.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ENGLISH, MADAM ENGLISH, MISS BIDDY ENGLISH, AND MISTRESS PLUMTREE, THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE.

MRS. PLUM. I hope your ladyship is very well this morning after the fatigue of your journey.

MAD. ENG. Indeed, Mistress Plumtree, I never was more fatigued in my life. Four days together upon a hard trotting horse are enough to tire any one; besides, my pillion was

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horridly uneasy, and I rode behind the footboy, who was hardly able to support my leaning against him; but here's Biddy not in the least the worse for her journey.

MISS BIDDY. Upon my word, mamma, I never was in better spirits in my life. My ride hath given me an appetite; I have ate above half a pound of beef-steak this morning for breakfast.

MRS. ENG. I could have gone through anything at your age, my dear, though I was never many miles from home before I was married. The young ladies have more liberty in these days than they had formerly. Indeed, it was entirely owing to your father's goodness that you came to London now.

MRS. PLUM. Oh! madam, I am sure your ladyship would not have left miss in the country. It would have been barbarous not to have let her see the Tower, and the Abbey, and Bedlam, and two or three plays.

MRS. ENG. Fie! Mrs. Plumtree, with what are you filling the child's head? one play she is to see and no more. The terms are all settled. One play, one new gown, and one ruff. But now I mention these things, pray, Mrs. Plumtree, what is become of the mantua-maker I employed last parliament when I was here?

MRS. PLUM. Alas! poor woman, she is dead; but I can recommend your ladyship to another, one of the best in all London; she makes gowns for the Lady Mayoress herself.

MRS. ENG. I shall be obliged to you, good Mrs. Plumtree, to send for her to-day, for I have three visits to make in London, and I shall like to do it in my new clothes.—O! Sir John, are you come at last? Dinner hath stayed for you till, I suppose, it is spoiled. It is almost two o'clock.

MR. ENG. The house is but just up, my dear. We sat very late to-day. I assure you I was invited very much to dine with one of our knights of the shire at his lodgings; he had a haunch of venison, a fat goose, and an apple-pie for dinner, and all this I left for your company.

MRS. ENG. Well, Sir John, I do not blame you; but parliament hours are very dreadful things.

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MR. ENG. We must suffer some inconveniences for the good of our country, and we are employed upon a scheme now that is of the utmost consequence to the nation. We are going to make such a provision for the poor that there will never be another beggar in the kingdom.[1]

MRS. PLUM. I am heartily glad of that; and I am sure it is high time, for it was no longer ago than last summer that I saw two poor wretches in one day, actually begging in the open street.

MR. ENG. Well, dame, and how doth my good friend, Master Plumtree, hold it? We shall have another game at lantry-loo.

MRS. PLUM. Indeed, Sir John, you are too hard for my husband. You won above ten shillings of him last parliament.

MRS. ENG. Your family is not hurt by it; for, I believe, you are as much in my debt on the same account; but I beg you will not encourage this girl to play; for she is too much inclined to idleness.

MISS BIDDY. Nay, mamma, I am sure I never desire to play but in the Christmas holidays.

MRS. PLUM. O! madam, miss will have something else to think on. Here is a young squire that lodges in our neighbourhood. A fine hardy young spark. There are but few, they tell me, that can either run or wrestle with him, and heir to a noble estate he is. (At these words Miss Biddy blushed extremely.)

MR. ENG. Well, let him look to it. Biddy won't turn her back to him. But, my dear, I have a show for you. The queen goes to the parliament-house to-morrow: and there will be all the fine lords and ladies of the court. I have hired a balcony, and my little Biddy shall go too.

MRS. ENG. You see, Biddy, how good your papa is; and now, I hope, you will be satisfied, and not desire to go out any more, except to one play and to church, whilst you

[1] By this passage it is supposed this dialogue happened in the forty-third year of Queen Elizabeth, when the famous statute was made for providing for the poor; and which is the corner-stone of all our excellent poor-laws.

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stay in London. I am sure he is so liberal, he will be forced to send up for the other twenty pound.

MR. ENG. Never mind that, my dear; your prudence in the country will soon make it up. But now I talk of court ladies, I have a piece of news for you. Indeed, I can hardly believe it myself, and yet I was told it by a very great person.

MRS. ENG. What can it be, my dear, that you introduce with all this preface?

MRS. PLUM. I hope there are no more Spanish armadas coming.

MR. ENG. No, no, nothing of that kind——In short, it is so strange a thing, I scarce know how to mention it.—But can you think it? they say there is a court lady that hath made a cuckold of her husband——A woman of very great quality, I assure you.

MRS. ENG. This is strange news, indeed, and impossible to be true.

MR. ENG. Hardly impossible, my dear; such things have been in nature.

MRS. ENG. And what is become of the lady, pray?

MR. ENG. Why, she is at court still.

MRS. ENG. Then it is impossible to be true; for if I could believe there was one such woman of quality, I am well convinced there are no other that would own her.

MR. ENG. I only tell you what I hear.——But come, Dame Plumtree, is not your dinner ready? Upon my word, I have been half starved. My constituents shall find out some other to serve them in the next parliament. It is a hard duty, Mrs. Plumtree, and a very expensive one too. I never come up myself under twenty pound; and if my wife comes with me, the expense is almost double.

MRS. PLUM. Well, sir,—but you know all men must serve their country.

MR. ENG. Yes, madam, and if all would, the burthen would be less severe; but I have discovered a most wicked corruption in the borough I serve for.—There are three gentlemen in the neighbourhood who have as good estates

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as I have, and yet, because they entertain the mayor and aldermen with more strong drink than I do, they have never once attempted to choose them. The moment there is but a discourse of an election, to toping they go.—So that they are sure of always escaping, and I am likely to serve my country as long as I live.

MRS. PLUM. It is very hard, I must confess, squire, but then you will consider you have all the honour.——However, sir, dinner is upon the table at present.

MR. ENG. Lead on then, my dame, and I will show you what a stomach I have got in the service of my country.

No. 55. SATURDAY, *July* 18, 1752.

——"*Juvat integros accedere fontes,*
Atque haurire ——."—LUCRETIUS.

——"It is pleasant to handle
An untouched subject."

IT hath been observed, that characters of humour do abound more in this our island, than in any other country; and this hath been commonly supposed to arise from that pure and perfect state of liberty which we enjoy in a degree greatly superior to every foreign nation.

This opinion, I know, hath great sanction, and yet I am inclined to suspect the truth of it, unless we will extend the meaning of the word Liberty farther than I think it hath been yet carried, and will include in it not only an exemption from all restraint of municipal laws, but likewise from all restraint of those rules of behaviour which are expressed in the general term of good breeding. Laws which, though not written, are perhaps better understood, and though established by no coercive power, much better obeyed within the circle where they are received, than any of those laws which are recorded in books, or enforced by public authority.

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A perfect freedom from these laws, if I am not greatly mistaken, is absolutely necessary to form the true character of humour; a character which is therefore not to be met with among those people who conduct themselves by the rules of good breeding.

For, indeed, good breeding is little more than the art of rooting out all those seeds of humour which nature had originally implanted in our minds.

To make this evident, it seems necessary only to explain the terms, a matter in which I do not see the great difficulty which hath appeared to other writers. Some of these have spoken of the word humour, as if it contained in it some mystery impossible to be revealed, and no one, as I know of, hath undertaken to show us expressly what it is, though I scarce doubt but it was amply done by Aristotle in his treatise on comedy, which is unhappily lost.

But what is more surprising, is, that we find it pretty well explained in authors who at the same time tell us they know not what it is. Mr. Congreve, in a letter to Mr. Dennis, hath these words: "We cannot certainly tell what wit is, or what humour is;" and within a few lines afterwards he says, "There is great difference between a comedy wherein there are many things humorously, as they call it, which is pleasantly spoken; and one where there are several characters of humour distinguished by the particular and different humours appropriated to the several persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different constitutions, complexions, and dispositions of men. And again, I take humour to be a singular and unavoidable manner of saying or doing any thing peculiar and natural to one man only; by which his speech and actions are distinguished from those of other men. Our humour hath relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the accidents have to a substance; it is a colour, taste, and smell diffused through all; though our actions are ever so many, and different in form, they are all splinters of the same wood, and have naturally one complexion," &c.

If my reader hath any doubt whether this is a just

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description of humour, let him compare it with those examples of humorous characters, which the greatest masters have given us, and which have been universally acknowledged as such, and he will be perhaps convinced.

Ben Jonson, after complaining of the abuse of the word, proceeds thus:

> "Why humour (as 'tis ens) we thus define it,
> To be a quality of air, or water,
> And in itself holds these two properties,
> Moisture and fluxure; as for demonstration,
> Pour water on this floor; 'twill wet and run;
> Likewise the air forced through a horn, or trumpet,
> Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
> A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
> That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
> As wanting power to contain itself,
> Is humour. So in every human body,
> The choler, melancholy, phlegm and blood,
> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part, and are not continent,
> Receive the name of humours. Now thus far,
> 'It may, by metaphor, apply itself
> Unto the general disposition;
> As when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluxions all to run one way,'
> *This may be truly said to be a humour.*
> But that a rook by wearing a py'd feather,
> The cable hatband, or the three piled ruff,
> A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzer's knot
> On his French garters, should affect a humour!
> O! it is more than most ridiculous."

This passage is in the first act of Every Man Out of his Humour; and I question not but to some readers, the author will appear to have been out of his wits when he wrote it; but others, I am positive, will discern much excellent ore shining among the rubbish. In truth, his sentiment, when let loose from that stiff bodice in which it is laced, will amount to this, that as the term humour contains in it the ideas of moisture and fluxure, it was applied to certain moist

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and flux habits of the body, and afterwards metaphorically to peculiar qualities of the mind, which, when they are extremely prevalent, do, like the predominant humours of the body, flow all to one part, and as the latter are known to absorb and drain off all the corporeal juices and strength to themselves, so the former are no less certain of engaging the affections, spirits, and powers of the mind, and of enlisting them, as it were, into their own service, and under their own absolute command.

Here then we have another pretty adequate notion of humour, which is, indeed, nothing more than a violent bent or disposition of the mind to some particular point. To enumerate, indeed, these several dispositions would be, as Mr. Congreve observes, as endless as to sum up the several opinions of men; nay, as he well says, the *quot homines tot sententiæ* may be more properly interpreted of their humours than their opinions.

Hitherto there is no mention of the Ridiculous, the idea of which, though not essential to humour, is always included in our notions of it. The Ridiculous is annexed to it these two ways, either by the manner, or the degree in which it is exerted.

By either of these, the very best and worthiest disposition of the human mind may become ridiculous. Excess, says Horace, even in the pursuit of virtue, will lead a wise and good man into folly and vice.——So will it subject him to ridicule; for into this, says the judicious Abbé Bellegarde, a man may tumble headlong with an excellent understanding, and with the most laudable qualities. Piety, patriotism, loyalty, parental affection, &c., have all afforded characters of humour for the stage.

By the manner of exerting itself, likewise, a humour becomes ridiculous. By this means chiefly the tragic humour differs from the comic; it is the same ambition which raises our horror in Macbeth, and our laughter at the drunken sailors in the Tempest; the same avarice which causes the dreadful incidents in the Fatal Curiosity of Lillo, and in the Miser of Molière; the same jealousy which forms an

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Othello, or a suspicious husband. No passion or humour of the mind is absolutely either tragic or comic in itself. Nero had the art of making vanity the object of horror; and Domitian, in one instance, at least, made cruelty ridiculous.

As these tragic modes however never enter into our notion of humour, I will venture to make a small addition to the sentiments of the two great masters I have mentioned, by which I apprehend my description of humour will pretty well coincide with the general opinion. By humour then, I suppose, is generally intended a violent impulse of the mind, determining it to some one particular point, by which a man becomes ridiculously distinguished from all other men.

If there be any truth in what I have now said, nothing can more clearly follow than the manifest repugnancy between humour and good breeding. The latter being the art of conducting yourself by certain common and general rules, by which means, if they were universally observed, the whole world would appear (as all courtiers actually do) to be, in their external behaviour, at least, but one and the same person.

I have not room at present, if I were able, to enumerate the rules of good breeding: I shall only mention one, which is a summary of them all. This is the most golden of all rules, no less than that *of doing to all men as you would they should do unto you.*

In the deviation from this law, as I hope to evince in my next, all that we call humour principally consists. I shall at the same time, I think, be able to show, that it is to this deviation we owe the general character mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as well as to assign the reasons why we of this nation have been capable of attracting to ourselves such merit in preference to others.

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No. 56. Saturday, *July* 25, 1752.

"*Hoc fonte derivata.*"—Horace.

"These are the sources."

At the conclusion of my last paper, I asserted that the summary of good breeding was no other than that comprehensive and exalted rule, which the greatest authority hath told us is the sum total of all religion and all morality.

Here, however, my readers will be pleased to observe that the subject matter of good breeding being only what is called behaviour, it is this only to which we are to apply it on the present occasion. Perhaps, therefore, we shall be better understood, if we vary the word, and read it thus: *Behave unto all men, as you would they should behave unto you.*

This will most certainly oblige us to treat all mankind with the utmost civility and respect, there being nothing which we desire more than to be treated so by them. This will most effectually restrain the indulgence of all those violent and inordinate desires, which, as we have endeavoured to show, are the true seeds of humour in the human mind; the growth of which good breeding will be sure to obstruct; or will at least so overtop and shadow, that they shall not appear. The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, the glutton, are all lost in the character of the well-bred man; or, if Nature should now and then venture to peep forth, she withdraws in an instant, and doth not show enough of herself to become ridiculous.

Now humour arises from the very opposite behaviour, from throwing the reins on the neck of our favourite passion, and giving it a full scope and indulgence. The ingenious abbé, whom I quoted in my former paper, paints this admirably in the characters of ill breeding, which he mentions as the first scene of the ridiculous. "Ill breeding (l'impolitesse)," says he, "is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It

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is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity, which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humour, which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself (*qui trouve du ragoût*) with a rude and disobliging behaviour."

Having thus shown, I think very clearly, that good breeding is, and must be, the very bane of the ridiculous, that is to say, of all humorous characters; it will perhaps be no difficult task to discover why this character hath been in a singular manner attributed to this nation.

For this I shall assign two reasons only, as these seem to me abundantly satisfactory, and adequate to the purpose.

The first is, that method so general in this kingdom of giving no education to the youth of both sexes; I say general only, for it is not without some few exceptions.

Much the greater part of our lads of fashion return from school at fifteen or sixteen, very little wiser, and not at all the better, for having been sent thither. Part of these return to the place from whence they came, their fathers' country seats; where racing, cock-fighting, hunting, and other rural sports, with smoking, drinking, and party, become their pursuit, and form the whole business and amusement of their future lives. The other part escape to town, in the diversions, fashion, follies, and vices of which they are immediately initiated. In this academy some finish their studies, while others by their wiser parents are sent abroad, to add the knowledge of the diversions, fashions, follies, and vices of all Europe, to that of those of their own country.

Hence then we are to derive two great general characters of humour, which are the clown and the coxcomb, and both of these will be almost infinitely diversified according to the

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different passions and natural dispositions of each individual; and according to their different walks in life. Great will be the difference, for instance, whether the country gentleman be a whig or a tory; whether he prefers women, drink, or dogs; so will it be, whether the town spark be allotted to serve his country as a politician, a courtier, a soldier, a sailor, or possibly a churchman (for by draughts from this academy all these offices are supplied); or lastly, whether his ambition shall be contented with no other appellation than merely that of a beau.

Some of our lads, however, are destined to a further progress in learning; these are not only confined longer to the labours of a school, but are sent thence to the university. Here, if they please, they may read on; and if they please, they may (as most of them do) let it alone, and betake themselves as their fancy leads, to the imitation of their elder brothers either in town or country.

This is a matter which I shall handle very tenderly, as I am clearly of an opinion that an university education is much the best we have; for here at least there is some restraint laid on the inclinations of our youth. The sportsman, the gamester, and the sot, cannot give such a loose to their extravagance, as if they were at home and under no manner of government; nor can our spark who is disposed to the town pleasures, find either gaming-houses, or play-houses, nor half the taverns or bawdy-houses which are ready to receive him in Covent Garden.

So far, however, I hope I may say without offence, that, among all the schools at the universities, there is none where the science of good breeding is taught; no lectures like the excellent lessons on the ridiculous, which I have quoted above, and which I do most earnestly recommend to all my young readers. Hence the learned professions produce such excellent characters of humour; and the rudeness of physicians, lawyers, and parsons, however dignified or distinguished, affords such pleasant stories to divert private companies, and sometimes the public.

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I come now to the beautiful part of the creation, who in the sense I here use the word, I am assured can hardly (for the most part) be said to have any education.

As to the counterpart of my country squire, the country gentlewoman, I apprehend, that, except in the article of the dancing-master, and perhaps in that of being barely able to read and write, there is very little difference between the education of many a squire's daughter, and that of his dairymaid, who is most likely her principal companion; nay, the little difference which there is, I am afraid, not in the favour of the former; who, by being constantly flattered with her beauty and her wealth, is made the vainest and most self-conceited thing alive, at the same time, that such care is taken to instil into her the principles of bashfulness and timidity, that she becomes ashamed and afraid of she knows not what.

If by any chance this poor creature drops afterwards, as it were, into the world, how absurd must be her behaviour! If a man looks at her, she is confounded; and if he speaks to her, she is frightened out of her wits. She acts, in short, as if she thought the whole sex was engaged in a conspiracy to possess themselves of her person and fortune.

This poor girl, it is true, however she may appear to her own sex, especially if she is handsome, is rather an object of compassion than of just ridicule; but what shall we say when time or marriage have carried off all this bashfulness and fear, and when ignorance, awkwardness, and rusticity are embellished with the same degree, though perhaps not the same kind of affectation, which are to be found in a court? Here sure is a plentiful source of all that various humour which we find in the character of a country gentlewoman.

All this, I apprehend, will be readily allowed; but to deny good-breeding to the town lady may be the more dangerous attempt. Here, besides the professors of reading, writing, and dancing, the French and Italian masters, the music-master, and of modern times, the whist-master, all concur in forming this character. The manners-master alone,

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I am afraid, is omitted. And what is the consequence? not only bashfulness and fear are entirely subdued, but modesty and discretion are taken off at the same time. So far from running away from, she runs after, the men; and instead of blushing when a modest man looks at her, or speaks to her, she can bear, without any such emotion, to stare an impudent fellow in the face, and sometimes to utter what, if he be not very impudent indeed, may put him to the blush.—Hence all those agreeable ingredients which form the humour of a rampant woman of——the town.

I cannot quit this part of my subject, in which I have been obliged to deal a little more freely than I am inclined with the loveliest part of the creation, without preserving my own character of good-breeding, by saying that this last excess is by much the most rare; and that every individual among my female readers, either is already, or may be when she pleases, an example of a contrary behaviour.

The second general reason why humour so much abounds in this nation, seems to me to arise from the great number of people who are daily raised by trade to the rank of gentry, without having had any education at all; or, to use no improper phrase, without having served any apprenticeship to this calling. But I have dwelt so long on the other branch, that I have no room at present to animadvert on this; nor is it indeed necessary I should, since most readers, with the hints I have already given them, will easily suggest to themselves a great number of humorous characters with which the public have been furnished this way. I shall conclude by wishing, that this excellent source of humour may still continue to flow among us, since, though it may make us a little laughed at, it will be sure to make us the envy of all the nations of Europe.

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No. 59. SATURDAY, *August* 15, 1752.

——"*Illachrymabiles*
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vato sacro."—HORACE.

"Without a tear they fall, without a name,
Unless some sacred bard records their fame."

THERE is a certain affection of the mind, for which, though it be common enough in the people of this country, we have not, I think, any adequate term in our language. The Greeks, though they likewise want a name for the abstract, called a man so affected ΥΠΕΡΦΡΩΝ, a word which I shall not attempt to translate otherwise than by a paraphrase; I understand by it a man so intoxicated with his own great qualities, that he despises and overlooks all other men. In this sense, the participle passive of the verb *ὑπερφρονέω* is used in Thucydides, *ὑπὸ τῶν εὐπραγούντων ὑπερφρονουμένος*. The sentiment is in the mouth of Alcibiades, and it is a very fine one. "As no man," says he, "will even speak to us when we are unfortunate, so must they bear in their turn," to be despised by us when we are intoxicated with our successes.

This disdainful temper, notwithstanding its haughty aspect, proceeds, if I am not much mistaken, from no higher principle than rank timidity. We endeavour to elevate ourselves, and to depress others, lest they should be brought into some competition with ourselves. We are not sufficiently assured of our own footing in the ascent to greatness, and are afraid of suffering any to come too near to us, lest they should pull us down, and advance into our place.

Of this pitiful temper of mind, there are no persons so susceptible as the brethren of the quill. Not only such authors as have been a little singular in their opinions concerning their own merit, and in whom it seems more excusable to bear a jealous eye towards others; but even those who have far outstripped their fellow-coursers in the

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race of glory, stretch their scornful eyes behind them to express their disdain of the poor wretches who are limping and crawling on at however great a distance.

Many are the methods by which this passion is exerted. I shall mention only one, as it is much the most common, and perhaps the most invidious. This is a contemptuous silence. A treatment not much unlike to that which the Buccaneers formerly used to treat their conquered enemies, when they sunk, or as they phrased it, hid them in the sea.

How many names of great writers may we suppose to have been sunk by this base disposition! Homer, as I remember, hath not perpetuated the memory of a single writer, unless that of Thersites, who was, I make no doubt, from the character given of him in the Iliad, an author of no small estimation. And yet there were probably as many of the function in those days, as there are in this; nay, Homer himself in his Odyssey, mentions the great honours which poets then received in the courts of all princes, whence we may very reasonably conclude that they swarmed in those courts, and yet the names of three only of his contemporaries have triumphed over the injuries of time, and the malice of their brethren, so as to reach our age.

The learned Vossius, who seems to have employed no little pains in the matter, hath not been able to preserve to us many more than two hundred down to the death of Cleopatra, and yet we are assured, that the famous Alexandrian library contained no less than six hundred thousand volumes, of which, as the humour of those ages ran, we may conceive a sixth part at least to have consisted of poetry.

Among the Latins, how many great names may we suppose to have been hid by the affected taciturnity of Virgil, who appears to have mentioned only those writers of quality to whom he made his court! Of his friend Horace, he had not the gratitude to take any notice; much less to repay those praises which this latter poet had so liberally bestowed on him.

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Horace again, though so full of compliments to Virgil, of poor Ovid is altogether as cruelly and invidiously silent.

Ovid, who was, I am confident, one of the best-natured of human kind, was of all men most profuse in the praises of his contemporaries; and yet even he hath been guilty of sinking. Numberless were the poets in his time, whose names are nowhere to be found in his works; nay, he hath played the Buccaneer with two, one of whom is celebrated by Horace, and both of them by Virgil. The learned reader well knows I mean the illustrious names of Bavius and Mævius; whose merits were so prevalent with Virgil, that though they were both his bitter revilers, he could not refrain from transmitting them to posterity. I wish he had dealt as generously by all his censurers, and I make no doubt but we should have been furnished with some hundreds of names, *quæ nunc premit nox.*

Among our own writers, too many have been guilty of this vice. Had Dryden communicated all those who drew their pens against him, he would have preserved as many names from oblivion as a land-tax act; but he was, I am afraid, so intoxicated with his own merit, that he overlooked and despised all the great satirists who constantly abused, I had almost said libelled, his works, unless they were some other way eminent, besides by their writings, such as Shadwell, who was poet laureat, and Buckingham, who was a duke.

Of all the chief favourites and prime ministers of the muses, the late ingenious Mr. Pope was most free from this scornful silence. He employed a whole work for the purpose of recording such writers as no one without his pains, except he had lived at the same time and in the same street, would ever have heard of. He may indeed be said to have raked many out of the kennels to immortality, which, though in somewhat a stinking condition, is to an ambitious mind preferable to utter obscurity and oblivion; many, I presume, having, with the wretch who burnt the Temple of Ephesus, such a love for fame, that they are willing even to creep into her common sewer.

In humble imitation of this great man, in the only

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instance of which I am capable of imitating him, I intend shortly to attempt a work of the same kind, in prose I mean, and to endeavour to do justice to a great number of my contemporaries, whose names, for far the greater part, are much less known than they deserve to be. And that I may be the better enabled to execute this generous purpose, I have employed several proper persons to find out these authors. To this end, I have ordered my bookseller to send me in the names of all those apprentices and journeymen of booksellers and printers who at present entertain and instruct the town with their productions. I have besides a very able and industrious person who hath promised me a complete list of all the hands now confined in the several Bridewells in and about the city, which carry on the trade of writing, in any of the branches of religion, morality, and government; in all which every day produces us some curious essay, treatise, remarks, &c., from those quarters.

I shall conclude this paper with some very fine lines from the Third Book of the Dunciad, which gave indeed the first hint to my charitable design; for what a melancholy consideration is it, that all these armies there spoken of should perish in the jaws of utter darkness, and that the names of such worthies should be as short-lived as their works!—The verses are part of a speech of Settle to his son Cibber.

"And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a God;
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grub Street her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce."

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No. 60. SATURDAY, *August* 22, 1752.

"Ὑπὲρ σεαυτοῦ μὴ φράσης ἐγκώμια."

"Be not the trumpeter of your own praise."

A FRENCH author, a great favourite of mine, and whom I have often quoted in my Lucubrations, observes, "That it is very common for men to talk of themselves, and their children, and their family, and always in the terms of commendation. But," says he, "if those who accustom themselves to such narratives could conceive how troublesome and tiresome they are to the rest of the world, they would possibly learn to contain themselves a little better, and to show more complaisance to the patience of their hearers. It is moreover matter of great astonishment to me, that men, who are perpetually praising themselves, scarce ever mention the name of another person but in order to abuse it. Perhaps they intend to avail themselves of the contrast, and to recommend their own conduct to general approbation by the censure of their neighbours."

The motive to the former of these vices is clearly vanity; which, as the ingenious Doctor Young says,

"Makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale."

The motive to the latter is malice; and, to say a plain truth, I firmly believe there is no bosom where vanity is to be found in any great degree, which is not at the same time pretty considerably tainted with malice. Praise is a mistress in the pursuit of which every vain man must have many rivals, and what temper of mind men preserve to a rival need not to be here repeated.

To both these impulses of mind there is no man, I am afraid, so liable as the writer. Fame is sometimes his only pursuit; but this is always blended with his other views, even in the most mercenary, and for this simple reason, that it leads directly to pudding. He must at least respect fame,

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as the Cit in the play doth his reputation, because the loss of it may tend to loss of money. But in fact, his views are commonly more noble; vanity, not avarice, is the passion he would feed; and there is scarce an inhabitant of Parnassus, even among the poor of that parish, who will not be more pleased with one who commends his works than with one who gives him a dinner; which being the case, it follows of course that they must be all rivals for the aforesaid mistress, and may consequently be all suspected of bearing malice to each other.

Again, there is no writer who can so easily indulge both these inclinations as the writer of Miscellaneous Essays. It required the genius of Cicero or Bolingbroke to introduce their own praises into every political oration or pamphlet: or the wit of Lucian or South to drag the philosophers and dissenters into almost every subject. But such essayist having a full liberty to write not only what, but on what he pleases, may fill up every page with his own commendations, and with the abuse of all other writers.

When I meditate on these matters I can scarce refrain from taking some praise to myself; I am even vain enough to think the public have some little obligation to me for that silence which I have hitherto so inviolably maintained with regard to my own perfections; and perhaps the more candid among my readers would allow some applause to this forbearance, if they knew what a sacrifice I make of my own inclinations by thus consulting their ease and pleasure; for surely nothing can equal the satisfaction which a man feels in writing encomiums on himself, unless it be the disgust which every other person is as sure to conceive at reading them.

In this mood of thinking, likewise, I am apt to challenge to myself some degree of merit towards my contemporary writers, especially those who write in my own way. As these gentlemen are, I doubt not, well assured of that immoderate envy which I must bear to their great genius and learning, they will certainly acknowledge, that to confine all this to myself, to smother these scorching flames within my

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own breast, without suffering even a spark to escape, seems a little to deserve their commendation.

But to deal ingenuously on this occasion, I must acknowledge there are some prudential as well as generous motives to this silence. Two considerations may perhaps be suspected of having some little weight in dissuading a man, even for his own sake, from exhibiting his own praise. First, that he will be sure of being very little read, and in the next place, of being much less believed. The fear of this latter fate may likewise have some share in prevailing on a man to stifle his envy, notwithstanding all the pleasure which is to be found in giving it vent. However sweet it was to those great men whose names are recorded in the preface to the Dunciad, and in the Dunciad itself, to abuse the characters of Pope and Swift, and to assert, as they did, that the one wanted humour and the other was no poet; I much doubt whether they would not have bought their pleasure too dear at the price of public scorn, even though the former had treated them with the same silent contempt with which they were treated by the latter. For this reason I shall carefully avoid any satire against the Popes and Swifts of the present age. Though envy of these great men should boil in my own bosom, I will never suffer it to boil over so as to run abroad into the public.

To suppress two such powerful passions as vanity and envy is by no means an easy task. It requires indeed little less resolution than what animated the Spartan youth who concealed a fox under his garment, and rather than he would produce him openly suffered the vermin to gnaw his very bowels. To say the truth, I am afraid I should not have been able to persevere so long, had I not contrived a certain cunning method of discharging myself in private; and which, as it is a most curious secret, I shall now communicate for the use of others, who, if they pursue the same method, will, I doubt not, meet with the same success.

I will give it by way of receipt; and can truly say, it hath every quality with which remedies are usually recommended; being extremely cheap, easy, safe, and practicable.

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A RECEIPT TO PREVENT THE ILL EFFECTS OF A RAGING VANITY IN AN AUTHOR.

When the fit is at the highest, take of pen, ink, and paper, Q. S. Make a panegyric on yourself; stuff it well with all the cardinal virtues; season to your taste with wit, humour, and learning. You may likewise add, as you see occasion, birth, politeness, and such like.

In the choice of your ingredients be sure to have a particular regard to your sore part. If your ears be sore with any fresh pulling, or your br—ch with any fresh kicking, infuse a double portion of courage. If you have lately betrayed your ignorance so grossly as to make Ovid guilty of two false quantities in one line, dash plentifully with learning.

If you are publicly known to be an infamous liar, season very high with honour; if you are notoriously sprung from the *dunghill*, take of ancestors from the English history at the least half a dozen. *Et sic de cæteris.*

When you have writ your panegyric you may read it as often as you please; but take care that nobody hears you, and then to be sure to—burn your panegyric.

This last operation, I own, will cause some pain, but when it is considered that if you do not burn it yourself, other people will; nay, perhaps, will treat it yet worse, and bring it to a much more dishonourable and stinking end, a wise man will soon force himself to the resolution of putting his panegyric beyond the reach of malice.

As to the cure of envy I need not give the receipt for it at length. It is sufficient to direct the choice of the very contrary ingredients; that is to say, instead of all the good make use of all the bad qualities both of the head and heart.

And here likewise you are to examine your own sore part; if any man hath ridiculed you with wit and humour, take of blockhead, dunce, and fool, of each three penfuls. If another hath kicked and cuffed you lustily, be sure to

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be-coward him well; and if the assault was in public, before the eyes of many gentlemen, the word coward can never be too often repeated.

But with regard to this last great caution must be had; first, that the person so to be be-cowarded be first under a prosecution at law for the assault; and secondly, that he be then out of the kingdom. These precautions are however useless, if you apply your satire, as you are above advised to apply your panegyric, I mean to the flames; otherwise they will be abundantly necessary to prevent your ears from being pulled, till they resemble those of the ass lately exposed at the Bedford Coffee-house.

I shall conclude this paper with two quotations; the first is from the mouth of Socrates. "Never speak of yourself; for he who commends himself is vain; and he who abuses himself is absurd." The other is from the witty Dr. South. He advises an abusive writer "to be, of all others, most circumspect as to his own actions, seeing he is so sure of meeting with no quarter." A man must, indeed, be most furiously mad, who sets up for a satirist, when it is scarce possible for him to discharge a single vice at any other that will not recoil on himself. In a word, with my friend Horace, *melius non tangere clamo.* A hint which those of my contemporary writers who understand Latin will for the future, I hope, observe.

No. 61. SATURDAY, *August* 29, 1752.

"Τὸν ἐλάττω μὴ ὑποσκυβαλίσῃς."—CLEOBUL.

"Do not despise your inferiors."

THERE is not in human nature a more odious disposition than a proneness to contempt. Nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind; for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this sensation.

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That which constitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent, becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured man; for in such a person wickedness and vice must raise hatred and abhorrence; and weakness and folly will be sure to excite compassion; so that he will find no object of his contempt in all the actions of men.

And however detestable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear when considered in the serious school of Heraclitus, it will present no less absurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing sect of Democritus, especially as we may observe, that the meanest and basest of all human beings are generally the most forward to despise others. So that the most contemptible are generally the most contemptuous.

I have often wished that some of those curious persons who have employed their time in inquiring into the nature and actions of several insects, such as bees and ants, had taken some pains to examine whether they are not apt to express any contemptuous behaviour one towards another; the plain symptoms of which might possibly be discovered by the help of microscopes. It is scarce conceivable that the queen bee, amongst the hundred gallants which she keeps for her own recreation, should not have some especial favourites, and it is full as likely, that these favourites will so carry themselves towards their brethren as to display sufficient marks of their contempt to the eye of an accurate discoverer in the manners of the reptile world. For my own part, I have remarked many instances of contempt amongst animals, which I have farther observed to increase in proportion to the decrease of such species in the rank and order of the animal creation. Mr. Ellis informs me that he never could discover any the least indication of contempt in the lions under his care; the horse, I am sorry to say it, gives us some, the ass many more, the turkey-cock more still, and the toad is supposed to burst itself frequently with the violence of this passion. To pursue it gradually downwards would be too tedious. It may be reasonably supposed to arrive at a prodigious height before it descends to the

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louse. With what a degree of contempt may we conceive that a substantial freeholder of this kind, who is well-established in the head of a beggar-wench, considers a poor vagabond louse who hath strayed into the head of a woman of quality; where it is in hourly danger of being arrested by the merciless hands of her woman!

This may perhaps seem to some a very ridiculous image, and as ridiculous as I apprehend to a being of a superior order will appear a contemptuous man; one puffed up with some trifling, perhaps, fancied superiority, and looking round him with disdain on those who are perhaps so nearly his equals, that to such a being as I have just mentioned the difference may be as inconsiderable and imperceptible between the despiser and the despised, as the difference between two of the meanest insects may seem to us.

And as a very good mind, as I have before observed, will give no entertainment to any such affection; so neither will a sensible mind, I am persuaded, find much opportunity to exert it. If men would make but a moderate use of that self-examination, which philosophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this disposition. Their contempt would then perhaps, as their charity is said to do, begin at home. To say truth, a man hath this better chance of despising himself than he hath of despising others, as he is likely to know himself best.

But I am sliding into a more serious vein than I intended. In the residue of this paper, therefore, I will confine myself to one particular consideration only, one which will give as ridiculous an idea of contempt, and afford as strong dissuasives against it, as any other which at present suggests itself.

The consideration I mean is, that contempt is, generally at least, mutual, and that there is scarce any one man who despises another without being at the same time despised by him, of which I shall endeavour to produce some few instances.

As the Right Honourable the Lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vast retinue, passes by Mr. Moses Buckram, citizen

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and tailor, in his chaise and one, "See there!" says my lord, with an air of the highest contempt, "That rascal Buckram, with his fat wife, I suppose he is going to his country-house, for such fellows must have their country-house as well as their vehicle. These are the rascals that complain of want of trade." Buckram, on the other side, is no sooner recovered from the fear of being run over, before he could get out of the way, than, turning to his wife, he cries, "Very fine, faith! an honest citizen is to be run over by such fellows as these, who drive about their coaches and six with other people's money. See, my dear! what an equipage he hath! and yet he cannot find money to pay an honest tradesman! He is above fifteen hundred pounds deep in my books; how I despise such lords!"

Lady Fanny Rantun, from the side-box, casting her eyes on an honest pawnbroker's wife below her, bids Lady Betty, her companion, take notice of that creature in the pit; "Did you ever see, Lady Betty," says she, "such a strange wretch? how the awkward monster is dressed!"—The good woman at the same time surveying Lady Fanny, and offended, perhaps, at a scornful smile which she sees in her countenance, —whispers her friend,——"Observe Lady Fanny Rantun; as great airs as that fine lady gives herself, my husband hath all her jewels under lock and key; what a contemptible thing is poor quality!"

Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than a poor scholar to a splendid beau; unless perhaps the splendid beau to the poor scholar; the philosopher and the world, the man of business and the man of pleasure, the beauty and the wit, the hypocrite and the profligate, the covetous and the squanderer, are all alike instances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the same observations into the lowest life, and we shall find the same proneness to despise each other. The common soldier, who hires himself out to be shot at for fivepence a day, who is the only slave in a free country, and is liable to be sent to any part of the world without his consent, and whilst at home subject to the severest

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punishments for offences which are not to be found in our law books; yet this noble personage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or husbandmen, from whence he was himself taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brickdust-coloured cloth, and bedaubed with worsted lace of a penny a yard, the very gentleman soldier is as much despised in his turn by the whistling carter, who comforts himself that he is a free Englishman, and will live with no master any longer than he likes him; nay, and though he never was worth twenty shillings in his life, is ready to answer a captain if he offends him,—"D—n you, sir, who are you? is it not WE that pays you?"

This contemptuous disposition is, in reality, the sure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every station; on the contrary, a great and good man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleased with a rebuke given by a black-shoe boy to another, who had expressed his contempt of one of the modern town-smarts. "Why should you despise him, Jack?" said the honest lad; "we are all what the Lord pleased to make us."

I will conclude this paper with a story which a gentleman of honour averred to me to be truth. His coach being stopped in Piccadilly by two or three carts, which, according to custom, were placed directly across the way; he observed a very dirty fellow, who appeared to belong to a mud-cart, give another fellow several lashes with his whip, and at the time heard him repeat more than once—"D—n you, I will teach you manners to your betters." My friend could not easily from these words divine what might possibly be the station of the unhappy sufferer, till at length, to the great satisfaction of his curiosity, he discovered that he was the driver of a dust-cart drawn by asses.

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No. 70. SATURDAY, *November* 11, 1752.

"*Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia.*"—HORACE.

"Our folly would look into Heaven."

I HAVE lately read over a very entertaining little book, called an Account of English Ants. A performance which appears by its date to have been five years in the world, in which, if the author had been better known, his work would have had the same fate, and have been ranked, as it deserves, among the most curious productions of this age. But as the name of the reverend Mr. Gould, though a gentleman, a scholar, and a master of arts, is not yet famous in the republic of letters, this excellent work hath hitherto, I apprehend, been suffered to sleep among the rubbish of the times.

From the many extraordinary discoveries which the ingenious writer hath made in the ways of this surprising insect, he proceeds to draw some moral lessons for the use of mankind. "Their incredible affection towards their young," says he, "might teach us to value posterity and promote its happiness. The obedience they pay their respective queens, might read us a lecture of true loyalty and subjection. Their incessant labours may serve to enliven the industrious, and shame the lazy part of mankind. The unanimous care exerted by each colony for the common emolument, might let us know the consequence of public good, and tempt us to endeavour the prosperity of our countrymen. From their economy we may learn prudence, from their sagacity, wisdom," &c.

Many great authors have spoken largely of the understanding of these little insects. Horace expressly recommends their example to the imitation of mankind, and Solomon himself sends us to the ant, as to the school of wisdom.

While I was meditating on the astonishing instances of sagacity, prudence, and art, which are exemplified in the

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economy of ants, and which are displayed by the ingenious author of the above-mentioned little book, it occurred to my imagination, that these little insects may possibly resemble the human species in many particulars, of which it may be beyond the reach of the most curious inquirer to discern the least trace or footstep. They may possess many of our sciences which we can never discover, as we do their skill in architecture, from the effect; and that for a very simple, though a very convincing reason, because those sciences among the ants, as indeed among us, do end in nothing, and produce no effect at all.

Such for instance among us are the higher branches of natural philosophy; that philosophy, I mean, which is always prying into the secrets of nature, and lying in wait as it were to peep into her dressing-room to view her naked, and before she is drest in any kind of form. A bold attempt, and for which the philosophers have been often deprived of that little share of sense which they before possessed. Indeed, I am apt to think, that if a superior being was to examine into the ways of man, with the same curiosity with which my author hath searched into those of ants, he would not be able to make any thing of this philosopher, nor to discover what he was about when he was employed in his lucubrations.

In the course of my meditation, however, a thought suggested itself to me, that it was very reasonable to think there might be some such insects as these natural philosophers among the ants, and when the thought was once started, it afforded such entertainment to my fancy, that I could not avoid pursuing it, till it threw me into a kind of reverie, in the which I fell asleep, and was amused with the following dream.

I dreamt I was lying down near a large ant-hill, where I perceived a number of those little insects assembled together; and as I had in my reverie already gifted them with the use of speech, I dreamt that one of them informed me, that they were a set of philosophers assembled to inquire into the cause of a violent and sudden deluge

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which had happened some time before, and had swept off almost a whole colony.

There is in dreams a strange jumble and mixture of phantom and realities. Now what brought this subject of their inquiries into my mind was, an accident to which I was last summer an eye-witness, when I saw a very large cow discharge a vast shower on an ant-hill, which as I afterwards observed, had destroyed a great number of the inhabitants.

But to return to my dream: on a sudden one of the insects, that was elevated above the rest on a small bit of earth, about thrice as large as a moderate pin's head, seemed to address himself to the rest in the following speech, which I wrote down the moment I awaked.

"It behoves every ant that desires to excel other insects, to avoid with the utmost diligence the wasting his life in silence, like those insects which nature seems to have formed for no other purpose than to eat or to be eaten. Now all our energy is placed either in the body or in the mind; that is formed to command, and this to obey; that we partake in common with the meanest fly, this we enjoy in partnership with the gods. To me, therefore, it seems wiser to seek glory from our wit than from our strength; and since our life is but short, to lengthen out our memory as far as we can.

"Now by what can we hope to effect this so certainly, as by that investigation of nature, that search into the first causes of things, which, as it is the noblest and most useful of all studies, so is it most fitly accommodated to the dignity of an ant, the noblest insect which this world ever saw. A study of such infinite benefit to ant-kind, that without it, that most useful art of curing distempers which we call physic, could never have been improved as it hath been to such a degree of certainty and perfection.

"Other branches there be of this philosophy, which may reasonably be presumed to have their utility, though this is sometimes not so very apparent. In these learned ants have most notably bestirred themselves in all ages to their

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immortal honour; and from which, the world have been enriched with that vast treasure of opinions; it being remarkable that, scarce any two ants, or any two ages, have concurred in the same.

"Among those honorary or diverticulating articles of inquiry, on which so many learned ants have spent their whole lives, none, I think, hath exercised the talents of the ingenious, more than an inquiry into the causes of that mighty deluge which happened in the reign of Queen Pismiris the tenth, by which this whole ant-hill which we now inhabit was laid under water; and scarce a single ant escaped save only the queen with fifty-nine of her lovers, who were then retired with her majesty for her recreation to the inmost recesses of the hill, and were happily preserved.

"To repeat to you all that hath been advanced on this subject, would be endless. None, I apprehend, have yet hit on the true cause. As for that mighty ant, Dr. Hook, who would account for this deluge by a compression of the earth into a prolate spheroid, so as thereby to squeeze out the waters of the abyss, this would only drown the two extreme zones of the hill, whereas the middle zone would thus be squeezed up instead of down, and so could never be immerged. And as for the egregious ant who would have it to be occasioned by the shock of a comet, which instantly changing the poles and diurnal rotations of the globe, would occasion a puddle of water to recede from those parts, towards which the poles did approach, and to increase upon and overflow those parts wherefrom the poles were departed; it is sufficient to observe, that the learned ant himself did afterwards confess, he had forgot to consider the great agitation such a shock must necessarily occasion in the puddle; and though he could not give up his hypothesis (which no ant ever did or will), he yet confesses it would be extremely difficult to conceive how her majesty and her court could be preserved alive in such a convulsion.

"Before I undertake to consider the cause of this deluge, I shall premise that it is agreed on all hands, that the air had been greatly obscured for a long space of time, and

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that violent bellowings had been heard in it. The cloud too which then overspread the hill, hung so extremely low, that it is computed if five hundred ants were heaped on each other, the uppermost ant would have reached up to it. Another circumstance agreed is, that the waters no sooner began to fall, than they rushed down in a continued cataract, and with inconceivable violence.

"I account, therefore, for this deluge in the following manner—

"A learned ant hath long since proved by some curious hydrostatic experiments, that water, though it hath not all the energetic powers of an animated insect, hath yet the power of motion. Indeed, such experiments were scarce necessary, since we see it come and go every day, which certainly nothing can do but what can move. And what is more common than to see it come into our cells to-day, and remove itself to-morrow?

"Secondly, though water may be divided into drops, otherwise it could not have been calculated for the use of us ants, yet these drops whenever they have an opportunity will run to one another, so that they have been strongly concluded to be male and female. They likewise have an adhesive quality, by which they are able to unite themselves so strongly in one body, that to separate them immediately into drops again, would require an immense number of ants.

"Thirdly, water when it ascends upwards, doth always ascend in drops, and those almost too small for our sight; but when it descends or falls down, it falls in a body of two, three, four, or more drops together, as we often see in the falling of clouds, which are only so many united bodies of drops of water; most commonly male and female; as a learned ant observes, who very ingeniously derives hence the propagation of all kinds of those delicious fruits which nature hath so abundantly produced for the use of ant-kind.

"Upon the whole then, an infinite number of drops of water having perpendicularly ascended (occasioned probably by a long frost, which had dried up the moisture of the air), and these drops having been cemented and coagulated

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together by that glutinous quality of the frost, did remain aloft in the air about the altitude of 500 ants, and cause that opacity above remembered, till their compages being released by the wind, they all poured down on the hill with such violence, that the whole was immediately covered, and all the ants near the surface destroyed. And this appears to me to have been the true cause of the deluge."

Here a violent applause from the whole assembly put an end to my sleep. I will here, likewise, put an end to this paper, after having observed, that there are some subjects on which a wit and a blockhead, a man and an ant, will exert themselves with the like success. The author of a treatise on politics, of another on rhetoric, and of a third on ethics, the merit of all which I think hath not yet been equalled, hath left us a treatise on the soul in three books; which will require some degree of genius to equal; since it will be no easy task to pour forth so great a profusion of incomprehensible nonsense in the same number of pages.

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THE TRUE PATRIOT

No. 1. TUESDAY, *November* 5, 1745.

"ILLE EGO, *qui quondam* ——."

FASHION is the great governor of this world; it presides not only in matters of dress and amusement, but in law, physic, politics, religion, and all other things of the gravest kind; indeed, the wisest of men would be puzzled to give any better reason, why particular forms in all these have been, at certain times, universally received, and at others universally rejected, than that they were in or out of fashion.

Men as well as things are in like manner indebted to the favour of this *grand monarque*. It is a phrase commonly used in the polite world, that such a person is in fashion; nay, I myself have known an individual in fashion, and then out of fashion, and then in fashion again. Shakespeare hath shared both these fates in poetry, and so hath Mr. Handel in music; so hath my Lord Coke in law, and in physic the great Sydenham; and as to politics and religion, I am sure every man's memory will suggest to himself very great masters in both, even in the present age, who have been, in the highest degree, both in and out of fashion.

It is, therefore, the business of every man to accommodate himself to the fashion of the times; which if he neglects,

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he must not be surprised if the greatest parts and abilities are totally disregarded. If Socrates himself was to go to court in an antique dress, he would be neglected, or perhaps ridiculed; or if old Hippocrates was to visit the college of physicians, and there talk the language of his aphorisms, he would be despised; the college, as Molière says, *having altered all that* at present.

But of all mankind, there are none whom it so absolutely imports to conform to this golden rule, as an author; by neglecting this, Milton himself lay long in obscurity, and the world had nearly lost the best poem which perhaps it hath ever seen. On the contrary, by adhering to it, Tom Durfey, whose name is almost forgot, and many others, who are quite forgotten, flourished most notably in their respective ages, and eat and were read very plentifully by their contemporaries.

In strict obedience to this sovereign power, being informed by my bookseller, a man of great sagacity in his business, *that nobody at present reads any thing but newspapers*, I have determined to conform myself to the reigning taste. The number indeed of these writers at first a little staggered us both; but upon perusal of their works, I fancied I had discovered two or three little imperfections in them all, which somewhat diminished the force of this objection, and gave me hopes that the public will expel some of them to make room for their betters.

The first little imperfection in these writings, is, that there is scarce a syllable of TRUTH in any of them. If this be admitted to be a fault, it requires no other evidence than themselves, and the perpetual contradictions which occur not only on comparing one with the other, but the same author with himself at different days.

Secondly, There is no SENSE in them; to prove this, likewise, I appeal to their works.

Thirdly, There is, in reality, NOTHING *in them at all.* And this also must be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs which contain neither wit, nor humour, nor sense, nor the least importance, may be properly said to contain nothing.

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Such are the arrival of my Lord——*with a great equipage*, the marriage of Miss —— *of great beauty and merit*, and the death of Mr. —— *who was never heard of in his life*, &c. &c.

Nor will this appear strange, if we consider who are the authors of such tracts; namely, the journeymen of booksellers, of whom, I believe, much the same may be truly predicated, as of these their productions.

But the encouragement with which these lucubrations are read, may seem more strange and more difficult to be accounted for. And here I cannot agree with my bookseller, that their eminent badness recommends them. The true reason is, I believe, simply the same which I once heard an economist assign for the content and satisfaction with which his family drank water-cider, viz. because they could procure no other liquor. Indeed, I make no doubt, but that the understanding, as well as the palate, though it may out of necessity swallow the worst, will in general prefer the better.

In this confidence I have resolved to provide the Public a better entertainment than it hath lately been dieted with; and as it is no great assurance in an Author to think himself capable of excelling such writings as have been mentioned above, so neither can he be called too sanguine in promising himself a more favourable reception from the Public.

It is not usual for us of superior eminence in our profession, to hang out our names on the sign-post; however, to raise some expectation in the mind of every reader, as well as to give a slight direction to those conjectures which he will be apt to make on this occasion, I shall set down some few hints, by which a sagacious guesser may arrive at sufficient certainty concerning me.

And first, I faithfully promise him, that I do not live within a mile of Grub Street; nor am I acquainted with a single inhabitant of that place.

Secondly, I am of no party; a word which I hope, by these my labours, to eradicate out of our constitution; this

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being indeed the true source of all those evils which we have reason to complain of.

Thirdly, I am a gentleman; a circumstance from which my reader will reap many advantages; for at the same time that he may peruse my paper, without any danger of seeing himself, or any of his friends traduced with scurrility, so he may expect, by means of my intercourse with people of condition, to find here many articles of importance concerning the affairs and transactions of the great world (which can never reach the ears of vulgar news-writers), not only in matters of state and politics, but amusement. All routs, drums, and assemblies, will fall under my immediate inspection, and the adventures which happen at them will be inserted in my paper, with due regard, however, to the character I here profess, and with strict care to give no offence to the parties concerned.

Lastly, As to my learning, knowledge, and other qualifications for the office I have undertaken, I shall be silent, and leave the decision to my reader's judgment; of whom I desire no more than that he would not despise me before he is acquainted with me.

And to prevent this, as I have already given some account *what* I am, so I shall proceed to throw forth a few hints *who* I am; a matter commonly of the greatest importance towards the recommendation of all works of literature.

First, then, It is very probable I am Lord *B——ke*. This I collect from my style in writing, and knowledge in politics. Again, it is as probable that I am the B——p of * * * *, from my zeal for the Protestant religion. When I consider these, together with the wit and humour which will diffuse themselves through the whole, it is more than possible I may be Lord *C*—— himself, or at least he may have some share in my paper.

From some, or all of these reasons, I am very likely Mr. *W——n*, Mr. *D——n*, Mr. *L——n*, Mr. *F——g*, *T——n*, or, indeed, any other person who hath ever distinguished himself in the republic of letters.

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This at least is very probable, that some of these gentlemen may contribute a share of their abilities to the carrying on this work; in which, as nothing shall ever appear in it inconsistent with decency, or the religion and true civil interest of my country, no person, how great soever, need be ashamed of being imagined to have a part; unless he should be weak enough to be ashamed of writing at all; that is, of having more sense than his neighbours, or of communicating it to them.

I come now to consider the only remaining article, viz. the price, which is one-third more than my contemporary weekly historians set on their labours.

And here I might, with modesty enough, insist, that if I am either what or who I pretend to be, I have sufficient title to this distinction. It is well known that, among mechanics, a much larger advance is often allowed only for a particular name. A genteel person would not be suspected of dealing with any other than the most eminent in his trade, though he is convinced he pays an additional price by so doing. And I hope the polite world, especially when they consider the regard to fashion which I have above professed, will not scruple to allow me the same pre-eminence.

But, in reality, this is the cheapest paper which was ever given to the Public, both in quality, of which enough hath been said already, and in which light a shilling would, I apprehend, be a more moderate price than the three half-pence which is demanded by some others: and secondly, (which my bookseller chiefly insists on) in quantity; as I shall contain, he says, full three times as many letters as the above-mentioned papers; and for which reason he at first advised me to demand fourpence at least, for that one-ninth part would be still abated to the Public. To be serious, I would desire my reader to weigh fairly with himself, whether he doth not gain six times the knowledge and amusement by my paper, compared to any other; and then I think he will have no difficulty to determine in my favour.

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Indeed, the prudent part of mankind will be considerable gainers by purchasing my paper; for as it will contain every thing which is worth their knowing, all others will become absolutely needless: and I leave to their determination, whether threepennyworth of truth and sense is not more worth their purchasing, than all the rubbish and nonsense of the week, which will cost them twenty times as much. In other words, is it not better to give their understanding an entertainment once a week, than to surcharge it every day with coarse and homely fare?

I shall conclude the whole in the words of the fair and honest tradesman: Gentlemen, upon my word and honour, I can afford it no cheaper; and I believe there is no shop in town will use you better for the price.

No. 3. TUESDAY, *November* 19, 1745.

———"*Furit ensis et ignis*
Quo que caret flammâ scelerum est locus."—SILIUS ITALICUS.

THE rebellion having long been the universal subject of conversation in this town, it is no wonder that what so absolutely engages our waking thoughts should attend us to the pillow, and represent to us in dreams or visions those ideas which fear had before suggested to our minds.

It is natural, on all occasions, to have some little attention to our private welfare, nor do I ever honour the patriot the less (I am sure I confide in him much the more) whose own good is involved in that of the Public. I am not, therefore, ashamed to give the Public the following dream or vision, though my own little affairs, and the private consequences which the success of this rebellion would produce to myself, form the principal object; for, I believe, at the same time, there are few of my readers who will not find themselves interested in some parts of it.

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Methought I was sitting in my study, meditating for the good and entertainment of the Public, with my two little children (as is my usual course to suffer them) playing near me; when I heard a very hard knock at my door, and immediately afterwards several ill-looked rascals burst in upon me, one of whom seized me with great violence, saying, I was his prisoner, and must go with him. I asked him for what offence. Have you the impudence to ask that, said he, when the words True Patriot lie now before you? I then bid him show me his warrant. He answered, *there it is*, pointing to several men, who were in Highland dresses, with broad swords by their sides. My children then ran towards me, and bursting into tears, expressed their concern for their poor papa. Upon which one of the ruffians seized my little boy, and pulling him from me, dashed him against the ground; and all immediately hurried me away out of my room and house, before I could be sensible of the effects of this barbarity.

My concern for my poor children, from whom I had been torn in the above manner, prevented me from taking much notice of any objects in the streets, through which I was dragged with many insults.—Houses burnt down, dead bodies of men, women and children, strewed every where as we passed, and great numbers of Highlanders, and Popish priests in their several habits, made, however, too forcible an impression on me to be unobserved.

My guard now brought me to Newgate, where they were informed that jail was too full to admit a single person more. I was then conducted to a large booth in Smithfield, as I thought, where I was shut in with a great number of prisoners, amongst whom were many of the most considerable persons in this kingdom. Two of these were in a very particular manner reviled by the Highland guards (for all the soldiers were in that dress), and these two I presently recollected to be the A-chb-sh-p of Y-k, and the B—p of Win—r.

As there is great inconsistency of time and place in most dreams, I now found myself, by an unaccountable transition,

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in a court which bore some resemblance to the court of King's Bench; only a great cross was erected in the middle; and instead of those officers of justice who usually attend that court, a number of Highlanders, with drawn swords, stood there as sentinels; the judges too were persons whose faces I had never seen before. I was obliged, I thought, to stand some time at the bar, before my trial came on, the court being busied in a cause where an abbot was plaintiff, in determining the boundaries of some abbey land, which they decided for the plaintiff, the chief justice declaring, it was his majesty's pleasure, in all doubtful cases, that judgment should be in favour of the church.

A charge of high-treason was then, I dreamed, exhibited against me, for having writ in defence of his present majesty King GEORGE, and my paper of the True Patriot was produced in evidence against me.

Being called on to make my defence, I insisted entirely on the statute of Hen. 7, by which all persons are exempted from incurring the penalties of treason, in defence of the King *de facto*. But the chief justice told me in broken English, That if I had no other plea, they should presently overrule that; for that his majesty was resolved to make an example of all who had any ways distinguished themselves, in opposition to his cause.

Methought I then replied, with a resolution which I hope every Englishman would exert on such an occasion, THAT THE LIFE OF NO MAN WAS WORTH PRESERVING, LONGER THAN IT WAS TO BE DEFENDED BY THE KNOWN LAWS OF HIS COUNTRY; and that if the King's arbitrary pleasure was to be that law, I was indifferent what he determined concerning myself.

The court having put it to the vote (for no jury, I thought, attended), and unanimously agreed that I was guilty, proceeded to pass the sentence usual in cases of high treason, having first made many eulogiums on the Pope, the Roman Catholic religion, and the King, who was to support both, and be supported by them.

I was then delivered into the hands of the executioner,

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who stood ready, and was ordered to allow me only three hours to confess myself, and be reconciled to the Church of Rome. Upon which a priest, whose face I remember to have seen at a place called an oratory, and who was, for his good services, preferred to be the ordinary of Newgate, immediately advanced, and began to revile me, saying, I was the wickedest heretic in the kingdom, and had exerted myself with more impudence against his majesty and his holiness, than any other person whatsoever: but he added, as I had the good fortune to make some atonement for my impiety by being hanged, if I would embrace his religion, confess myself and receive absolution, I might possibly, after some expiation in purgatory, receive a final pardon.

I was hence conducted into a dungeon, where, by a glimmering light, I saw many wretches my fellow-prisoners, who, for various crimes, were condemned to various punishments.

Among these appeared one in a very ragged plight, whom I very well knew, and who, the last time I saw him, appeared to live in great affluence and splendour. Upon my inquiring the reason of his being detained in that region of horror, he very frankly told me it was for stealing a loaf. He acknowledged the fact; but said he had been obliged to it for the relief of his indigent family. I see, continued he, your surprise at this change of my fortune; but, you must know, my whole estate was in the funds, by the wiping out of which I was at once reduced to the condition in which you now see me. I rose in the morning with 40,000*l.* I had a wife whom I tenderly loved, and three blooming daughters. The eldest was within a week of her marriage, and I was to have paid down 10,000*l.* with her. At noon I found a royal decree had reduced me to downright beggary. My daughter hath lost her marriage, and is gone distracted. My wife is dead of a broken heart, and my poor girls have neither clothes to cover them, nor meat to feed them: so that I may truly say,

———"*Miser, O miser, omnia ademit*
Una dies infesta mihi tot præmia vitæ."

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Here methought he stopped, and a flood of tears gushed from his eyes. I should perhaps have been a greater sharer in his sorrow, had not the consideration of his children's ruin represented to me the situation of my own. Good gods! what were the agonies I then felt, though in a dream? Racks, wheels, gibbets, were no longer the objects of terror. My children possessed my whole mind, and my fearful imagination ran through every scene of horror which villains can act on their fellow-creatures. Sometimes I saw their helpless hands struggling for a moment with a barbarous cut-throat. Here I saw my poor boy, my whole ambition, the hopes and prospect of my age, sprawling on the floor, and weltering in his blood; there my fancy painted my daughter, the object of all my tenderness, prostituted even in her infancy to the brutal lust of a ruffian, and then sacrificed to his cruelty. Such were my terrors, when I was relieved from them by the welcome presence of the executioner, who summoned me immediately forth, telling me, since I had refused the assistance of the priest, he could grant me no longer indulgence.

The first sight which occurred to me as I passed through the streets (for common objects totally escape the observation of a man in my present temper of mind), was a young lady of quality, and the greatest beauty of this age, in the hands of two Highlanders, who were struggling with each other for their booty. The lovely prize, though her hair was dishevelled and torn, her eyes swollen with tears, her face all pale, and some marks of blood both on that and her breast, which was all naked and exposed, retained still sufficient charms to discover herself to me, who have always beheld her with wonder and admiration. Indeed, it may be questioned whether perfect beauty loses or acquires charms by distress. This sight was matter of entertainment to my conductors, who, however, hurried me presently from it, as I wish they had also from her screams, which reached my ears to a great distance.

After such a spectacle as this, the dead bodies which lay every where in the streets (for there had been, I was told,

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a massacre the night before), scarce made any impression; nay, the very fires in which Protestants were roasting, were in my sense, objects of much less horror; nay, such an effect had this sight wrought on my mind, which hath been always full of the utmost tenderness for that charming sex, that for a moment it obliterated all concern for my children, from whom I was to be hurried for ever without a farewell, or without knowing in what condition I left them; or indeed, whether they had hitherto survived the cruelty which now methought raged every where, with all the fury which rage, zeal, lust, and wanton fierceness could inspire into the bloody hearts of Popish priests, bigots, and barbarians. Of such a scene my learned reader may see a fine picture drawn by Silius Italicus, in his second book, where he describes the sacking the brave city of Saguntum by a less savage army.

I then overheard a priest admonish the executioner to exert the utmost rigour of my sentence towards me; after which, the same priest advancing forwards, and putting on a look of compassion, advised me, for the sake of my soul, to embrace the holy communion. I gave him no answer, and he turned his back, thundering forth curses against me.

At length I arrived at the fatal place which promised me a speedy end to all my sufferings. Here, methought, I saw a man who by his countenance and actions exprest the highest degree of despair. He stamped with his feet, beat his face, tore his hair, and uttered the most horrid execrations. Upon inquiring into the circumstances of this person, I was informed by one of the bystanders, that he was a non-juror, who had lent considerable assistance to the Pretender's cause, out of principle; and was now lamenting the consequences which the success of it had brought on such honest gentlemen as myself. My informer added, with a smile, the wise man expected his majesty would keep his word with heretics.

The executioner then attempted to put the rope round my neck, when my little girl entered my bedchamber, and put an end to my dream, by pulling open my eyes, and

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telling me that the tailor had brought home my clothes for his majesty's birthday.

The sight of my dear child, added to the name of that gracious Prince, at once deprived me of every private and public fear; and the joy which now began to arise, being soon after heightened by consideration of the day, the sound of bells, and the hurry which prevailed every where, from the eagerness of all sorts of people to demonstrate their loyalty at this season, gave me altogether as delightful a sensation as perhaps the heart of man is capable of feeling; of which I have the pleasure to know every reader must partake, who hath had good-nature enough to sympathise with me in the foregoing part of this vision.

No. 4. TUESDAY, *November* 26, 1745.

"*Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,*
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mœstum et solicitum est ——."—HORACE.

THE Author of the Serious Address to the People of Great Britain (a pamphlet which ought to be in every man's hands at this season), hath incontestably shown the danger of this rebellion to all who have any regard for the Protestant religion, or the laws and liberties of their country.

We have further endeavoured, in our last paper, to give a lively picture of the utter misery and desolation it would introduce, and the insecurity of our estates, properties, lives and families, under the government of an absolute Popish Prince (for absolute he would plainly be), introduced by the conquering arms of France, Spain, and the Highlands.

So that every good and worthy Protestant in this nation, who is attached to his religion and liberties, or who hath any estate or property, either in church-lands or in the funds (which includes almost every man who hath either estate or

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property in the kingdom), is concerned, in the highest degree, to oppose the present rebellion.

I am however aware, that there yet remains a party to be spoken to, who are not strictly concerned in interest in any of the preceding lights; I mean those gentlemen who have no property, nor any regard either for the religion or liberty of their country.

Now if I can make it appear, that those persons likewise are interested in opposing the Pretender's cause, I think we may then justly conclude, he cannot have a single partisan in this nation (the most bigoted Roman Catholics excepted) who is sensible enough to know his own good.

And first, the most noble party of free-thinkers, who have no religion, are most heartily concerned to oppose the introduction of Popery, which would obtrude one on them, one not only inconsistent with free-thinking, but indeed with any thinking at all. How would a man of spirit, whose principles are too elevated to worship the great Creator of the universe, submit to pay his adoration to a rabble of saints, most of whom he would have been justly ashamed to have kept company with while alive!

But besides the slavish doctrines which he must believe, or, at least, meanly pretend to believe, how would a genius who cannot conform to the little acts of decency required by a Protestant church support the slavish impositions of auricular confession, penance, fasting, and all the tiresome forms and ceremonies exacted by the Church of Rome?

Lastly, whereas the said free-thinkers have long regarded it as an intolerable grievance, that a certain body of men called *parsons*, should, for the useless services of praying, preaching, catechising, and instructing the people, receive a certain fixed stipend from the public, which the law foolishly allows them to call their own: how would these men brook the restoration of abbey-lands, impropriations, and the numberless flowers which the Reformation hath lopped off from the Church, and which the re-establishment of Popery would most infallibly restore to it?

Again, there are many worthy persons who, though very

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little concerned for the true liberty of their country, have, however, the utmost respect for what is by several mistaken for it; I mean licentiousness, or a free power of abusing the king, ministry, and every thing great, noble, and solemn.

The impunity with which this liberty hath been of late years practised, must be acknowledged by every man of the least candour. Indeed, to such a degree, that power and government, instead of being objects of reverence and terror, have been set up as the butts of ridicule and buffoonery, as if they were only intended to be laughed at by the people.

Now this is a liberty which hath only flourished under this royal family. His present majesty, as he hath less deserved than his predecessors to be the object of it, so he hath supported it with more dignity and contempt than they have done; but how impatient the Pretender will be under this liberty, and how certainly he will abolish it, may be concluded, not only from the absolute power which he infallibly brings with him; but from the many ears and noses which his family, without such power, have heretofore sacrificed on these occasions.

And this is a loss not only to be deplored by those men of genius, who have exerted and may exert their great talents this way. There are many who, without the capacity of writing, have that of reading, and have done their utmost to support and encourage such authors and their works. These will lose their favourite amusement, all those laughs and shrugs which they have formerly vented at the expense of their superiors.

But if these concerns should appear chimerical, I come now to pecuniary considerations; to a large body of men whose whole trade would be ruined by this man's success. The reader will be, perhaps, in doubt what trade can be carried on by such persons as I have described in the beginning of this paper: how much more will he be surprised to hear, that it is the principal trade which of late years hath been carried on in this kingdom. To keep him therefore no longer in suspense, I mean the honest method of

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selling ourselves, which hath flourished so notably for a long time among us. A business which I have ventured to call honest, notwithstanding the objections raised by weak and scrupulous people against it.

I know indeed many answers have been given to these objections by a late philosopher of great eminence, and by the followers of his school; such as, *that all mankind are rascals; that they are only to be governed by corruption*, &c. But to say the truth, there is no occasion of having recourse to these deep and obscure doctrines for this purpose; there is a much fuller and plainer answer to be given, and which is founded on principles the very reverse of those which were taught in this school, namely the principles of common sense and common honesty; for if it be granted, as surely it will be, that we are freemen, we have certainly a right to ourselves; and whatever we have a right to, we have also a right to sell. And, perhaps, it was a doubt in that great philosopher, *whether we were freemen or no*, that led him into those doctrines I have mentioned.

Now this trade, by which alone so many thousands have got an honest livelihood for themselves and families, must be totally ruined; for, if this nation should be at once enslaved, it would be impossible for an honest man to carry on this business any longer. A freeman (as hath been proved) may justly sell himself, but a slave cannot.

And if a man should be so dishonourable and base as to offer at carrying on this trade in an enslaved country, contrary to all the rules of honesty, and all the most solemn ties of slavery, yet who would buy him? The reasons against such a purchase are too obvious to be mentioned. Indeed, we may say in general, that as it is dishonest in a slave to sell, so it is as foolish in a slave to buy; for as the one hath no property to part with, so neither can the other acquire any.

For these reasons, I think it is visibly the interest of all that part of the nation, to whom I have addressed myself in the beginning of this paper, to exclude Popery and arbitrary power.

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There is, however, one objection, which I foresee may and will be made to this conclusion; and that is, whereas the estates of all the lords and commons of this kingdom will be forfeited, and at the disposal of the conqueror, and the personal fortunes of all others will, in the confusion at least, be liable to plunder, that such honest gentlemen may have a sufficient chance abundantly to repair or compensate all their losses.

I own there is something very plausible in this argument, and it might, perhaps, have great force, if the Pretender's son had landed in England, as he did in Scotland; and had been pleased to place that confidence in English rabble, with which he hath vouchsafed rather to honour these Highland banditti. In this case, I grant, no man could justly have been blamed who had fixed the eyes of his affection on his neighbour's estate, gardens, house, purse, wife, or daughter, for joining the young man's cause, provided the success of it had been probable; such a behaviour would then have been highly consistent with all the rules taught in that school of philosophy above-mentioned, and none but a musty moralist, for whose doctrine great men have doubtless an adequate contempt, would have condemned it.

But the fact is otherwise: The *Highlanders* are those to whom he must owe any success he may attain; these are therefore to be served before you; and I easily refer to your own consideration, when Rome, and France, and Spain, are repaid their demands, when a vast army of hungry Highlanders, and a larger army of as hungry priests, are satisfied, how miserable a pittance will remain to your share? indeed, so small a one must this be, that the greatest adept in our philoso-political school would think it scarce worth his while to sacrifice his conscience to the certainty of obtaining it.

These latter considerations I earnestly recommend to the most serious attention of the gentlemen for whose use this paper is calculated; and I am certain that any argument for the Pretender's cause, drawn from the hopes of plundering their neighbours (with which, perhaps, some honest men

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have too fondly flattered themselves), will have very little weight with any person. Nay, I must remind them, that they will not be suffered to rifle the very churches themselves, upon whose small riches, most probably, the said gentlemen have cast their eyes.

It appears then, that none will be, or can be gainers by this rebellion, but Popish priests and Highlanders; and I have too good an opinion of my country to apprehend that her religion, liberties, and properties, can ever be endangered by such adversaries.

No. 7. Tuesday, *December* 17, 1745.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

My Worthy Friend,—I received your paper, intituled the True Patriot, numbers one and two, inclosed in the franks of my great and most honoured patron, for which I have the highest thanks for you both. I am delighted, and that greatly, with many passages in these papers. The moderation which you profess towards all parties, perfectly becomes a Christian. Indeed I have always thought, that moderation in the shepherd was the best, if not only, way to bring home all the straggling sheep to his flock. I have intimated this at the vestry, and even at visitation before the archdeacon:

"*Sed Cassandræ non creditum est.*"

I like your method of placing a motto from the classics at the head of every paper. It must give some encouragement to your readers, that the author understands (at least) one line of Latin, which is perhaps more than can be safely predicated of every writer in this age.

You desire me, sir, to write you something proper to be seen, *et quidem*, by the Public; as therefore a subject worthy their most serious attention now offers itself, viz. the ensuing

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fast ordained by authority, I have communicated my thoughts to you thereon, which you may suppress or publicate as you think meet.

——"ἔρχου ἐπ' ἔργον
Θεοῖσιν ἐπευξάμενος τελέσαι."—PYTHAGORAS.

——"Go upon the work,
Having first prayed to the gods for success."

As it is impossible for any man to reflect seriously on the progress of the present unnatural rebellion, without imputing such unparalleled success to some other cause than has yet appeared, some other strength than what any visible human means hath placed in the hands of the rebels; so will it be extremely difficult to assign any adequate cause whatsoever, without recurring to one, of whose great efficacy we have frequent examples in sacred history. I mean the just judgment of God against an offending people.

And that this is really so, we may conclude from these two considerations: First, from the rapidity of the rebels' progress, so unaccountable from human means; for can history produce an instance parallel to this, of six or seven men landing in a great and powerful nation, in opposition to the inclination of the people, in defiance of a vast and mighty army (for though the greater part of this army was not then in the kingdom, it was so nearly within call, that every man of them might, within the compass of a few days or weeks at farthest, have been brought home and landed in any part of it). If we consider, I say, this handful of men landing in the most desolate corner, among a set of poor, naked, hungry, disarmed slaves, abiding there with impunity, till they had, as it were, in the face of a large body of his majesty's troops, collected a kind of army, or rather rabble, together; if we view this army intimidating the King's forces from approaching them by their situation; soon afterwards quitting that situation, marching directly up to the northern capital, and entering it without surprise or without a blow. If we again view this half-armed, half-disciplined mob, without the assistance of a single piece of

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artillery, march up to, attack, and *smite* a superior number of the king's regular troops, with cannon in their front to defend them. If we consider them returning from this complete victory to the capital, which they had before taken; there remaining, for near two months, in contempt of twelve millions of people, above a hundred thousand of which have arms in their hands, and one-half of these the best troops in Europe. If we consider them afterwards, at the approach of a large army, under a general of great experience and approved merit, bending their course, though not in a direct line, towards this army; and then, by long and painful marches, over almost inaccessible mountains, through the worst of roads, in the worst of seasons; by those means, I say, slipping that army, and leaving it behind them. If we view them next march on towards another army still greater, under a young, brave, vigilant, and indefatigable prince, who were advancing in their front to meet, as the others were in their rear to pursue them. If we consider, I say, these banditti, not yet increased to full 6000, and above a third of these old men and boys, not to be depended on, proceeding without a check through a long tract of country, through many towns and cities, which they plundered, at least to a degree, up within a few miles of this third army, sent to oppose them; then, by the advantage of a dark night, passing by this army likewise, and by a most incredible march getting between that and the metropolis, into which they struck a terror scarce to be credited. Though besides the two armies at their heels, there was still one in this very metropolis infinitely superior to these rebels, not only in arms and discipline, but in numbers. Who, I say, can consider such things as these, and retain the least doubt, whether he shall impute them to a judgment inflicted on this sinful nation; especially when, in the second place, we must allow such judgment to be most undoubtedly our due?

To run through every species of crime with which our *Sodom* abounds would fill your whole paper. Indeed, such monstrous impieties and iniquities have I both seen and heard of, within these three last years, during my sojourning

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in what is called the world, particularly the last winter, while I tarried in the great city, that while I verily believe we are the silliest nation under heaven in every other light, we are wiser than *Sodom* in wickedness. If we would avoid, therefore, that final judgment which was denounced against that city; if we would avoid that total destruction with which we are threatened, not remotely and at a distance, but immediately and at hand; if we would pacify that vengeance which hath already begun to operate by sending rebels, foreign enemies, pestilence, the forerunner of famine, and poverty among us; if we would pacify that vengeance which seems already bent to our destruction by breathing the breath of folly as well as perfidy into the nostrils of the great; what have we to do, but to set about THE WORK recommended by the wise and pious, though Heathen philosopher, in my motto? And what is THIS WORK but a thorough amendment of our lives, a perfect alteration of our ways? But before we begin this, let us, in obedience to the rule of that philosopher, prescribed above, first apply ourselves by fasting and prayer to the throne of offended grace. My lords the bishops have wisely set apart a particular day for this solemn service. A day, which I hope will be kept universally through this kingdom, with all those marks of true piety and repentance, which our present dreadful situation demands. Indeed, the wretch whose hard heart is not seriously in earnest on this occasion, deserves no more the appellation of a good Englishman, than of a good churchman, or a true Christian. All sober and wise nations have, in times of public danger, instituted certain solemn sacrifices to their gods; now the Christian sacrifices are those of fasting and prayer: and if ever these were in a more extraordinary manner necessary, it is surely now, when the least reflection must convince us that we do in so eminent a manner deserve the judgment of God, and when we have so much reason to apprehend it is coming upon us. I hope, therefore, (I repeat it once more) that this day will be kept by us ALL, in the most solemn manner, and that not a man will dare refuse, complying with those duties which the state

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requires of us; but I must, at the same time, recommend to my countrymen a caution, that they would not mistake THE WORK itself for what is only the beginning of, or preface to it. Let them not vainly imagine, that when they have fasted and prayed for a day; nay, even for an age, that THE WORK is done. It is a total amendment of life, a total change of manners, which can bring THE WORK to a conclusion, or produce any good effects from it. Here again, to give particular instances would be to enumerate all those vices which I have already declined recounting, and would be too prolix. They are known, they are obvious, and few men who resolve to amend their lives, will, I believe, want any assistance to discover what parts of them stand in need of amendment. I shall, however, point out two or three particulars, which I the rather single out, because I have heard, that there are some who dispute whether they are really vices or no, though every polity, as well as the Christian, have agreed in condemning them as such. The first of these is lying. The devil himself is, in Scripture, said to be the father of lies; and liars are, perhaps, some of the vilest and wickedest children he has. Nay, I think the morals of all civilised nations have denied even the character of a gentleman to a liar. So heinous is this vice, that it has not only stigmatised particular persons, but whole communities, with infamy. And yet have we not persons, ay, and very great persons too, so famous for it, that their credit is a jest, and their words mere wind? I need not point them out, for they take sufficient care to point out themselves. Luxury is a second vice, which is so far from being acknowledged as criminal, that it is ostentatiously affected. Now this is not only a vice in itself, but it is in reality a privation of all virtue. For first, in lower fortunes it prevents men from being honest; and, in higher situations, it excludes that virtue without which no man can be a Christian, namely charity. For as surely as charity covereth a multitude of sins, so must a multitude of dishes, pictures, jewels, houses, horses, servants, &c., cover all charity. I remember dining last winter at a great man's table, where

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we had among many others, one dish, the expense of which would have provided very liberally for a poor family a whole twelvemonth. In short, I never saw, during my abode in the great city, a single man who gave me reason to think, that he would have enabled himself to be charitable, by retrenching the most idle superfluity of his expense. Perhaps the large subscriptions which have prevailed all over the kingdom at this season, may be urged as an instance of charity. To this I answer, in the words of a very great and generous friend of mine, who disclaimed all merit from a very liberal subscription, saying, "It was rather sense than goodness, to sacrifice a small part for the security of the whole." Now true charity is of another kind, it has no self-interested motives, pursues no immediate return nor worldly good, well knowing that it is laying up a much surer and much greater reward for itself. But, indeed, who wonders that men are so backward in sacrificing any of their wealth to their consciences, who before had sacrificed their consciences to the acquisition of that very wealth. Can we expect to find charity in an age, when scarce any refuse to own the most profligate rapaciousness! when no man is ashamed of avowing the pursuit of riches through every dirty road and track? To speak out, in an age when every thing is venal; and when there is scarce one among the mighty who would not be equally ashamed at being thought not to set *some price* on himself, as he would at being imagined to set too low a one? This is an assertion whose truth is too well known. Indeed, my four years' knowledge of the world hath scarce furnished me with examples of any other kind. I believe I have already exceeded my portion of hour-glass; I shall, therefore, reserve what I have farther to say on this subject to some other opportunity.

I am, &c.,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

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No. 9. TUESDAY, *December* 31, 1745.

"Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit."—VIRGIL.

THE following letter came attended with a small present of Bologna sausages, Naples soap, Florence oil, and a paper of maccaroni.

"SIGNIOR SAR,—Me be inform, dat you be de Patriat, dat is to say, van parson who take part vor de muny; now, Sar, dat be commodity me did forget to bring over vid me; but ven me ave got one two tousand pound me sal send you sum; me desire, darefor, dat you woud rite sumting to recomend de opera, or begar me sal be oblige to go back to Italy like one fool as me did cum, and dey will laff at me for bring no muny from an country vich ave give so much muny for song.

"Me be, Signior Sar,
"Of your excellence, de most umble sclave,
"GIOVANI CANTILENA."

Though I by no means admit that character of patriotism which the signior hath conceived, whether in Italy or England I will not determine, yet as I think it one part of integrity to dare oppose popular clamour, I shall, in compliance with my good friend, and in return for this kind present, offer such thoughts as occur to me in favour of a diversion, against which so much disgust seems to prevail at this season.

And in the first place, I think it should be considered, that these poor Italians, whose property is their throats, did not come over of their own accord; but were invited hither. Nor is the rebellion a sufficient excuse to send them back unrewarded, since the poverty and distress of this nation, even before this rebellion, occasioned by debts, wars, and almost every public calamity, must have deterred any persons from such an undertaking, who had not resolved to have an opera at any rate, and in any situation.

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But, perhaps, this melancholy situation of our affairs was a principal reason for the introduction of this opera. Is any thing more proper to soften and compose the mind in misfortunes than music? Hath it not always been found the most effectual remedy in grief? And was accordingly used as such by the great Nero, to calm and compose the agonies of his mind, while his own city was in flames; and Homer informs us, that Achilles used to assuage the wrath and impetuosity of his temper by the music which old Chiron had taught him. Nay, it hath been prescribed, by physicians, as a medicine for a diseased mind; and we are told by Josephus, that "when Saul was agitated with fits, like a dæmoniac, his *physicians not being able to give any natural or philosophical account of the distemper*, only advised the having somebody about him that could sing or play upon the harp well, that might be ready at hand to give him the diversion of an hymn or an air. This advice was taken, and David sent for, who by his voice and harp cured the patient."

The great power over the passions, which the ancient philosophers assigned to music, is almost too well known to be mentioned. Socrates learned to sing in his old age. Plato had so high an opinion of music, that he considered the application of it to amusement only, as a high perversion of its institution; for he imagined it given by the gods to men for much more divine and nobler purposes. And Pythagoras (to mention no more) is known to have held, that virtue, peace, health, and all other good things was nothing but harmony. Hence perhaps arose that notion maintained by some of the Greeks, from observing the sympathy between them, that the soul of man was something very like the sound of a fiddle.

And this power of music is not only capable of exercising to allay and compose, it is altogether as efficacious in rousing and animating the passions. Thus Xenophantus is recorded to have incited Alexander to arms with his music. And Plutarch, in his Laconic Apophthegms, tells us, that Agesilaus being asked why the Spartans marched (or rather danced) up to the enemy to some tune? answered, That music

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discovered the brave man from the coward; for those same notes which made the eyes of the valiant sparkle with fire, overspread the timorous face with paleness, and every other mark of terror.

This, therefore is a second good reason for an opera at present, provided the music be properly adapted to the times, be chiefly martial, and consist mostly of trumpets and kettle-drums. The subject likewise of the drama (though that is generally considered as a matter of little consequence in those compositions) may lend some assistance; as suppose, for instance, the famous opera in which the celebrated Nicolini formerly killed a lion with so much bravery should be revived on this occasion. Such an example would almost animate the ladies, nay, even the beaus, to take up arms in defence of their country.

And what are the objections which our anti-musical enemies make to this entertainment?

First, I apprehend it hath been said, that the softness of Italian music is calculated to enervate the mind. This hath been obviated already. But admitting the objection true, where is its validity, when we consider of what persons the audiences will be composed? for not only the common soldiers, but all inferior officers, are excluded by the price. Indeed, the audience at an opera consists chiefly of fine gentlemen, fine ladies, and their servants, and except a few general officers, whose courage we ought to imagine superior to the power of a languishing air, scarce a person is ever present, who is likely to see a camp, or handle a musket; unless the opera, by being regulated as above, should inspire a martial spirit into them.

Secondly, it is said, that the immoderate expense of this diversion, at a season when poverty spreads its black banner over the whole nation, and when much the greater part are reduced to the most miserable degrees of want and necessity, is an argument of most abandoned extravagance, and indecent profligacy, scarce to be equalled by any example in history.

This, I conceive, is the objection on which our adver-

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saries principally rely. I shall apply myself, therefore, in a very particular manner, to answer it.

And here I must premise, that this objection proceeds on a tacit admission of what is by no means true, viz.: That the sums expended on an opera subscription would otherwise be employed in the public service of the nation, or at least in private charity, to some of the numberless objects of it.

But this would certainly not be the case; for the person who could think of promoting such a diversion, in the midst of so much calamity, must have neither heart nor head good enough to feel the distresses of a fellow-creature, much less to relieve them; and surely it cannot be supposed, that these people will advance any thing in defence of his majesty, when they fly in his sacred face, by attempting an opera, though he hath himself (or I am grossly misinformed) been pleased to declare it is not now a time for operas.

We must therefore conclude that this money, if not exhausted for the present good purpose, would either remain dormant in the purse of its owner, or would otherwise be sacrificed at cards, or lavished on some less innocent article of luxury or wantonness.

The expense then of this entertainment, however great it should be, will not injure the Public. On the contrary, such will be its political utility, that I question whether this opera may not preserve the nation.

For, in the first place, can any thing tend more to raise the public credit abroad, or so effectually to refute the slanders of those enemies who have endeavoured to represent us in a bankrupt condition, than this very undertaking? It hath been esteemed a master-stroke of Roman policy, as well as greatness, that in their highest distress, they endeavoured, by all kinds of art, to insinuate their great strength, and assert their independency; for which purpose, was that ever memorable puff, with which they refused the presents of King Hiero, after the battle of Thrasimene.

I cannot help regarding our sending for a troop of Italian singers, in this time of distress, as a state puff of

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the same kind. Indeed I am convinced it was done with this design; for are not the very persons, who are the forwardest in promoting this diversion, courtiers, and consequently friends to the present establishment? Are they not people of fortune, and therefore highly interested in the preservation of national credit? Nor can I help observing, as a proof of the policy of this measure, another piece of state craft, tending to show our great inward strength and security; for while we sent for this troop of singers into England, we left several troops of our soldiers abroad. And in what part of Europe could this policy be played off with such advantage as in Italy, where our principal enemies reside, and where the scheme of our destruction is supposed to have been laid? The success with which this scheme hath been attended, must have answered our expectation, since it is apparent, by the arrival of these singers, that they are *fairly taken in*, and imposed upon to believe we have still as much money as ever.

In this light then the opera, and those who encourage it, will deserve our highest encomiums; and the subscription to it may be ranked with the other public subscriptions at this season. And in this light we ought to see the intention of those who have promoted it, for the reasons above-mentioned: to which I will add the humane maxim, of always assigning the best motive possible to the actions of every one.

But, on the contrary, should we be so cruel to deny any such good purpose to be at the bottom; nay, should we derive this desire of an opera at present from the most depraved levity of mind, an utter insensibility of public good or evil, yet we may still draw advantages from our opera, though I must own I could be scarce sanguine enough to derive them from design. For could it be imagined of any nation, at such a season of danger and distress (which I decline painting at length, as the picture is disagreeable, and already sufficiently known), that considerable numbers of the inhabitants, instead of contributing all the assistance in their several capacities to the Public, should employ their time and their money in endeavouring to promote an expensive foreign

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diversion, composed of all the ingredients of softness and luxury, such a nation would not be worth invading. No powerful prince could look on such a people with any eyes of fear or jealousy, nor no wise one would send his subjects among them, for fear of enervating their minds, and debauching their morals.

Such a nation could inspire no other ideas into its neighbours, than those of contempt and ridicule. We ought to be considered as the silly swan, whose last breath goes out in a cantata. And as nothing but wanton cruelty could move any power to attack us, so would the conquest of us be no less infamous than barbarous; and we should, from the same reason, be as safe in the neighbourhood of France, as the little commonwealth of Lucca was in that of her great sister of Rome.

For all these reasons I am for an opera; but I must then insist on it, that we strike up immediately, otherwise I must desire that ghost of an advertisment, calling for latter payment from the subscribers, which hath haunted the public papers this month, without having (as it seems) been spoken to by any one, to disappear immediately; for I would by no means have all Europe imagine, that *we want nothing* to establish our opera at present, *but money.*

No. 10. Tuesday, *January* 7, 1746.

"*Tu, Jupiter, quem statorem hujus urbis atque imperii verè nominamus:* HUNC *et* HUJUS *socios à tuis aris ceterisque templis, à tectis urbis ac mœnibus, à vita fortunisque civium omnium arcebis: et omnes bonorum inimicos, hostes, patriæ, latrones Italiæ, scelerum fœdere inter se ac nefaria societate conjunctos, æternis suppliciis, vivos mortuosque mactabis.*"—CICERO IN L. CATILINE.

To the True Patriot.

Dec. 14, 1745.

DEAR SIR,—Though I live on a small fortune, in great obscurity, yet I cannot but be interested in our present

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troubles. My thoughts sometimes lead me to meditate, what we are likely to expect, should success attend the present ravagers of our country. Nay, I have even gone so far as to suppose them actual victors, and have in this light framed an imaginary journal of events, with which I here present you, as with a waking dream.

The person of my drama, or journalist, I suppose to be an honest tradesman, living in the busy part of the city.

January 1, 1746. This day the supposed conqueror was proclaimed at Stocks Market, amidst the loud acclamations of Highlanders and friars. I was enabled, from my own windows, to view this ceremony; Walbrook Church, the Mansion House, and several others adjoining, having been burnt and razed in the massacre of last week. Father O'Blaze, an Irish Dominican, read upon the occasion a speech out of a paper, which he styled an extempore address. Melancholy as I was, I could not help smiling at one of his expressions, when speaking of the new year, he talked of *Janus's* faces, each of which looked both backward and forward.

Jan. 2. A proclamation issued for a free parliament (according to the declaration) to meet the 20th instant. The twelve judges removed, and twelve new ones appointed; some of whom had scarce ever been in Westminster Hall before.

Jan. 3. Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's Churchyard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its room.

Jan. 4, 5, 6. The cash, transfer-books, &c., removed to the Tower, from the Bank, South Sea and India houses, which ('tis reported) are to be turned into convents.

Jan. 10. Three anabaptists committed to Newgate, for pulling down the crucifix in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Jan. 12. Being the first Sunday after Epiphany, Father MacDagger, the royal confessor, preached at St. James's—sworn afterwards of the privy-council—arrived the French ambassador with a numerous retinue.

Jan. 20. The free parliament opened—the speech and

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addresses filled with sentiments of civil and religious liberty. —An act of grace, proposed from the crown, to pardon all treasons committed under pretext of any office, civil or military, before the first declarations being promulgated, which was in the Isle of Mull, about nineteen months ago. The judges consulted, whether all persons throughout Great Britain were intended to be bound by this promulgation, as being privy to it. 'Twas held they were, because *ignorantia legis non excusat.*

Jan. 22. Three members, to wit, Mr. D——n, Mr. P——t, and Mr. L——n, were seized in their houses, and sent to the Tower, by a warrant from a secretary of state. The same day I heard another great man was dismissed from his place, but his name I could neither learn nor guess.

Jan. 23. His highness sends a message to the house, that he would make no further removals till he saw better reason.

Jan. 24. A great court at St. James's, at which were present * and * and * and * and *, and all kissed hands.

Jan. 25. The three anabaptists above-mentioned tried for their offence, and sentenced to be hanged. Executed the same day, attended by Mr. MacHenly the ordinary. Their teacher, Mr. Obadiah Washum, the currier, was refused access from their first commitment.

Jan. 26. This day the Gazette informs us, that Portsmouth, Berwick, and Plymouth, were delivered into the hands of French commissaries, as cautionary towns; and also twenty ships of the line, with their guns and rigging, pursuant to treaty.

Jan. 27. Tom Blatch, the old small-coal-man, committed to the Compter, for a violent assault on Father MacDagger and three young friars. 'Twas the talk about town, that they had attempted the chastity of his daughter Kate.

Jan. 28. A bill brought into the Commons, and twice read the same day, to repeal the act of Habeas Corpus, and that by which the writ *de hæretico comburendo* was abolished. A mutiny the same day among the Highland soldiers—quelled by doubling their pay.

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Jan. 31. The above bill passed, and the royal assent given. A motion made about the restoration of abbey lands, ——rejected by the lords, seven English Roman Catholic peers being in the majority.

February 1. All peerages declared void since the revolution, and twenty-four new peers created, without a foot of land in the island. A second mutiny among the soldiery.

Feb. 2. Long Acre and Covent Garden allotted out in portions to the Highland Guards. Two watermen and a porter committed to the Lollards Tower at Lambeth for heresy.

Feb. 3. Father Poignardini, an Italian Jesuit, made privy-seal. A bill proposed against the liberty of the press, and to place the nomination of jurors, exempt from challenge, in the crown. Several Catholic lords and gentlemen, being English, quit the court and retire into the country. More heretics sent to Lambeth.

Feb. 5. A promotion of eighteen general officers, three only of which were English. Lord John Drummond made colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards, the Duke of Perth of the second, the Lord George Murray of the third.

Feb. 6. Various grants passed the privy-seal of lands in various counties to generals, ecclesiastics, and other favourites, all foreigners.

Feb. 9. A petition from various persons, sufferers by the said grants, setting forth their fidelity to the government, and that particularly in the late troubles, though they had never entered into any schemes in favour of his present highness, yet they had constantly declined all subscriptions, associations, &c., to his prejudice. Father MacDagger brought them for answer, that the associators and subscribers had at least shown their attachment to some government, but that an indifference to all government deserved favour from none, and that therefore their petition was rejected.

Feb. 13. Four heretics burnt in Smithfield——Mr. MacHenly attended them, assisted on this extraordinary occasion by Father O'Blaze, the Dominican.

Feb. 19. Rumours of a plot. More heretics committed.

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The judges declare the power of the crown to suspend laws. Father MacDagger made president of Magdalen College in Oxford.

Feb. 21. Four lords and two commoners taken into custody for the plot, all English, and two of them Roman Catholics. The deanery of Christ Church given to Father Poignardini, and the bishoprics of Winchester and Ely, to the general of the Jesuits' order, resident in Italy.

Feb. 28. Six more heretics burnt in Smithfield. A fresh motion made to restore the abbey lands—carried in the lords' house, but rejected by the commons. Several members of the lower house sent to the Tower by a secretary of state's warrant, and the next day expelled, and fined by the privy council 1,000*l.* each.

March 1. The French ambassador made a duke, with precedence. The motion for restoring abbey lands carried, and an address of both houses prepared upon the occasion. Cape Breton given back to the French, and Gibraltar and Portmahon to the Spaniards.

March 2. Seven more heretics burnt. A message from the crown, desiring the advice of the free parliament touching the funds. An humble address immediately voted by way of answer, praying that his highness would take such methods, as they might be effectually and speedily annihilated.

March 4. An eminent physician fined 200 marks in the King's Bench, for an inuendo at Batson's, that Bath water was preferable to holy water. Three hundred Highlanders, of the opposite party, with their wives and children, massacred in Scotland. The Pope's nuncio arrived this evening at Greenwich.

March 7. The Pope's nuncio makes his public entry——met at the Royal Exchange by my lord mayor (a Frenchman) with the aldermen, who have all the honour to kiss his toe——proceeds to Paul's churchyard—met there by Father O'Blaze, who invites him, in the name of the new vicar-general and his doctors, to a *combustio hæreticorum*, just then going to be celebrated. His eminence accepts the offer

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kindly, and attends them to Smithfield, where the ordinary is introduced and well received —— The nuncio proceeds thence to St. James's, where he had been expected for five hours——the nobility and great officers of state all admitted to kiss his toe—A grand office opened the same night in Drury Lane for the sale of pardons and indulgences.

March 9. My little boy Jacky taken ill of the itch. He had been on the parade with his godfather the day before, to see the Life Guards, and had just touched one of their plaids.

March 12. His highness sends a message to the commons, acquainting them with his design of equipping a large fleet for the assistance of his good brother of France, and for that purpose demanding two millions to be immediately raised by a capitation. A warm debate thereon. His highness goes to the house of commons at twelve at night, places himself in the speaker's chair, and introduces the French ambassador. His excellency makes a long speech, setting forth the many services which his master had done this nation, and the great goodwill he had always borne towards them, and concluding with many haughty menaces, in case they should prove ungrateful for all his favours. He is seconded by the laird of Keppoch, chancellor of the exchequer. The speaker stands up, and utters the word privilege, upon which he is sent to the Tower. Then Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, that the members against the motion might have leave to withdraw; and several having left the house, the question was put, and carried in the affirmative, *nemine contradicente.*

March 16. Lord C. J. W——les, and Admiral V——n, hanged at Tyburn. Several others were reprieved on the merit of having been enemies to those two great men, and were only ordered to be whipped at the cart's tail.

March 17. Fresh rumours of a plot —— a riot in the city —— a rising in the north —— a descent in the west ——confusions, uproars, commitments, hangings, burnings, &c., &c.

—— "*verbum non amplius addam.*"

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No. 11. Tuesday, *January* 14, 1746.

"Τὰ χρήματ' ἀνθρώποισιν τιμιώτατα
Δύναμίν τε πλείστην τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἔχει."
Euripides in Phœnissæ.

To the True Patriot.

Sir,—I am a citizen, a haberdasher by trade, and one of those persons to whom the world allow the epithets of wise and prudent. And I enjoy this character the more, as I can fairly assure myself I deserve it; nor am indebted, on this account, to any thing but my own regular conduct, unless to the good instructions with which my father launched me into the world, and upon which I formed this grand principle, "That there is no real value in any thing but money."

The truth of this proposition may be argued from hence, that it is the only thing in the value of which mankind are agreed; for, as to all other matters, while they are held in high estimation by some, they are disregarded and looked on as cheap and worthless by others. Nay, I believe it is difficult to find any two persons, who place an equal valuation on any virtue, good or great quality whatever.

Now having once established this great rule, I have, by reference to it, been enabled to set a certain value on every thing else; in which I have governed myself by two cautions: first, Never to purchase too dear; and secondly (which is a more uncommon degree of wisdom), Never to overvalue what I am to sell; by which latter misconduct I have observed many persons guilty of great imprudence.

It is not my purpose to trouble you with exemplifications of the foregoing rule, in my ordinary calling: I shall proceed to acquaint you with my conduct concerning those things which some silly people call invaluable, such as reputation, virtue, sense, beauty, &c., all which I have reduced to a certain standard: for, as your friend Mr. Adams says, in his letter on the late fast, I imagine every man, woman, and thing, to have their price. His astonishment at which truth

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made me smile, as I dare swear it did you; it is, indeed, agreeable enough to the simplicity of his character.

But to proceed——In my youth I fell violently in love with a very pretty woman. She had a good fortune; but it was 500*l.* less than I could with justice demand (I was heartily in love with her, that's the truth of it); I therefore took my pen and ink (for I do nothing without them), and set down the particulars in the following manner:—

Mrs. Amey Fairface debtor to Stephen Grub.

	£	s.	d.
For fortune, as *per* marriage	5000	00	00

Per contra creditor.

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis, To cash	4500	00	00
Item, To beauty (for she had a great deal, and I had a great value for it)	100	00	00
Item, To wit as *per* conversation	2	10	00
Item, To her affection for me	30	00	00
Item, To good housewifery, a sober, chaste education, and being a good workwoman at her needle, in all	50	00	00
Item, To her skill in music	1	01	00
Item, To dancing	00	00	06
	4683	11	06
Mrs. Amey debtor	5000	00	0
Per contra creditor	4683	11	06
Due to balance	316	08	06

You see, sir, I strained as hard as possible, and placed a higher value (perhaps) on her several perfections, than others would have done; but the balance still remained against her, and I was reduced to the necessary alternative of sacrificing that sum for ever, or of quitting my mistress. You may easily guess on which a prudent man would determine.——Indeed, I had sufficient reason to be afterwards

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pleased with my prudence, as she proved to be a less valuable woman than I imagined; for, two years afterwards, having had a considerable loss in trade, by which the balance above was satisfied, I renewed my addresses, but the false-hearted creature (forsooth) refused to see me.

A second occasion which I had for my pen and ink, in this way, was, when the situation of my affairs, after some losses, was such, that I could clearly have put 1500*l.* in my pocket by breaking. The account then stood thus:

	£	s.	d.
Stephen Grub, debtor to cash	1500	00	00

Per contra creditor.

	£	s.	d.
To danger to soul as *per* perjury	105	00	00
To danger to body as *per* felony	1000	00	00
To loss of reputation	500	00	00
To conscience as *per* injuring others	00	02	06
To incidental charges, trouble, &c.	100	00	00

I am convinced you are so good a master of figures, that I need not cast up the balance, which must so visibly have determined me to preserve the character of an honest man.

Not to trouble you with more instances of a life, of which you may easily guess the whole by this specimen; for it hath been entirely transacted by my golden rule; I shall hasten to apply this rule, by which I suppose many other persons in this city conduct themselves, to the present times.

And here, sir, have we not reason to suppose, that some good men, for want of duly considering the danger of their property, &c., from the present rebellion, and low state of public credit, have been too tenacious of their money on the present occasion; for, if we admit that the whole is in danger, surely it is the office of prudence to be generous of the lesser part, in order to secure the greater.

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Let us see how this stands on paper; for thus only we can argue with certainty.

Suppose, then, the given sum of your property be 20,000*l.*

The value of securing this will be more or less, in proportion to the danger; for the truth of which I need only appeal to the common practice of insurance.

If the chance then be twenty to one, it follows that the value of insurance is at an average with 1000*l.*

And proportionally more or less, as the danger is greater or less.

There are, besides, two other articles, which I had like to have forgot, to which every man almost affixes some value. These are religion and liberty. Suppose therefore we set down

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Religion at	00	15	00
And liberty at	00	02	06

And I think none but a profligate fellow can value them at a lower rate; it follows, that to secure them from the same proportion of danger as above, is worth 10½*d.*

Now this last sum may be undoubtedly saved, as it would not be missed or called for, if men would only seriously consider the preservation of what is so infinitely more valuable, their property; and advance their money in its defence, in due proportion to the degree of its danger. And as there is nothing so pleasant as clear gain, it must give some satisfaction to every thinking man, that while he risks his money for the preservation of his property, his religion and liberty are tossed him into the bargain.

You see, sir, I have fairly balanced between those hot-headed zealots, who set these conveniences above the value of money, and those profligate wicked people, who treat them as matters of no concern or moment.

I have therefore been a little surprised at the backwardness of some very prudent men on this occasion; for it would be really doing them an injury to suspect they do not set a just value on money, while every action of their lives

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demonstrates the contrary. I can therefore impute this conduct only to a firm persuasion that there will be foolish people enow found, who from loyalty to their king, zeal for their country, or some other ridiculous principle, will subscribe sufficient sums for the defence of the public; and so they might save their own money, which will still increase in value, in proportion to the distress and poverty of the nation.

This would be certainly a wise and right way of reasoning; and such a conduct must be highly commendable, if the fact supposed was true; for as nothing is so truly great as to turn the penny while the world suspects your ruin; so to convert the misfortunes of a whole community to your own emolument, must be a thing highly eligible by every good man, *i.e.* every Plumb. But I am afraid this rule will reach only private persons at most, and cannot extend to those whose examples, while they keep their own purses shut, lock up the purses of all their neighbours.

A fallacy of the same kind I am afraid we fall into, when we refuse to lend our money to the government at a moderate interest, in hopes of extorting more from the public purse; with which thought a very good sort of man, a Plumb, seemed yesterday to hug himself, in a conversation which we had upon this subject; but upon the nearest computation I could make with my pen, which I handled the moment he left me, I find that this very person, who proposed to gain 1 *per cent.* in 20,000*l.* would, by the consequential effect on the public credit, be a clear loser of 2½.

In short, I am afraid certain persons may at this time run the hazard of a fate which too often attends very wise men, who have not on all occasions a recourse to figures, and may incur the censure of an old proverb, by being "Penny wise and pound foolish." And since I may be involved, against my will, in the calamity, I shall be obliged to you if you will publish these cautions from,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

STEPHEN GRUB.

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N.B.—As your paper supplies the place of three Evening Posts, I save 1½*d. per* week by it; for which pray accept my acknowledgment.

No. 10. TUESDAY, *January* 28, 1746.

"*Qui non rectè instituunt atque erudiunt liberos, non solùm liberis sed et reipublicæ faciunt injuriam.*"—CICERO.

MR. ADAMS having favoured me with a second letter, I shall give it to the public without any apology. If any thing in it should at first a little shock those readers who know the world better, I hope they will make allowances for the ignorance and simplicity of the writer.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,—I am concerned to find, by all our public accounts, that the rebels still continue in the land. In my last I evidently proved, that their successes were owing to a judgment denounced against our sins, and concluded with some exhortations for averting the divine anger, by the only methods which suggested themselves to my mind. These exhortations, by the event, I perceive have not had that regard paid to them I had reason to expect. Indeed, I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, by a lad whom I lately met at a neighbouring baronet's, where I sojourned the two last days of the year, with my good friend Mr. Wilson.

This lad, whom I imagined to have been come from school to visit his friends for the holidays (for though he is perhaps of sufficient age, I found, on examination, he was not yet qualified for the university), is, it seems, a man *sui juris;* and is, as I gather from the young damsels, Sir John's daughters, a member of the society of *bowes.* I know

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not whether I spell the word right; for I am not ashamed to say, I neither understand its etymology nor true import, as it hath never once occurred in any lexicon or dictionary which I have yet perused.

Whatever this society may be, either the lad with whom I communed is an unworthy member, or it would become the government to put it down by authority; for he uttered many things during our discourse, for which I would have well scourged any of the youth under my care.

He had not long entered the chamber before he acquainted the damsels, that he and his companions had carried the opera, in opposition to the puts; by which I afterwards learnt he meant all sober and discreet persons. "And, fags!" says he (I am afraid, though, he made use of a worse word), "we expected the bishops would have interfered; but if they had, we should have silenced them." I then thought to myself, "Stripling, if I had you well horsed on the back of another lad, I would teach you more reverence to their lordships."

This opera, I am informed, is a diversion in which a prodigious sum of money, more than is to be collected out of twenty parishes, is lavished away on foreign eunuchs and papists, very scandalous to be suffered at any time, especially at a season when both war and famine hang over our heads.

During the whole time of our repast at dinner, the young gentleman entertained us with an account of several drums and routs, at which he had been present. These are, it seems, large congregations of men and women, who, instead of assembling together to hear something that is good; nay, or to divert themselves with gambols, which might be allowed now and then in holiday times, meet for no other purpose but that of gaming, for a whole guinea and much more at a stake. At this married women sit up all night, nay, sometimes till one or two in the morning, neglect their families, lose their money, and some, Mr. Wilson says, have been suspected of doing even worse than that. Yet this is suffered in a Christian kingdom; nay, (*quod prorsus incredibile est,*)

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the holy Sabbath is, it seems, prostituted to these wicked revellings; and card-playing goes on as publicly then as on any other day; nor is this only among the young lads and damsels, who might be supposed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons, are not ashamed of being caught at the same pastime. *O tempora! O mores!*

When grace was said after meat, and the damsels departed, the lad began to grow more wicked. Sir John, who is an honest Englishman, hath no other wine but that of Portugal. This our *bowe* could not drink; and when Sir John very nobly declared he scorned to indulge his palate with rarities, for which he must furnish the foe with money to carry on a war with the nation, the stripling replied, "Rat the nation" (God forgive me for repeating such words), "I had rather live under French government, than be debarred from French wine." "Oho, my youth! if I had you horsed," thinks I again.—But indeed Sir John well scourged him with his tongue for that expression, and I should have hoped he had made him ashamed, had not his subsequent behaviour shown him totally void of grace. For when Sir John asked him for a toast, which you know is another word for drinking the health of one's friend or wife, or some person of public eminence, he named the health of a married woman, filled out a bumper of wine, swore he would drink her health in vinegar, and at last openly profest he would commit adultery with her if he could. *Proh pudor!* Nay, and if such a sin might admit of any aggravation, she is, it seems, a lady of very high degree, *et quidem*, the wife of a lord.

Et dies et charta deficerent si omnia vellem percurrere, multa quidem impura et impudica quæ memorare nefas, recitavit. Nor is this youth, it seems, a monster or prodigy in the age he lives: on the contrary, I am told he is an exemplar only of all the rest.

But I now proceed to what must surprise you. After he had spent an hour in rehearsing all the vices to which youth have been ever too much addicted, and shown us that he was possessed of them all—*Ut qui impudicus, adulter, ganeo,*

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alea, manu, ventre pene, bona patria laceraverat, he began to enter upon politics:

"*O proceres censore opus an haruspice nobis!*"

This stripling, this *bowe*, this rake, discovered likewise all the wickedness peculiar to age, and that he had not, with those vices which proceed from the warmth of youth, one of the virtues which we should naturally expect from the same sanguine disposition. He showed us, that grey hairs could add nothing but hypocrisy to him; for he avowed public prostitution, laughed at all honour, public spirit and patriotism; and gave convincing proofs that the most phlegmatic old miser upon earth could not be sooner tempted with gold to perpetrate the most horrid iniquities than himself.

Whether this youth be (*quod vix credo*) concerned himself in the public weal, or whether he have his information from others, I hope he greatly exceeded the truth in what he delivered on this subject: For was he to be believed, the conclusion we must draw would be, that the only concern of our great men, even at this time, was for places and pensions: that instead of applying themselves to renovate and restore our sick and drooping commonweal, they were struggling to get closest to her heart, and, like leeches, to suck her last drop of vital blood.

I hope, however, better things, and that this lad deserves a good rod, as well for lying as for all his other iniquity; and if his parents do not care to have it well laid out, I can assure them they have much to answer for.

Mr. Wilson now found me grow very uneasy, as, indeed, I had been from the beginning, nor could anything but respect to the company have prevented me from correcting the boy long before: he, therefore, endeavoured to turn the discourse, and asked our spark when he left London? To which he answered, the Wednesday before. "How, sir," said I, "travel on Christmas Day?" "Was it so," says he, "fags! that's more than I knew; but why not travel on Christmas Day as well as any other?" "Why not?" said I, lifting my voice; for I had lost all patience. "Was you not brought

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up in the Christian religion? Did you never learn your catechism?" He then burst into an unmannerly laugh, and so provoked me, that I should certainly have smote him, had I not laid my crabstick down in the window, and had not Mr. Wilson been fortunately placed between us. "Odso, Mr. Parson," says he, "are you there? I wonder I had not smoked you before." "Smoke me!" answered I, and at the same time leaped from my chair, my wrath being highly kindled. At which instant a jackanapes, who sat on my left hand, whipt my peruke from my head, which I no sooner perceived than I porrected him a remembrance over the face, which laid him sprawling on the floor. I was afterwards concerned at the blow, though the consequence was only a bloody nose, and the lad, who was a companion of the other's, and had uttered many wicked things, which I pretermitted in my narrative, very well deserved correction.

A bustle now arose, not worth recounting, which ended in my departure with Mr. Wilson, though we had purposed to tarry there that night.

In our way home, we both lamented the peculiar hardiness of this country, which seems bent on its own destruction, nor will take warning by any visitation, till the utmost wrath of divine vengeance overtakes it.

In discoursing upon this subject, we imputed much of the present profligacy to the notorious want of care in parents in the education of youth, who, as my friend informs me, with very little school learning, and not at all instructed (*ne minimè quidem imbuti*) in any principles of religion, virtue, and morality, are brought to the great city, or sent to travel to other great cities abroad, before they are twenty years of age, where they become their own masters, and enervate both their bodies and minds with all sorts of diseases and vices, before they are adult.

I shall conclude with a passage in Aristotle's Politics, lib. viii. cap. 1. "Ὅτι μὲν οὖν τῷ νομοθέτῃ μάλιστα πραγματευτέον περι τὴν τῶν νέων παιδείαν, οὐδεὶς ἂν ἀμφισβήτησειε. καὶ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν οὐ γιγνόμενον τοῦτο, βλάπτει τὰς πολιτείας.

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Which, for the sake of women, and those few gentlemen who do not understand Greek, I have rendered somewhat paraphrastically in the vernacular. "No man can doubt but that the education of youth ought to be the principal care of every legislator; by the neglect of which, great mischief accrues to the civil polity in every city."

I am, while you write like an honest man, and a good Christian,

Your hearty friend and well-wisher,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

No. 23. TUESDAY, *April* 8, 1746.

——"*Insanus paucis videatur eo quod*
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem."—HORACE.

I HAVE heard of a man who believed there was no real existence in the world but himself; and that whatever he saw without him was mere phantom and illusion.

This philosopher, I imagine, hath not had many followers in theory; and yet if we were to derive the principles of mankind from their practice, we should be almost persuaded that somewhat like this madness had possessed not only particular men, but their several orders and professions. For though they do not absolutely deny all existence to other persons and things, yet it is certain they hold them of no consequence, and little worth their consideration, unless they trench somewhat towards their own order or calling.

As an instance of this, let us observe three or four members of any profession met together in a general company, though it be never so large, they make no scruple of engrossing the whole conversation, and turning it to their own profession, without the least consideration of all the other persons present.

Another example of the same temper may be seen in the monopolising particular words, and confining their

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meaning to their own purposes, as if the rest of the world had in reality no right to their application. A signal instance of which is in the adjective good. A word which of all others mankind would least wish to be debarred from the use of, or from appropriating to themselves and their friends.

Now, when the divine, the free-thinker, the citizen, the whig, the tory, &c., pronounce such an individual to be a good man, it is plain that they have all so many different meanings; and he may be a very good man in the opinion of one of the company, who would be a very bad one in that of all the others.

I remember to have supped last winter at a surgeon's where were present some others of the faculty. The gentleman of the house declared he had a very good subject above in the garret. As the gentleman who said this was, I knew, himself as good a subject as any in the kingdom, I could not avoid surprise at his choosing to confine such a person in a cold night, in such a place; but I soon found my mistake, and that this good subject had been hanged the day before for a most heinous felony.

An error of the same kind once happened to me amongst some gentlemen of the army, who all agreed that one Mr. Thunderson was the best man in England. I own I was somewhat staggered when I heard he was a corporal of grenadiers; but how much more was I astonished when I found that he had half a dozen wives, and was the wickedest fellow in the whole regiment.

I cannot quit this head without remarking that much inconvenience may arise from these mistakes; and one indeed happened in the last-mentioned instance; for a grave wealthy widow, of above forty, in the town where the regiment was quartered, having doubtless heard the same character of this man from his officers, and misunderstanding them, as I myself had done before their explanation, fell in love with his goodness, and married him. A third example may be drawn from the attention of the readers of books, or the spectators at plays. I have somewhere heard of a

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Geographer who received no other pleasure from the Æneid of Virgil, than by tracing out the voyage of Æneas in the map. To which I may add a certain coachmaker, who having sufficient Latin to read the story of Phäeton in the Metamorphoses, shook his head that so fine a genius for making chariots as Ovid had, was thrown away on making poems.

This selfish attention (if I may so call it) in the spectators at our theatres must be evident to all who have ever frequented them. Every joke on a courtier's not paying his debts, is sure to receive a thundering applause from the pit and galleries. This debt is, however, paid by the boxes, on the first facetious allusion to horns, or any other symbol of cuckoldom. Indeed, the whole house are seldom unanimous in their claps, unless when the ridicule is against the ministry, the law, or the clergy; whence, I suppose, that as government, law, and religion are looked upon as the great grievances of the nation, the whole audience think themselves alike interested in their demolition.

I knew a gentleman, who had great delight in observing the humours of the vulgar, and for that purpose used frequently to mount into the upper gallery. Here, as he told me, he once seated himself between two persons, one of whom he soon discovered to be a broken tailor; and the other, a servant in a country family, just arrived in town. The play was Henry the Eighth, with that august representation of the coronation. The former of these, instead of admiring the great magnificence exhibited in that ceremony, observed with a sigh, That he believed very few of those clothes were paid for. And the latter being asked how he liked the play? (being the first he had ever seen) answered, It was all very fine; but nothing came up, in his opinion, to the ingenuity of snuffing the candles.

I cannot omit the following story, which I think a very strong example of the temper I have above remarked. I remember to have been present at a certain religious assembly of the people called Methodists, where the preacher named the following text: "It is reported that fornication is among you." The whole congregation, as well as myself,

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expected, I believe, a wholesome dissertation on all criminal converse between the sexes; and some, who laboured under suspicions of that kind, began to express much apprehension and uneasiness in their countenances; but to our great surprise, the sermon was entirely confined to the former part of the text, and we were only instructed in the nature and various kinds of reports. This gave me some curiosity to inquire into the character of so extraordinary a preacher, and I found, to my perfect satisfaction, that he had got his living many years by collecting articles of news for one of the public papers.

If we reflect seriously on this disposition of mankind, so universally exerted in private life, it will lead us to account for the behaviour of men and parties in public; and we shall lose much of that surprise, which might otherwise naturally enough affect us, from observing the rigid adherence which men of no dishonest characters preserve to their own party and their own schemes. Hence it is, that men become more the subjects of our consideration than measures; and hence it hath sometimes happened, that men (and those not the worst of men neither) have been more intent on advancing their own schemes, than on advancing the good of the public, and would have risked the preservation of the latter, rather than have given up the pursuit of the former. I have said it; I have invented it; I have writ upon it; are as substantial arguments with some politicians, as they are with the doctor in Gil Blas, who had writ on the virtues of hot water, and therefore refused to agree with those who prescribe cold. To say the truth, this partiality to ourselves, our own opinions, and our own party, hath introduced many dangerous evils into commonwealths. It is this humour which keeps up the name of Jacobitism in this kingdom; and it is this humour only, from which his present majesty or his administration can derive a single enemy within it. The OPPOSITION (if a handful of men, and those for the most part totally insignificant, as well in fortune as abilities, are worthy that name) would, I believe, be puzzled to give any better reason for their conduct than

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the aforesaid doctor, or than parson Adams hath done for them, who says, that Opposition is derived from the verb *oppono*, and that the English of the verb *oppono* is to oppose.

No. 24. Tuesday, *April* 15, 1746.

——"*Medici mediam pertundite venam.*"—Juvenal.

I have heard it often objected to the friends of the government, when they have expressed their apprehensions of a Jacobite-party in this kingdom, that these fears were counterfeited, in order to form an argument for the support of a standing army, or to excuse some other ministerial schemes; for that, in reality, the very seeds of Jacobitism were destroyed, and rooted out from the minds of every Protestant British subject.

I am not ashamed to own myself to have been one of the many who were imposed on by these suggestions; I am much more concerned to see that this was an imposition, and that experience should at last have convinced every man that there are still some persons (an inconsiderable party indeed, when compared to the number of loyal subjects), who profess the Protestant religion, while they wish well to the designs of a Popish Pretender.

The principal motive which induced me to hold my former opinion, was the reasonableness of it. I disbelieved the existence of a Protestant Jacobitism, from the same principles which inspire me to deny our assent to many of these strange relations which certain voyage-writers recount to us. I looked upon such an animal as a greater monster, than the most romantic of these writers have ever described, and was therefore easily persuaded to credit those who very solemnly assured us, there was no such to be found in the land.

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I have hitherto avoided any contest with these sort of gentlemen, not from the contempt of so poor a victory; for I should think my labours well bestowed, in bringing the weakest of them over to the cause of truth; but in plain fact, they are the last persons with whom I would willingly enter the lists of disputation, from absolute despair of success; for what is so difficult to answer as nothing, or what more impossible to be evinced, than the light of the sun to him who hath not eyes to discern it? I have therefore greatly admired the patriotism of those heroes, who have formerly wasted much of their time to prove, that millions were not intended by an all-good Being for the use and wanton disposition of one man; that a Protestant church was not absolutely secure under the protection of a prince, who looks on himself as bound by his religion, and that on pain of damnation, to destroy it; that a magistrate, attempting to destroy those laws and constitutions which he was sworn and obliged to defend, forfeited that power which he so entirely perverted; with numberless other propositions equally plain and demonstrable, or rather indeed self-evident. So that if the absurdity of their tenets was not of itself sufficiently apparent, and did not glare them in the face, it hath been so irrefragably proved by the labours of those good men, who have undertaken the defence of the revolution, that the Jacobites of this age have no other excuse left, but that of not being able to read.

This is an excuse which I am sensible may be fairly pleaded by many, and those none of the least considerable pillars of the party. There have been, however, some who have not only read, but have endeavoured to answer these writers; and have very modestly attempted to oppose the common sense of mankind, in a point wherein their highest interest is concerned.

As such performances are seldom long-lived, few of them have reached our days; but the following letter, which I look upon as a very curious piece, and which was written in the reign of the late King William, contains, I believe, the sum of all those arguments which have been ever used on

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the behalf of Jacobitism; I shall, therefore, give it the reader, after having premised that it was written by a non-juror to his son at Oxford.

DEAR SON,—I received yours of the 4th past, and am so well satisfied with your conduct on the birth-day of that old rump rogue with an orange, that I have sent you a draft on your tutor, according to your desire. As long as my son preserves his principles sound, I shall not be angry at any frolicks of youth. Provided, therefore, you never get drunk but on holidays (as the government are pleased to call them), and in toasting the damnation of the rump, and confusion to the day, &c., you may confess yourself freely, without fear of incurring my displeasure. I approve the company you keep much. Be sure not to herd with the sons of courtiers; for there is no conscience nor honesty in them; nor will the nation ever thrive till the king enjoys his own again; a health which I never fail to drink every day of my life in a bumper, and I hope you do the like. I shall never think I can remind you often enough of these matters; for I had rather see you hanged for your true king, than enjoying a place under this orange rascal, who has undone the nation. Our family have always, I thank God, been of the same kidney, and I hope will remain so to all posterity. It is the true old cause, and we will live and die by it, boy. Damn the rump; that is my motto. Old England will never see any good days, till it is thoroughly roasted. Your godfather, Sir John, dined with me yesterday: he asked kindly after you. We drank nine bottles a-piece of stum, and talked over all matters. We scarce uttered a word for which the rascally whigs would not have hanged us; but I desire no better from fellows who would pull down the church, if they had it in their power. I fear not, however, that it will be able to stand in spite of all their malice, and that I shall drink church and king as long as I live. You know what king I mean. God remove him from that side of the water on which he now is. Let every man have his own, I say, and I am sure that is the sentiment

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of an honest man; and one who abhors these persecuting rascals, who make men pay for their consciences. But do thou, my boy, rather submit to their power than court their favour; for right is right; and though might may overcome it, it can never be abolished. If kings derive their power from heaven, men can have no just pretence to deprive them of it. Orange hath no such right. We know he was made by men, and consequently his title cannot be deduced from heaven. Your tutor informs me, you have been in great apprehension for the Church at Oxford, and we in the country agree it is in danger: but let her enemies do what they can, honest hearts will continue to drink to her preservation; and while the whigs see the unalterable determination of our party, they will always be afraid of executing their wicked purposes. As to taxes, we must expect them, while the government is in such hands, and the true king in banishment. A whig justice of peace, at the sessions the other day, had the impudence to tell me they were imposed by parliament; but how can that be a parliament which wants one part in three of its constituents; nay, and that the head? Is not the head superior to the body? And consequently, hath not the king a better right to impose taxes, than lords and commons without a king? Let right take place, say I, and then we will pay without grumbling; but to be taxed by a rump, a set of whigs and presbyterians, and fellows with an orange in their mouths; I will drink confusion to them as long as I can stand. However, I hope soon to see better times, and that we may change our healths, and drink to our friends openly; for we are assured here by some Roman Catholic priests, who are honester fellows than whigs, and may be brought over to go to church in time, that the French King will do his utmost to restore us again to our liberties and properties; for which reason we always drink his health and success, immediately after church and king, and confusion to the rump. I hope you will do the same at your club at Oxford; for take it from me as I have it from others, that all the hopes this nation has of being preserved are from that quarter. Indeed,

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there wants no other reason for our drinking him, than that the whigs are his enemies; for nothing can ever be good for this nation which those rascals wish well to. I am sure no one ever suspected me of wishing well to the Pope, and yet I would drink his health sooner than I would that of a presbyterian. I hope you will never converse with any such, but when you can't find true church of Englandmen, rather choose papists; for they are less enemies to our church; and that they would destroy it must be a lie, because the whigs say it: but confusion to them; and may the king enjoy his own again, will always be the toast of, &c.

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THE JACOBITE'S JOURNAL

BY

JOHN TROTT-PLAID, ESQ.

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THE JACOBITE'S JOURNAL

No. 15. SATURDAY, *March* 12, 1748.

TO THE WRITER OF THE JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,—You have here a translation of a Latin Poem, entitled, *De Arte Jacobitica*, in three books. I have sent you the English version of the first book, because I have been told that Jacobites are no scholars, and understand no Latin. If you like this, you may hereafter receive the translation of the second book. Mean time, I remain yours, &c.,

M. O. A. J.

Horace wrote the Art of Poetry, Ovid the Art of Love, and I write of Jacobitism.—Come, Tisiphone, from hell, bring with thee ill-judging zeal, and obstinate bigotry, and inspire me with all thy furies, while I teach the black art of Jacobitism. 'Twas thou that didst instruct the holy Inquisitors, and those miscreants that belied the sacred name of Jesus, to embrue their hands in Christian blood. Nor hast thou been unmindful of the English nation: we too can boast our Lauds, our Sacheverels our **ok *ippen* [Here several proper names were doubtless in the original, but the rats or moths have devoured them.]

First of all, learn the art of lying and misrepresenting. Fling dirt enough, and some will certainly stick. You may

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venture to abuse the king himself; but do this with caution, for the sake of your ears and head. But spare not his ministers; give a wrong turn to their most plausible actions. If they prosecute the war with vigour, swear they are neglectful; if they desire a peace, call them cowards; if war, call them blood-thirsty and seekers after the ruin of their country. 'Twas by such arts as these that the brave Marlborough, and the just Godolphin, fell a victim to the intrigues of Harley and ***. You may add perjury to your lies. Jupiter, 'tis said, laughs at the perjury of lovers; he has many a time forsworn himself to Juno. You have Jupiter for your example: what can a pagan, like yourself, desire more?

The next thing you are to remember, is to feign a love to your country and religion; the less you have of both, the better you can feign both. O liberty! O virtue! O my country! Remember to have such expressions as these constantly in your mouth. Words do wonders with silly people; but don't too openly discover your design of ruining the country by changing the religion of it, and introducing arbitrary power and a Popish king. Don't be caught in your own trap. Remember the end of Perillus, who was burnt in his own bull; and you may be ruined yourself before you bring about the ruin of your country. Keep therefore to general terms, and never descend to particulars. You may wish things went better.—You can't tell, but surely 'twas better in good Queen Anna's days—or in the bacchanalian times of Charles—or, in the holy martyr's reign. At the mentioning the martyr, you may drop a tear; and if you are sure of your silly company, you may swear the present ministry cut off his head. Anachronism in politics is no more faulty than anachronism in poetry. If you are among good and orthodox churchmen, you may swear the church of England is in danger under a church of England king, and cannot be secure unless the Popish Pretender is restored. Paradoxes in conversation are to be supported with confidence and sophistry. Remember likewise, that you frequently inculcate the divine right of kings to do wrong;

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and that they are accountable to God only for being devils upon earth.

Various people are to be taken by various methods; and a wise Proteus will turn himself into all shapes. This Proteus, the Fables say, was an Egyptian conjuror, and transformed himself into what monstrous appearance he pleased; he roared a lion, he grinned a wolf, he flashed a fire, he flowed a river. This Proteus be thou; roar, grin, flash, and flow. Spread thy nets, and catch the various fry with various bait. Consider a little the dispositions of mankind; the young are open and honest, the old are cautious and wary. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and the old hare will be sure to double.

But you will ask, perhaps, where the proper persons are to be found, to make proselytes of to Jacobitism? This is an inquiry worthy a sportsman; for he is a bad huntsman who would beat about the Royal Exchange for a hare or a fox; and not a much better gunner or fisherman, who goes a shooting in Somerset Gardens, or attempts to angle in the magnificent bason there. As those all know the places where their game resort, so must you. You have no occasion to go with parson Whitefield to Georgia after a young Jacobite; but you may go with parson Whitefield to Kennington Common or Bagshot Heath, or Hounslow, in quest of one; for want has made many a man a Jacobite, revenge more, and ignorance thousands. Want and penury bid you hope for change. Revenge works stronger in the human heart than even penury. Who can bear to see a rival prevail? Hence the affected patriotism of *** and ** and *. [Here likewise are many proper names lost, never to be retrieved but by conjecture.] Ignorance is the mother of Jacobitism. Hence the rural sportsmen and fox-hunters will fall an easy prey; and the country will afford sufficient plenty of younger brothers, whose eyes their good mothers have kept betimes from poring on Greek and Latin authors; those Greek and Latin authors which have been the bane of the Jacobite cause, and inspired men with the love of Athenian liberty and old Rome, and taught them to hate

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tyrants and arbitrary governments. London too has all sorts of game for the net. Whores and rogues abound there; many are ruined, and most in a fair way of being so. How many disappointed out-of-place poor rogues do we every day meet? And what universal ignorance, attended with complicated impudence? In short, the variety is so great, that it will even distract your choice.

But above all, in times of public calamities, then remember your lesson; say, God Himself is turned our enemy. And if by chance our monarch should meditate new triumphs, and resolve on the punishment of France; then, when William, the avenger, is abroad, do thou raise commotions and tumults at home: whilst he, all gold, shines in the Gallic plains, carrying in his hand his father's thunder; do thou, all lies, walk the dirty streets of London; and remember, I repeat it again, fling dirt enough; blacken, lie, and defame. Perhaps some Jack Cade may arise in the glorious cause of Jacobitism, and shake the throne itself; while swarms of locusts and caterpillars come from the north, and devour the fruits of England.

Part of our undertaking still remains, and part is finished; here then, let us cast anchor, and moor the ship.

No. 34. Saturday, *July* 23, 1748.

——"*Talem se læta ferebat*
Per medios, instans operi, regnisque futuris."—Virgil.

To the Author of the Jacobite Journal.

Sir,—The serious truths contained in this letter, will, I hope, make an apology unnecessary. You are to know that I am of that high order of beings which the world calls a married man; that, to render my state of life happy, as well as honourable, I have, in every thing, submitted to the will of my wife; and this, I can truly say, not more from a

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conviction of the great duty of obedience, than to avoid contention, and to promote family peace and good humour in my house. It is now eleven years since the kindest and loveliest of her sex honoured me with the possession of her sweetness: in all which time, till within a little more than a twelvemonth, she has condescended to make my servitude my delight, abridging me only where my wishes were strongest, and consequently leading to excess; and indulging me in every thing indifferent in my own opinion, or desirable in hers. This uniformity of conduct had rendered us the admiration and envy of all our acquaintance; there was hardly a married woman who visited us, but proposed me as an example to her husband, and treasured up the maxims of my wife, as so many lessons for her own conduct. We were, in short, a couple who left not happiness to chance; one planned what the other executed, and both enjoyed the fruits of our care. Alas! Mr. Trott-Plaid, I wish the business of this letter was only to tell you of my happiness; but that (however well secured as you may think) has known its period, and I am at present the most miserable of all beings. It is now about a year since a grave clergyman from Oxford came to board with us. To this gentleman (though no seducer of what my wife calls her virtue) I owe all my misfortunes. He had not been a month in the family, before I observed that my wife's head had taken a political turn; the affairs of her family began to be neglected; and notwithstanding we owed our entire support to a genteel post I enjoyed under the government, I was compelled every day at table to hear that government abused. At every glass after dinner, a laugh and a whispered toast between my wife and her friend, gave me fresh cause of uneasiness. My eldest boy made his appearance in a plaid waistcoat, and my girl's petticoat and doll were of the same stuff. I was pleased indeed, at first, to hear the child checked by her mamma, for drinking the king over the water; but was as much displeased at the reason of that check, which was, that James was a plain name, and would save the trouble of such unnecessary distinctions.

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Upon this occasion it was, that I took upon me, for the first time, to make a remonstrance in private to my wife; which though I did with all the submission of a husband, I found, to my cost, that I had done wrong. Instead of the compliance I in some measure expected, I was upbraided by her as a mean-spirited wretch; one who was willing to subsist by shame, and to acknowledge favours from a set of men whose friendship was a disgrace to me; and that if I expected the continuance of her regard, I must think of some other means of supporting my family, than by an infamous place, given me by those who derived their power of bestowing it from one who wanted right to confer that power. You will judge of my concern, Mr. Trott-Plaid, at these words. I was sorry to differ in opinion from my wife, and yet was almost apt to imagine that opinion a little unreasonable. To think of giving up my post was an impracticable thing, and to live under the displeasure of my wife, an impossible one. I entreated her to proceed with the utmost caution in this affair; and, telling her I would ask her friend's advice in it, I left her to consult him.

I had the pleasure of finding this honest clergyman of a contrary opinion. He saw no objection, he said, to my holding a place under the worst of governments, provided I endeavoured, as much as in me lay, to act in opposition to those who had obliged me. That neither religion nor conscience required me to refuse favours from the hands of those whom it was my duty to detest. That an opposition of this kind was the more meritorious, as it was the more disinterested; and the hazard of property would be the best proof I could give of the sincerity of my zeal. That all men were under an obligation to provide for their families in the best manner they were able; but though necessity compelled me to eat the bread of shame, yet conscience forbad me to live a life of it. It was no sin, he said, in war, to plunder the enemy that we have first killed: and, by a similitude of reasoning, he conceived it was as innocent to plunder the friend we intended afterwards to kill. That measures, more than men, wanted a change; and that power

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was the surest means to ruin those who raised us to it. That, for his own part, he had hopes of preferment himself from the government, which he intended to accept of without scruple, as it might furnish him with the means of doing good, and of keeping weaker men from power, whose mistaken gratitude for obligations might tempt them to make unsuitable returns. For these reasons, he said, he begged leave to differ from the good lady of the house, and advised me to continue in my post, as it served me in a double capacity, both for private support and national advantage.

I cannot conceal the satisfaction of my mind at the reasoning of this worthy gentleman. I submitted entirely to his opinion; my wife, who is the best of women, was easily brought over by her friend, and domestic harmony was again restored. The groans of our bleeding country indeed were too often in our ears, and somewhat disturbed the tranquillity of our minds; but the hope that every one would have his own at last, set all things right, and we lived in expectation of the happy change.

It was about this time that my wife, who had very much improved her spelling under the tuition of her friend, commenced writer in the cause. A pamphlet, called, The State of the Nation, and Three Letters to the Whigs, are the product of her invention. In these she so well succeeded, that many were of opinion they wanted nothing but truth to be finished performances. Indeed that noble and free spirit of scandal, which is the characteristic of those pamphlets, is sufficient evidence that their author could be no other than a woman.

We had the pleasure, soon after this, to learn from the clergyman, that a friend of his in the administration had presented him to a considerable benefice in the country. The good man received our congratulations upon the occasion with tears; and taking a most affectionate leave he retired to his living. The satisfaction we received in our friend's promotion would hardly have made us amends for the pains of parting with him, if an unfortunate

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accident, and some information that followed it, had not opened our eyes to see that worthy gentleman in his proper character.

My wife was busied in her political studies one day, with her Bailey's dictionary before her, when I received a message from above, that my employment was taken from me—I inquired into the meaning of such a procedure, and I was answered, that I was an infamous, ungrateful fellow; one that deserved hanging; and if I did not mend my manners and my wife, the government might possibly take a severer notice of me. With these words the messenger left me; and I retired to my wife's apartment for comfort and advice. That heroic woman, instead of calling my dissimulation a misfortune, gloried in the occasion.—It was now, she said, she would apply to the people for that emolument the enemies of their country had dispossessed me of. That she had long been solicited by the proprietors of certain newspapers to lend her abilities. That she had desired time to consider of their proposals, but was now determined; that she had indeed, for some weeks past, administered helps to Old England, and the London Evening Post, and had occasionally furnished a few papers upon naval affairs in the Fool; but that the writers of those papers were so incorrigibly dull, that her bare intervention was of little use; she therefore declared, as the ministry had provoked her to plan their utter ruin, she would hesitate no longer to undertake the sole direction of them. That the advantages arising from such papers would treble those of the post I had lost; and that I ought to look upon myself as the happiest of men in having a head to my family, who knew how to secure the emoluments of a husband by the very means that must save her dearer country from destruction.

My heart was overflowing with comfort at these assurances, when the visit of a friend interrupted the discourse.—He condoled with me in the kindest manner for the loss of my place; but how, Mr. Trott-Plaid, shall I express my astonishment, when he assured me, upon his own knowledge, that my friend the clergyman, that friend I so dearly loved,

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was the person to whom I was indebted for this obligation! He told me, that the business of this viper, during the time of his stay with us, was to pay his court to the administration, in which he so well succeeded, as to obtain a promise of preferment. That to perfect this promise, and to remove any suspicions they might possibly entertain of his principles, he had made a voluntary sacrifice of my wife and me; concluding, that I was an avowed Jacobite, and my wife the writer of every scurrilous pamphlet that had infested the public. I own to you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, upon this discovery I began to be ashamed of the part I had acted.—It occurred to me that the principles of this man might possibly be as false as his friendship; but my wife conceived a different opinion.—Bad practices, she said, were no proof of bad principles; hers she knew were right; and however ill her friend might have treated her, his name and memory deserved respect, as by his means she was become a pillar of support to a falling nation.

I will not tire you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, with my wife's arguments, or my own submissions.—The newspapers above-mentioned have been ever since under her direction; but, whether from a want of taste in the public, or from a knowledge that they are the writings of a woman, the proposed advantages have fallen short, even of common subsistence.—It is impossible to represent to you the distresses we have struggled with: but, what is the worst of all, I have the concern to see my children taught treason as soon as they can speak; and my little boy, just eight years old, the hopes of my family, is turned poet, and writes the verses, as he calls them, in the London Evening Post; he has just sent some lines on the eclipse[1] to the press. Dear sir, advise me what to do; for though my wife hates you, and has often abused you in print, I am,

Your affectionate friend,
And most humble servant,
SIMON SUPPLE.

[1] Note, these were printed in the London Evening Post of Saturday last, and are well enough for such a child.

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PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1742-3.

THE CONTENTS.

SEVERAL PAPERS RELATING TO THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT OR GUINEA, AN INSECT OR VEGETABLE, WHICH HAS THIS SURPRISING PROPERTY, THAT BEING CUT INTO SEVERAL PIECES, EACH PIECE LIVES, AND IN A SHORT TIME BECOMES AS PERFECT AN INSECT, OR VEGETABLE, AS THAT OF WHICH IT WAS ORIGINALLY ONLY A PART.

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Abstract of part of a Letter from the Heer Rottenscrach, in Germany, communicating observations on the Chrysipus.

Sir,—Some time since died here of old age, one Petrus Gualterus, a man well known in the learned world, and famous for nothing so much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the Chrysipi, an animal or vegetable; of which I doubt not but there are still some to be found in England: however, if that should be difficult, it may be easy to send some over to you; as they are at present very plentiful in these parts. I can answer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I send you, as there is not one of them but what I have seen repeated above twenty times; and I wish others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and satisfy themselves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the Chrysipi, as well as the collection itself, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned Petrus, after his death; for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a sight of either while alive.

I am, sir,

&c.

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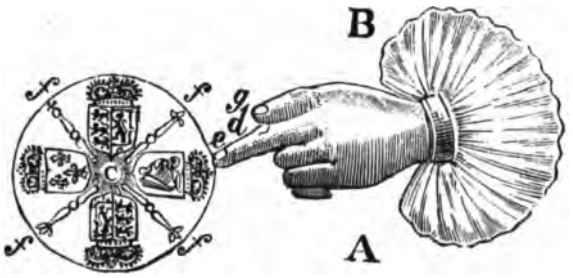
THE FIGURE OF

THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS

STICKING TO A FINGER



OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS UPON THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, OR GUINEA, BY MYNHEER PETRUS GUALTERUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE animal in question is a terrestrial vegetable or insect, of which mention is made in the Philosophical Transactions for several years, as may be seen in N° 000. Art 0000. and N° 00. Art 002. and N° —— Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round form, as represented in the figure annexed; in which A, denotes the ruffle; B, the hand; *g*, the thumb of that hand; *d*, the finger; *e*, the part of that finger to which the CHRYSIPUS sticks: *f*, *f*, *f*, *f*, four tubes, representing the

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Πέος,[1] or *man's staff*, mentioned by Galen in his Treatise *de Usu Partium;* and by Aristotle, in that little book called his Ἀρχβιβλίον, or *Master-piece.* The τὸ θηλύκον, or *woman's pipe*, an oblong perforated substance, to which the said Πεῆ directly tend, is represented by the letter C. *The mouth of the* Chrysipus *is in this anterior middle, it opens into the stomach, which takes up the whole length of the body.* The whole body forms but one pipe, a sort of gut, which can be opened but at one end, *i.e.* at letter C.

The size of the body of a Chrysipus varies according to its different species.

I know two species only, differing in extent almost one-half; which for distinction sake, I call the *whole Chrysipus*, and the *hemi-Chrysipus.* The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former. The length of the Πεῆ differs likewise in proportion to the different size or extension of these two.

The Πεῆ of those of a modern growth are so imperfect and invisible to the naked eye, that it is much to be feared the species will soon be entirely lost among us; and, indeed, in England, they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly, especially in the country, where at present there are very few of them to be found; but at the same time it is remarked, that in some places of the Continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers, where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minutest observation, been able to settle with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have, by the help of my microscope, discovered some of its parts to resemble those of a lion; I have at other times taken notice of something not unlike the *Flower-de-luce.* Not to repeat those parts above mentioned, which bear great analogy to the Αἴδοια of the human body. On their extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen certain letters forming the names of

[1] See Philos. Transact. concerning the *arbor vitæ, anno* 1732.

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several of our kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his time.

"*Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum*
Nascuntur flores."

Particularly as he adds,

——"*Et Phyllida solus habeto.*"

Of which we shall take notice hereafter, when we come to speak of his properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal, is, that I could never observe any symptoms of voluntary motion; but indeed the same may be said of an oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the learned to be *absolutely* a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not to have any progressive motion of its own, yet is it very easy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed some persons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is said of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the *Chrysipus*.

"They make use of their progressive motion, when communicated to them, to place themselves conveniently, so as to catch their prey. They are voracious animals; their Πεῆ are so many snares which they set for numbers of small *insects*. As soon as any of them touches one of the Πεῆ, it is caught."

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the consequence; for instead of making the *insect* its prey, it becomes itself a prey to it, and instead of conveying an *insect* twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chrysipus* is itself conveyed into the *Loculus* or pouch of an *insect* a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its prey, that

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if the *insect* (which seldom happens) makes any resistance, it summons other *Chrysipi* to its aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its pouch.

The learned *Gualterus* goes on in these words: "A *Chrysipus*, by the simple contact of my own finger, has so closely attached itself to my hand, that by the joint and indefatigable labour of several of my friends, it could by no means be severed, or made to quit its hold."

As to the generation of the *Chrysipus*, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever; for though it seems the best supplied for this natural function, nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think sufficient; yet it may be said, as of the *Polypus*, they have no distinguished place by which they bring forth their young.

Gualterus judiciously remarks:[1] "I have" (says he) "some of them, that have greatly *multiplied under my eyes*, and of which I might almost say, that they have produced young ones from all the exterior parts of their body.

"I have learned by a *continual attention* to the two species of them, that all the individuals of these species produce young ones.

"I have for sixty years had under my eye thousands of them; and though I have OBSERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, so as to watch them night and day, I never observed any thing like the common animal copulation.

"I tried at first two of them; but these I found would not produce a complete *Chrysipus;* at least I had reason to think the operation would be so slow that I must have waited some years for its completion. Upon this, I tried a hundred of them together; by whose marvellous union (whether it be, that they mix total, like those heavenly spirits mentioned by Milton, or by any other process not yet revealed to human wit) they were found in the year's end to produce three, four, and sometimes five complete *Chrysipi.* I have indeed often made them in that space produce ten or

[1] Vide Remarks on the *Polypus*, p. 6.

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twenty; but this hath been by some held a dangerous experiment, not only to the parent *Chrysipi* themselves, which have by these means been utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the philosopher who hath attempted it; for as some curious persons have, by hermetic experiments, endangered the loss of their teeth, so we, by a too intense application to this *Chrysipean* philosophy, have been sometimes found to endanger our ears." He then proceeds thus:

[1] "Another fact, which I have observed, has proved to me, that they have the faculty of multiplying, before they are severed from their parent. I have seen a *Chrysipus*, still adhering, bring forth young ones; and those young ones themselves have also brought forth others. Upon supposition, that perhaps there was some *copulation between the parent and young ones*, whilst they were yet united; or between the young ones coming from the body of the same parent; I made divers experiments to be sure of the fact; but not one of those experiments ever led me to any thing that could give the idea of a copulation."

I now proceed to the singularities resulting from the operation I have tried upon them.

A *Chrysipus* of the larger kind may be divided into one-and-twenty substances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not), every substance being at least as large as the original *Chrysipus*. These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and what is very remarkable, every one of these parts is heavier, and rather larger than the first *Chrysipus*. The only difference in this change, is that of the colour; for the first sort are yellow, the second white, and the third resemble the complexion and substance of many human faces.

These subdivided parts are by some observed to lose in a great degree their adherescent quality; notwithstanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minutest observations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a *Chrysipus* differs, however,

[1] Remarks, p. 7.

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greatly from that of the *Polypus;* for whereas we are taught in that excellent treatise above-mentioned, that

[1] "If the body of a *Polypus* is cut into two parts transversely, each of those parts becomes a complete *Polypus:* on the very day of the operation, the first part or anterior end of the *Polypus*, that is, the head, the mouth, and the arms: this part, I say, lengthens itself, it creeps, and eats.

"The second part, *which has no head, gets one;* a mouth forms itself at the anterior end; and shoots forth arms. This reproduction comes about more or less quickly, according as the weather is more or less warm. In summer, I have seen arms begin to sprout out twenty-four hours after the operation, and *the new head perfected in every respect in a few days.*

"Each of those parts thus becomes a perfect *Polypus*, performs absolutely all its functions. It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies; *and all that,* as much as a *Polypus* which never had been cut.

"In whatever place the body of a *Polypus* is cut, whether in the middle, or more or less near the head, or the posterior part, the experiment has always the same success.

"If a *Polypus* is cut transversely at the same moment, into three or four parts, they all equally become so many complete ones.

"The animal is too small to be cut at the same time into a great number of parts; *I therefore did it successively.* I first cut a *Polypus* into four parts, and let them grow; next, I cut those quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded, *till I had made* 50 *out of one single one:* and here I stopped, for there would have been *no end of the experiment.*

"I have now actually by me several parts of the same *Polypus* cut into pieces above a year ago; since which time they have produced a great number of young ones.

"*A Polypus may also be cut in two, lengthways. Beginning by the head, one first splits the said head, and afterwards the stomach;* the *Polypus* being in the form of a pipe, each half

[1] See *Polypus*, pp. 8, 9, 10.

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of what is thus cut lengthways forms a half pipe: the anterior extremity of which is terminated by the half of the head, the half of the mouth, edges of those half-pipes close after the operation; they and part of the arms. It is not long before the two generally begin at the posterior part, and close up by degrees to the anterior part. *Then each half-pipe becomes a whole one complete:* a stomach is formed, in which nothing is wanting; and *out of each half mouth a whole one is formed also.*

"I have seen all this done in less than an hour; and that the *Polypus* produced from each of those halves, at the end of that time, did not differ from the whole ones, except that it had fewer arms; but in a few days more grew out.

"I have cut a *Polypus* lengthways, between seven and eight in the morning; and between two and three in the afternoon, *each of the parts has been able to eat a worm as long as itself.*

"If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at the head, and the section is not carried quite through; the result is, a *Polypus* with two bodies, two heads, and one tail. Some of those bodies and heads may again be cut lengthways soon after. In this manner I have *produced a* Polypus *that had several bodies, as many heads, and one tail.* I afterwards at once cut off the seven heads of this new *Hydra:* seven others grew again; *and the heads that were cut off, became each a complete* Polypus.

"I cut a *Polypus*, transversely, into two parts: I put these two parts close to each other again, and they reunited where they had been cut. The *Polypus*, thus reunited, eat the day after it had undergone this operation; it is since grown, and has multiplied.

"*I took the posterior part of one* Polypus, *and the anterior of another, and I have brought them to reunite in the same manner as the foregoing.* Next day, the Polypus *that resulted*, eat. It has continued well these two months since the operation: it is grown, and has put forth young ones from each of the parts of which it was formed. The two

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foregoing experiments do not always succeed; it often happens, that the two parts will not join again.

"In order to comprehend the experiment I am now going to speak of, one should recollect, that the whole body of a *Polypus* forms only one pipe, a sort of gut, or pouch.

"*I have been able to turn that pouch, that body of the* Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE MAY TURN A STOCKING.

"I have several by me, that have remained turned in this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BECOME THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUTSIDE THEIR INSIDE: they eat, they grow, and they multiply, as if they had never been turned."

Now, in the division and subdivision of our *Chrysipus*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the metabolic or mutative, not by the schystic or divisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter method; but like that great philosopher the elder Pliny, they have perished in their disquisitions, as he did, by suffocation. Indeed, there is a method called the *Kleptistic*, which hath been preferred to the metabolic; but this is too dangerous; the ingenious Gualterus never carried it farther than the metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original *Chrysipus* into twenty-two parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleased to promise us, give some account of the longevity of the *Polypus*. As to the age of the *Chrysipus*, it differs extremely; some being of equal duration with the life of man, and some of scarce a moment's existence. The best method of preserving them is, I believe, in bags or chests, in large numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The great Gualterus says he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets singly, or in pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some pockets not a day.

[1]We are told of the *Polypus*, "That they are to be

[1] *Polypus*, pp. 1, 2.

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looked for in such ditches whose water is stocked with small insects. Pieces of wood, leaves, aquatic plants, in short, every thing is to be taken out of the water, that is met with at the bottom, or on the surface of the water, on the edges, and in the middle of the ditches. What is thus taken out, must be put into a glass of clear water, and these insects, if there are any, will soon discover themselves; especially if the glass is let stand a little, without moving it: for thus the insects, which contract themselves when they are first taken out, will again extend themselves when they are at rest, and become thereby so much the more remarkable."

The *Chrysipus* is to be looked for in scrutoires, and behind wainscots in old houses. In searching for them, particular regard is to be had to the persons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the same houses, by observing which rule, you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young persons, and detest finery so much, that they are seldom to be found in the pockets of laced clothes, and hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are sometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reason of *pieces of wood, iron*, &c., which must be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, several sure methods of procuring them, which are all ascertained in a treatise on that subject, composed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now he is dead, will shortly see the light.

I come now, in the last place, to speak of the virtues of the *Chrysipus:* In these it exceeds not only the *Polypus*, of which not one single virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables whatever. Indeed, I intend here only to set down some of its chief qualities; for to enumerate all, would require a large volume.

First, then, A single *Chrysipus* stuck on to the finger, will make a man talk for a full hour, nay, will make him say whatever the person who sticks it on desires: and again, if you desire silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not sufficient; but if you apply the

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proper number, they seldom or never fail of success. It will likewise make men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this without doing the least injury to the several organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black. Indeed it hath the powers of the prismatic glass, and can, from any object, reflect what colour it pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest love-powder in the world, and hath such efficacy on the female sex, that it hath often produced love in the finest women to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit of our sex.

To give the strongest idea in one instance, of the salubrious quality of the *Chrysipus:* it is a medicine which the physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a patient, without swallowing a dose of it.

To conclude, *facts like these I have related, to be admitted,* require the most convincing proofs. *I venture to say, I am able to produce such proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatise I have above mentioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since I composed the above treatise, I have been informed, that these animals swarm in England all over the country, like the locusts, once in SEVEN years; and like them too, they generally cause much mischief, and greatly ruin the country in which they have swarmed.

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OF THE

REMEDY OF AFFLICTION

FOR THE LOSS OF OUR FRIENDS

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OF THE

REMEDY OF AFFLICTION

FOR THE LOSS OF OUR FRIENDS

It would be a strange consideration (saith Cicero) that while so many excellent remedies have been discovered for the several diseases of the human body, the mind should be left without any assistance to alleviate and repel the disorders which befall it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible method to assuage and remove all those perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler part of man.

Of the same opinion were all those wise and illustrious ancients, whose writings and sayings on this subject have been transmitted to us. And when Seneca tells us, that *virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many parts of his works) than *that exalted divine philosophy*, which consisted not in vain pomp, or useless curiosity, nor even in the search of more profitable knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting habits of virtue, and ingrafting them into our character. It was not the bare knowing the right way, but the constant and steady walking in it, which those glorious writers recommended and dignified by the august names of *philosophy*

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and *virtue;* which two words, if they did not always use in a synonymous sense, yet they all agreed in this, that virtue was the consummation of true philosophy.

Now that this supreme philosophy, this habit of virtue, which strengthened the mind of a Socrates, or a Brutus, is really superior to every evil which can attack us, I make no doubt; but in truth, this is to have a sound, not a sickly constitution. With all proper deference, therefore, to such great authorities, they seem to me to assert no more than that health is a remedy against disease: for a soul once possessed of that degree of virtue which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, disgrace, and death, as things indifferent; a soul, as Horace expresses it,

"*Totus teres atque rotundus;*"

or, according to Seneca, *which derives all its comfort from* WITHIN, *not from* WITHOUT; which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on shore we survey a tempestuous sea with unconcern; such a soul is surely in a state of health which no vigour of bodily constitution can resemble.

And as this health of the mind exceeds that of the body in degree, so doth it in constancy or duration. In the latter, the transition from perfect health to sickness is easy, and often sudden; whereas the former, being once firmly established in the robust state above described, is never afterwards liable to be shocked by any accident or impulse of fortune.

It must be confessed, indeed, that those great masters have pointed out the way to this philosophy, and have endeavoured to allure and persuade others into it; but as it is certain that few of their disciples have been able to arrive at its perfection; nay, as several of the masters themselves have done little honour to their precepts, by their examples, there seems still great occasion for a mental physician, who should consider the human mind (as is often the case of the body) in too weak and depraved a situation to be restored to firm vigour and sanity, and should propose

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rather to palliate and lessen its disorders, than absolutely to cure them.

To consider the whole catalogue of diseases to which our minds are liable, and to prescribe proper remedies for them all, would require a much longer treatise than what I now intend; I shall confine myself therefore to one only, and to a particular species of that one, viz. to *affliction for the death of our friends.*

This is a malady to which the best and worthiest of men are chiefly liable. It is, like a fever, the distemper of a rich and generous constitution. Indeed, we may say of those base tempers which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty physician of the last age said of a shattered and rotten carcass, that they are not worth preserving.

For this reason the calm demeanour of Stilpo the philosopher, who, when he had lost his children at the taking *Meghra* by *Demetrius*, concluded, *he had lost nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him*, hath no charms for me. I am more apt to impute such sudden tranquillity at so great a loss, to ostentation or obduracy, than to consummate virtue. It is rather wanting the affection than conquering it. To overcome the affliction arising from the loss of our friends, is great and praiseworthy; but it requires some reason and time. This sudden unruffled composure is owing to mere insensibility; to a depravity of the heart, not goodness of the understanding.

But in a mind of a different cast, in one susceptible of a tender affection, fortune can make no other ravage equal to such a loss. It is tearing the heart, the soul from the body; not by a momentary operation, like that by which the most cruel tormentors of the body soon destroy the subject of their cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent agitation; the soul having this double unfortunate superiority to the body, that its agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If however this calamity be not in a more humane disposition to be presently or totally removed, an attempt

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to lessen it is, however, worth our attention. He who could reduce the torments of the gout to one-half or a third of the pain, would, I apprehend, be a physician in much vogue and request; and surely, some palliative remedies are as much worth our seeking in the mental disorder; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its anguish a hundred fold.

I will proceed, therefore, without further apology, to present my reader with the best prescriptions I am capable of furnishing; many of which have this uncommon recommendation, that I have tried them upon myself with some success. And if Montaigne be right in his choice of a physician, who had himself had the disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that pretension to some confidence and regard.

And first, by way of preparative; while we yet enjoy our friends, and no immediate danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholesomer than frequent reflections on the certainty of this loss, however distant it may then appear to us; for if it be worth our while to prepare the body for diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us, how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the mind with every assistance to encounter a calamity which our own death only, or the previous determination of our friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first ingredients of a *wise* man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen, and unexpected. And this is surely the principal means of taking his happiness or misery out of the hands of fortune. Pleasure or pain, which seizes us unprepared, and by surprise, have a double force, and are both more capable of subduing the mind, than when they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That pleasure is heightened by long expectation appears to me a great though vulgar error. The mind, by constant premeditation on either, lessens the sweetness of the one, and bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their happiness, that they have loved

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themselves out before they come to the actual enjoyment; this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The objects of our passions, as well as of our appetites, may be in a great measure devoured by imagination; and grief, like hunger, may be so palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no sharpness when its food is set before it.

The thoughts which are to engage our consideration on this head are too various, and many of them too obvious, to be enumerated; the principal are surely, First, the certainty of the dissolution of this alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme shortness of this duration, even at the best. And, Thirdly, the many accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an end.

Had not the wise man frequently meditated on these subjects, he would not have coolly answered the person who acquainted him with the death of his son—I KNEW *I had begot a Mortal.* Whereas, by the behaviour of some on these occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their hopes of their friend's immortality; that something uncommon, and beyond the general fate of men, had happened to them. In a word, that they had flattered their fondness for their children and friends as enthusiastically as the poets have their works, which

> ——"*nec Jovis ira nec ignis,*
> *Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*"

Nor is there any dissuasive from such contemplation: it is no breach of friendship, nor violence of paternal fondness: for the event we dread and detest is not by these means forwarded, as simple persons think their own death would be by making a will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for what can be a more delightful thought than to assure ourselves, after such reflections, that the evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately escaped. If it be true, that the loss of a blessing

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teaches us its true value, will not these ruminations on the certainty of losing our friends, and the uncertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a relish to the present possession? Shall we not, in a word, return to their conversation, after such reflections, with the same eagerness and ecstasy, with which we receive those we love into our arms, when we first wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths?

Thus then we have a double incentive to these meditations; as they serve as well to heighten our present enjoyment, as to lessen our future loss, and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my reader some instructions for his conduct, when this dreadful catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common men, and who partake of the more amiable weaknesses of human nature; not to those elevated souls whom the consummation of virtue and philosophy hath raised to a divine pitch of excellence, and placed beyond the reach of human calamity; for which reason I do not expect this loss shall be received with the composure of Stilpo. Nay, I shall not regard tears, lamentations, or any other indulgence to the first agonies of our grief on so dreadful an occasion, as marks of effeminacy; but shall rather esteem them as the symptoms of a laudable tenderness, than of a contemptible imbecility of heart.

However, though I admit the first emotions of our grief to be so far irresistible, that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our shield against all calamity, and this we are not cowardly to throw away, though some of the sharper darts of fortune may have pierced us through it. The mind of a wise man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued; in the former, it differs from the perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject condition of a fool.

With whatever violence our passions at first attack us they will in time subside. It is then that reason is to be called to our assistance, and we should use every suggestion

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which it can lend to our relief; our utmost force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an enemy when he begins to retreat: this, indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no persuasion to recommend it; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue happiness and avoid misery.

There are, however, two causes of our unwillingness to hearken to the voice of reason on this occasion. The first is, a foolish opinion, that friendship requires an exorbitant affliction of us; that we are thus discharging our duty to the dead, and offering (according to the superstition of the ancients) an agreeable sacrifice to their manes; the other, and perhaps the commoner motive is, the immediate satisfaction we ourselves feel in this indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful consequences, gives the same present relief to a tender disposition, that air or water brings to one in a high fever.

Now what can possibly, on the least examination, appear more absurd than the former of these? When the grave, beyond which we can enter into no engagement with one another, hath dissolved all bonds of friendship between us, and removed the object of our affection far from the reach of any of our offices; can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nourish an affliction to our own misery, by which we can convey neither profit nor pleasure to our friend? But I shall not dwell on an absurdity so monstrous in itself that the bare first mention throws it in a light which no illustration nor argument can heighten.

And as to the second, it is, as I have said, like those indulgences which, however pleasant they may be to the distemper, serve only to increase it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest agonies in the end. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish temper of mind than this conduct; by which, like infants, we reject a remedy, if it be the least distasteful; and are ready to receive any grateful food, without regarding the nourishment which at the same time we contribute to the disease.

Without staying, therefore, longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my disciple or patient, of another

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complexion, carefully to avoid all circumstances which may revive the memory of the deceased, whom it is now his business to forget as fast, and as much as possible; whereas, such is the perverseness of our natures, we are constantly endeavouring, at every opportunity, to recall to our remembrance the words, looks, gestures, and other particularities of a friend. One carries about with him the picture; a second the hair; and others, some little gift or token of the dead, as a memorial of their loss. What is all this less than being self-tormentors, and playing with affliction? Indeed, time is the truest and best physician on these occasions; and our wisest part is to lend him the utmost assistance we can; whereas, by pursuing the methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our might the aid and comfort which that great reliever of human misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions of the lightest kind have been recommended as a remedy for affliction; but for my part, I rather conceive they will increase than diminish it; especially where music is to make up any part of the entertainment; for the nature of this is to sooth or inflame, not to alter our passions. Indeed, I should rather propose such diversions by way of trial than of cure; for when they can be pursued with any good effect, our affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To say the truth, the physic for this, as well as every other mental disorder, is to be dispensed to us by philosophy and religion. The former of these words (however unhappily it hath contracted the contempt of the pretty gentlemen and fine ladies) doth surely convey, to those who understand it, no very ridiculous idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter sense, means no more than the love of wisdom; but in its common and vulgar acceptation it signifies, the search after wisdom; or often, wisdom itself; for to distinguish between wisdom and philosophy (says a great writer) is rather matter of vain curiosity than of real utility.

Now from this fountain (call it by which of the names we please) may be drawn the following considerations:

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First, the injustice of our complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the condition on which we first received the good, whose loss we deplore, viz. that of parting with it again. We are tenants at will to fortune, and as we have advanced no consideration on our side, can have no right to accuse her caprice in determining our estate. However short-lived our possession hath been, it was still more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful persons, with whom one denial effaces the remembrance of an hundred benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, because she is not pleased to continue those favours, which of her own free-will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the condition of our tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of necessity we must have done it. The longest term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by Solomon himself to the length of a span. Of what duration is this life of man computed? A scrivener, who sells his annuity at fourteen years and a half, rejoices in his cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you at least half a year in the bargain.

But who will ensure these fourteen years? No man. On the contrary, how great is the premium for insuring you one? and great as it is, he who accepts it, is often a loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed common-place of the numberless avenues to death; a road almost as much beaten by writers, as those avenues to death are by mankind: Tibullus sums them up in half a verse,

—— "*Leti mille repente viæ.*"

Surely no accident can befall our friend which should so little surprise us; for there is no other which he may not escape. In poverty, pain, or other instances, his lot may be harder than his neighbour's. In this the happiest and most

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miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of mankind share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be, death itself (which is a part of life) that we lament should happen to our friend, but it is the time of his dying. We desire not a pardon, we desire a reprieve only. A reprieve, for how long? *Sine die.* But if he could escape this fever, this small-pox, this inflammation of the bowels, he may live twenty years. He may so; but it is more probable he will not live ten; it is very possible not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay thirty years to come. In prospect, it is true, the term seems to have some duration; but, cast your eyes backwards, and how contemptible the span appears: for it happens in life (however pleasant the journey may be) as to a weary traveller, the plain he is yet to pass extends itself much larger to his eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the possession of our wish, and give us this twenty years longer possession of our friend, should we be then contented to resign? Or shall we not, in imitation of a child who desires its mamma to stay five minutes, and it will take the potion, be still as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the case; seeing that neither our calamity, nor the child's physic, becomes less nauseous by the delay.

But, admitting this condition to be never so hard, will not philosophy show us the folly of immoderate affliction? Can all our sorrow mend our case? Can we wash back our friend with our tears, or waft him back with our sighs and lamentations? It is a foolish mean-spiritedness in a criminal, to blubber to his judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their fate with a decent constancy and resignation. Were the sentences of fate capable of remission; could our sorrows or sufferings restore our friends to us, I would commend him who outdid the fabled Niobe in weeping: but since no such event is to be expected; since *from that bourne no traveller returns;* surely it is the part

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of a wise man to bring himself to be content in a situation which no wit or wisdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our hearts, whether it is for the sake of our friends or ourselves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated French writer, That *the lamentation expressed for the loss of our dearest friends is often, in reality, for ourselves; that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less consequence than we were before; and thus the dead enjoy the honour of those tears which are truly shed on account of the living:* concluding,—that *in these afflictions men impose on themselves.* Now, if, on the inquiry, this should be found to be our case, I shall leave the patient to seek his remedy elsewhere, having first recommended to him an assembly, a ball, an opera, a play, an amour, or, if he please, all of them; which will very speedily produce his cure. But, on the contrary, if, after the strictest examination, it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the case) that our sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested affection which many minds are so far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no idea of it; in a word, if it be manifest that our fears are justly to be imputed to our friend's account, it may be then worth our while to consider the nature and degree of this misfortune which hath happened to him; and if, on duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves, that this supposed dreadful calamity should exist only in opinion, and all its horrors vanish, on being closely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very foundation of our grief will be removed, and it must, of necessary consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an estimate of human life, which to do in the most concise manner, would fill more pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since admitting there was more real happiness in life than the wisest men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much evil in it

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likewise; and as I conceive every partial man will, on casting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a balance for the former, I apprehend it will appear, sufficiently for my purpose, that death is not that king of terrors as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the negation of life. If therefore life be no general good, death is no general evil. Now, if this be a point in judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the judgment of women and children, or of wise men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their suffrages with me? Thales, the chief of the sages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greatest of all the philosophers, speaks of death as of a deliverance. Solomon, who had tasted all the sweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation: and Cicero (to name no more) whose life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his old age, that *if any of the gods would frankly offer him to renew his infancy, and live his life over again he would strenuously refuse it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the face of these and numberless other such authorities; if we will still maintain that the pleasures of life have in them something truly solid, and worthy our regard and desire, we shall not, however, be bold enough to say, that these pleasures are lasting, certain, or the portion of many among us. We shall not, I apprehend, insure the possession of them to our friend, nor secure him from all those evils which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real existence of; nor shall we surely contend, that he may not more likely have escaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of women, and tenderest of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, she was told she had a daughter, answering; *Good God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have suffered!* Some years afterwards, I heard the same woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliest creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting, that

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her child could never know what it was to feel such a loss as she then lamented.

In reality, she was right in both instances; and however instinct, youth, a flow of spirits, violent attachments, and above all, folly may blind us, the day of death is (to most people at least) a day of more happiness than that of our birth, as it puts an end to all those evils which the other gave a beginning to. So just is that sentiment of Solon, which Crœsus afterwards experienced the truth of, and which is couched in these lines:

——— "*ultima semper*
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet."

If therefore death be no evil, there is certainly no reason why we should lament its having happened to our friend; but if there be any whom neither his own observation, nor what Plato hath advanced in his apology for Socrates, in his Crito, and his Phædon; or Cicero, in the first and third books of his Tusculan questions; or Montaigne (if he hath a contempt for the ancients), can convince, that death is not an evil worthy our lamentation, let such a man comfort himself, that the evil which his friend hath suffered, he shall himself shortly have his share in. As nothing can be a greater consolation to a delicate friendship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few days may, and a few years most infallibly will bring this about, and we shall then reap one benefit from the cause of our present affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the person we love.

These are, I think, the chief comforts which the voice of human philosophy can administer to us on this occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful assurance, that our friend is not barely no loser, but a gainer by his dissolution; that those virtues and good qualities which were the objects of our affection on earth, are now become the foundation of his happiness and reward in a better world.

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Lastly: it gives a hope, the sweetest, most endearing and ravishing, which can enter into a mind capable of, and inflamed with friendship—the hope of again meeting the beloved person, of renewing and cementing the dear union in bliss everlasting. This is a rapture which leaves the warmest imagination at a distance. *Who can conceive* (says Sherlock in his Discourse on Death) *the melting caresses of two souls in Paradise?* What are all the trash and trifles, and bubbles, bawbles, and gewgaws of this life, to such a meeting? This is a hope which no reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor millions of such worlds as this should purchase; nor can any man show me its absolute impossibility, till he can demonstrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.

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A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC

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A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC

ALEXANDER. What fellow art thou, who darest thus to lie at thy ease in our presence, when all others, as thou seest, rise to do us homage? Dost thou not know us?

DIOG. I cannot say I do: but by the number of thy attendants, by the splendour of thy habit; but, above all, by the vanity of thy appearance, and the arrogance of thy speech, I conceive thou mayst be Alexander the son of Philip.

ALEX. And who can more justly challenge thy respect, than Alexander, at the head of that victorious army, who hath performed such wonderful exploits,[1] and under his conduct, hath subdued the world?

DIOG. Who? why the tailor who made me this old cloak.

[1] This is an anachronism: for Diogenes was of Sinope, and the meeting between him and Alexander fell out while the latter was confederating the Grecian States in the Peloponnesse before his Asiatic expedition: but that season would not have furnished sufficient matter for this dialogue; we have therefore fixed the time of it at the conqueror's return from India.

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ALEX. Thou art an odd fellow, and I have a curiosity to know thy name.

DIOG. I am not ashamed of it: I am called Diogenes: a name composed of as many and as well-sounding syllables as Alexander.

ALEX. Diogenes, I rejoice at this encounter. I have heard of thy name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which wish, since fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy conversation a while: and that thou likewise mayest be pleased with our meeting, ask me some favour; and as thou knowest my power, so shalt thou experience my will to oblige thee.

DIOG. Why, then, Alexander the Great, I desire thee to stand from between me and the sun; whose beams thou hast withheld from me some time, a blessing which it is not in thy power to recompense the loss of.

ALEX. Thou hast a very shallow opinion of my power, indeed; and if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many nations, to a fine purpose, truly.

DIOG. That is not my fault.

ALEX. Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a kingdom?

DIOG. I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I shall never place any value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEX. Thou dost speak vainly in contempt of a power which no other man ever yet arrived at. Hath the Granicus yet recovered the bloody colour with which I contaminated its waves? Are not the fields of Issus and Arbela still white with human bones? Will Susa show no monuments of my victory? Are Darius and Porus names unknown to thee? Have not the groans of those millions reached thy ears, who, but for the valour of this heart, and the strength of this arm, had still enjoyed life and tranquillity? Hath then this son of Jupiter, this conqueror of the world, adored by his followers, dreaded by his foes, and worshipped by all, lived to hear his power contemned, and the offer of his

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favour slighted, by a poor philosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose cloak appears to be his only possession!

DIOG. I retort the charge of vanity on thyself, proud Alexander! for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the monuments of thy disgrace! I acknowledge indeed all the exploits thou hast recounted and the millions thou hast to thy eternal shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim Jupiter for thy father? Hath not then every plague or pestilential vapour the same title? If thou art the dread of wretches to whom death appears the greatest of evils, is not every mortal disease the same? And if thou hast the adoration of thy servile followers, do they offer thee more than they are ready to pay to every tinsel ornament, or empty title? Is then the fear or worship of slaves of so great honour, when at the same time thou art the contempt of every brave honest man, though, like me, an old cloak should be his only possession?

ALEX: Thou seemest, to my apprehension, to be ignorant, that in professing this disregard for the glory I have so painfully achieved, thou art undermining the foundation of all that honour which is the encouragement to, and reward of, every thing truly great and noble; for in what doth all honour, glory, and fame consist, but in the breath of that multitude, whose estimation, with such ill-grounded scorn, thou dost affect to despise? A reward which hath ever appeared sufficient to inflame the ambition of high and exalted souls; though, from their meanness, low minds may be incapable of tasting, or rather, for which pride, from the despair of attaining it, may inspire thee to feign a false and counterfeit disdain. What other reward than this have all those heroes proposed to themselves, who rejected the enjoyments which ease, riches, pleasure, and power, have held forth to them in their native country, have deserted their homes, and all those things which to vulgar mortals appear lovely or desirable, and, in defiance of difficulty and danger, invaded and spoiled the cities and territories of others; when their anger hath been provoked by no injury, nor their hope inspired by the prospect of any other good than of

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this very glory and honour, this adoration of slaves, which thou, from having never tasted its sweets, hast treated with contempt?

DIOG. Thy own words have convinced me (stand a little more out of the sun, if you please,) that thou hast not the least idea of true honour. Was it to depend on the suffrages of such wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible thing which you represent it to be estimated in my opinion: but true honour is of a different nature; it results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us by wise men and the gods; it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them; nor is it either in thy power to deserve, nor in that of thy followers to bestow. As for such heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the curses of mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the applause of their slaves and sycophants; in this instance, indeed, their masters, since they bestow on them the reward, such as it is, of all their labours.

ALEX. However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a notion of my honour, I would be glad to be on a par with you, by conceiving some idea of yours; which I can never obtain of the shadow, till I have some clearer knowledge of the substance, and understand in what your wisdom and virtue consist.

DIOG. Not in ravaging countries, burning cities, plundering and massacring mankind.

ALEX. No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

DIOG. I snarl at them because of their vice and folly; in a word, because there are among them many such as thee and thy followers.

ALEX. If thou wouldst confess the truth, envy is the true source of all thy bitterness; it is that which begets thy hatred, and from hatred comes thy railing; whereas the thirst of glory only is my motive. I hate not those whom I attack, as plainly appears by the clemency I show to them when they are conquered.

DIOG. Thy clemency is cruelty. Thou givest to one what

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thou hast by violence and plunder taken from another; and in so doing, thou only raisest him to be again the mark of fortune's caprice, and to be tumbled down a second time by thyself, or by some other like thee. My snarling is the effect of my love; in order, by my invectives against vice, to frighten men from it, and drive them into the road of virtue.

ALEX. For which purpose thou hast forsworn society, and art retired to preach to trees and stones.

DIOG. I have left society, because I cannot endure the evils I see and detest in it.

ALEX. Rather because thou canst not enjoy the good thou dost covet in it. For the same reason I have left my own country, which afforded not sufficient food for my ambition.

DIOG. But I come not like thee abroad, to rob and plunder others. Thy ambition hath destroyed a million, whereas I have never occasioned the death of a single man.

ALEX. Because thou hast not been able; but thou hast done all within thy power, by cursing and devoting to destruction almost as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-spirited fellow thou wouldst appear. There is more greatness of soul in thee than at present shines forth. Poor circumstances are clouds which often conceal and obscure the brightest minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess passions which fortune hath not put it in thy power to gratify. It is, therefore, that thou deniest ambition; for hadst thou a soul as capacious as mine, I see no better way which thy humble fortune would allow thee of feeding its ambition, than what thou hast chosen; for when alone in this retreat which thou hast chosen, thou mayest contemplate thy own greatness. Here no stronger rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful objects of superior power, riches, or happiness. invade thy sight. But, be honest and confess, had fortune placed thee at the head of a Macedonian army——

DIOG. Had fortune placed me at the head of the world,

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it could not have raised me in my own opinion. And is this mighty soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its superiority on the backs of a multitude of armed slaves? And who in reality have gained these conquests, and gathered all these laurels, of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone past into Asia, the empire of Darius had still stood unshaken. But though Alexander had never been born, who will say the same troops might not, under some other general, have done as great, or perhaps greater mischiefs? The honour, therefore, such as it is, is by no means justly thy own. Thou usurpest the whole, when thou art, at most, entitled to an equal share only. It is not, then, Alexander, but Alexander and his army are superior to Diogenes. And in what are they his superiors? In brutal strength — in which they would be again excelled by an equal number of lions, or wolves, or tigers. An army which would be able to do as much more mischief than themselves, as they are than Diogenes.

ALEX. Then thy grief broke forth. Thou hatest us because we can do more mischief than thyself. And in this I see thou claimest the precedence over me; that I make use of others as the instruments of my conquests, whereas all thy raillery and curses against mankind proceed only out of thy own mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the world, thou alone art able to curse it.

DIOG. If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wish thee long life and prosperity.

ALEX. But then thou must wish well to an individual, which is contrary to thy nature, who hatest all.

DIOG. Thou art mistaken. Long life, to such as thee, is the greatest of curses; for, to mortify thy pride effectually, know, there is not in thy whole army, no, nor among all the objects of thy triumph, one equally miserable with thyself; for if the satisfaction of violent desires be happiness, and a total failure of success in most eager pursuits, misery (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted), what can be more

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miserable, than to entertain desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little reflection will teach thee is thy own case; for what are thy desires? not pleasures; with that Macedonia would have furnished thee. Not riches; for, capacious as thy soul is, if it had been all filled with avarice, the wealth of Darius would have contented it. Not power; for then the conquest of Porus, and the extending thy arms to the farthest limits of the world,[1] must have satisfied thy ambition. Thy desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own power appear to thee when it cannot give thee the possession of thy wish; but how much more contemptible thy understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that wish is?

ALEX. I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy humour, and will deserve thy friendship. I know the Athenians have affronted thee, have contemned thy philosophy, and suspected thy morals. I will revenge thy cause on them. I will lead my army back, and punish their ill usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us; and, when thou beholdest their city in flames, shalt have the triumph of proclaiming, that thy just resentment hath brought this calamity on them.

DIOG. They do indeed deserve it at my hands; and though revenge is not what I profess, yet the punishment of such dogs may be of good example. I therefore embrace thy offer; but let us not be particular, let Corinth and Lacedæmon share the same fate. They are both the nest of vermin only, and fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a delight it will be to see the rascals, who have so openly in derision called me a snarling cur, roasting in their own houses.

ALEX. Yet, on a second consideration, would it not be wiser to preserve the cities, especially Corinth, which is so full of wealth, and only massacre the inhabitants?

[1] Which was then known to the Greeks.

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DIOG. D—n their wealth; I despise it.

ALEX. Well, then, let it be given to the soldiers, as the demolition of it will not increase the punishment of the citizens, when we have cut their throats.

DIOG. True——Then you may give some of it to the soldiers; but as the dogs have formerly insulted me with their riches, I will, if you please, retain a little—perhaps a moiety, or not much more, to my own use. It will give me at least an opportunity of showing the world, I can despise riches when I possess them, as much as I did before in my poverty.

ALEX. Art not thou a true dog? Is this thy contempt of wealth? This thy abhorrence of the vices of mankind? To sacrifice three of the noblest cities of the world to thy wrath and revenge! And hast thou the impudence to dispute any longer the superiority with me, who have it in my power to punish my enemies with death, while thou only canst persecute with evil wishes?

DIOG. I have still the same superiority over thee, which thou dost challenge over thy soldiers. I would have made thee the tool of my purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee; for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the world besides. And may perdition seize thee, and all thy followers!

[*Here some of the army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interposed.*

ALEX. Let him alone. I admire his obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it.——Farewell, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy pride, be assured, I esteem thee so much, that *was I not* Alexander, *I could desire to be* Diogenes.

DIOG. Go to the Gibbet, and take with thee as a mortification; that *was I not* Diogenes, *I could almost content myself with being* Alexander.

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AN INTERLUDE BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO, & MERCURY,

WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY INTENDED AS AN

INTRODUCTION TO A COMEDY,

CALLED

JUPITER'S DESCENT ON EARTH.

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AN INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO, & MERCURY

SCENE I.

JUPITER, JUNO.

JUP. Pray be pacified.

JUNO. It is intolerable, insufferable, and I never will submit to it.

JUP. But, my dear——

JUNO. Good Mr. Jupiter, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it. Use it to the trollop Venus, and the rest of your sluts. It sounds most agreeable to their ears, but it is nauseous to a goddess of strict virtue.

JUP. Madam, I do not doubt your virtue.

JUNO. You don't? That is, I suppose, humbly insinuating that others do: but who are their divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither Diana nor Minerva, I am well assured; both of whom pity me, for they know your tricks; they can neither of them keep a maid of honour for you. I desire you will treat me with good manners at least. I should have had that, if I had married a mortal, though he had spent my fortune, and lain with

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my chambermaids, as you suffer men to do with impunity —highly to your honour be it spoken!

JUP. Faith! madam, I know but one way to prevent them, which is by annihilating mankind; and I fancy your friends below, the ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that favour at my hands.

JUNO. I desire you would not reflect on my friends below; it is very well known, I never showed any favour, but to those of the purest, unspotted characters. And all my acquaintance, when I have been on the earth, have been of that kind; for I never return a visit to any other.

JUP. Nay, I have no inclination to find fault with the women of the earth; you know I like them very well.

JUNO. Yes, the trollops of the earth, such as Venus converses with. You never show any civility to my favourites, nor make the men do it.

JUP. My dear, give me leave to say, your favourites are such, that man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the preference; for when I moulded up the clay of man, I put not one ingredient in to make him in love with ugliness, which is one of the most glaring qualities in all your favourites, whom I have ever seen; and you must not wonder, while you have such favourites, that the men slight them.

JUNO. The men slight them! I'd have you know, sir, they slight the men; and I can, at this moment, hear not less than a thousand railing at mankind.

JUP. Ay, as I hear at this instant several grave black gentlemen railing at riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same time.

JUNO. Very fine! Very civil! I understand your comparison.——Well, sir, you may go on giving an example of a bad husband, but I will not give the example of a tame wife; and if you will not make men better, I will go down to the earth and make women worse; that every house may be too hot for a husband, as I will shortly make heaven for you.

JUP. That I believe you will——but if you begin your

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project of making women worse, I will take Hymen, and hang him; for I will take some care of my votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.

Enter APOLLO.

APOL. Mr. Jupiter, good-morrow to you.

JUP. Apollo, how dost thou?——You are a wise deity, Apollo; prithee will you answer me one question?

APOL. To my best ability.

JUP. You have been much conversant with the affairs of men, what dost thou think the foolishest thing a man can do?

APOL. Turn poet.

JUP. That is honest enough, as it comes from the god of poets; but you have missed the mark, for certainly the foolishest thing a man can do, is to marry.

APOL. Fie! What is it then in a god? Who, besides that he ought to be wiser than man, is tied for ever by his immortality, and has not the chance which you have given to man, of getting rid of his wife.

JUP. Apollo, thy reproof is just: but let us talk of something else; for when I am out of the hearing of my wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

APOL. Have you read any of those books I brought you, just sent me by my votaries upon earth?

JUP. I have read them all.——The poem is extremely fine, and the similes most beautiful.—There is indeed one little fault in the similes.

APOL. What is that?

JUP. There is not the least resemblance between the things compared together.

APOL. One half of the simile is good, however.

JUP. The dedications please me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent men upon earth.——There

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is one whom I find two or three authors agree to be much better than any of us in heaven are. This discovery, together with my wife's tongue, has determined me to make a trip to the earth, and spend some time in such godlike company. Apollo, will you go with me?

APOL. I would with all my heart, but I shall be of disservice to you; for when I was last on earth, though I heard of these people, I could not get admission to any of them: you had better take Plutus with you, he is acquainted with them all.

JUP. Hang him, proud rascal, of all the deities he is my aversion; I would have kick'd him out of heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his residence entirely upon the earth, he would foment a rebellion against me.

APOL. Your fear has too just a ground, for the god of riches has more interest there than all the other gods put together: nay, he has supplanted us in all our provinces; he gives wit to men I never heard of, and beauty to women Venus never saw.——Nay, he ventures to make free with Mars himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts men at the head of military affairs, who never saw an enemy, nor of whom an enemy ever could see any other than the back.

JUP. Faith! it is surprising, that a god whom I sent down to earth when I was angry with mankind, and who has done them more hurt than all the other deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their favour.

APOL. You may thank yourself, you might have made man wiser if you would.

JUP. What, to laugh at? No, Apollo, believe me, man far outdoes my intention; and when I read in those little histories, called dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager to be with him, that I may make another promotion to the stars; and here comes my son of fortune to accompany us.

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SCENE III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[MERCURY *kneels.*]

MER. Pray, father Jupiter, be pleased to bless me.

JUP. I do, my boy. What part of heaven, pray, have you been spending your time in?

MER. With some ladies of your acquaintance, Apollo. I have been at blind-man's buff with the nine muses; but before we began to play, we had charming sport between Miss Thally and one of the poets; such a scene of courtship or invocation as you call it. *Say, O Thalia,* cries the bard; and then he scratches his head; and then, *Say, O Thalia,* again; and repeated it a hundred times over; but the devil a word would she say.

APOL. She's a humoursome little jade, and if she takes it into her head to hold her tongue, not all the poets on earth can open her lips.

JUP. I wish Juno had some of her frolics, with all my heart.

MER. No, my mother-in-law is of a humour quite contrary——

JUP. Ay; for which reason I intend to make an elopement from her, and pay a short visit to our friends on earth. Son Mercury, you shall along with me.

MER. Sir, I am at your disposal: but pray what is the reason of this visit?

JUP. Partly my wife's temper, and partly some informations I have lately received of the prodigious virtue of mankind; which, if I find as great as represented, I believe I shall leave Madam Juno for good-and-all, and live entirely amongst men.

MER. I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the company of these virtuous men; for I am quite weary of the little rogues you put me at the head of. The last time

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I was on the earth, I believe I had three sets of my acquaintance hanged in one year's revolution, and not one man of any reputable condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, sir, I will be god of rogues no longer, if you suffer it to be an established maxim that no rich man can be a rogue.

JUP. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling clothes, order my charger, and be ready for you in half an hour.

SCENE IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

MER. Do you know the true reason of this expedition?

APOL. The great virtue of mankind, he tells us.

MER. The little virtue of womankind rather——Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge a step after human virtue; besides, where the devil should he find it, if he would?

APOL. You have not read the late dedications of my votaries.

MER. Of my votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my title to the dedications, as the god of thieves. You make no distinction, I hope, between robbing with a pistol and with a pen.

APOL. My votaries robbers! Mr. Mercury?

MER. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my Lord Chancellor Midas decree me the lawyers for the same reason. Would not he be a rogue who should take a man's money for persuading him he was a lord or a baronet, when he knew he was no such thing? Is not he equally such, who picks his pocket by heaping virtues on him which he knows he has no title to? These fellows prevent the very use of praise, which, while only the reward of virtue, will always invite men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be

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despised by the true deserving, equally with a ribbon or a feather, which may be bought by any one in a milliner's or a minister's shop.

APOL. Very well! at this rate you will rob me of all my panegyrical writers.

MER. Ay, and of your satirical writers too, at least a great many of 'em; for unjust satire is as bad as unjust panegyric.

APOL. If it is unjust indeed——But, sir, I hope you have no claim to my writers of plays, poems which have neither satire nor panegyric in 'em.

MER. Yes, sir, to all who are thieves, and steal from one another.

APOL. Methinks, sir, you should not reflect thus on wits to me, who am the god of wit.

MER. Heyday, sir, nor you on thieves, to me who am the god of thieves. We have no such reason to quarrel about our votaries, they are much of the same kind; for as it is a proverb, That all poets are poor; so it is a maxim, That all poor men are rogues.

APOL. Sir, sir, I have men of quality that write.

MER. Yes, sir, and I have men of quality that rob; but neither are the one poets, or the other rogues; for as the one can write without wit, so can the other rob without roguery. They call it privilege, I think: Jupiter I suppose gave it them; and instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a petition to my father, that he would revoke it, and put them on a footing with our other votaries.

APOL. It is in vain to petition him any thing against mankind at present, he is in such good humour with them; if they should sour his temper, at his return perhaps he may be willing to do us justice.

MER. It shall be my fault if he is not in a worse humour with them; at least I will take care he shall not be deceived; and that might happen; for men are such hypocrites, that the greatest part deceive even themselves, and are much worse than they think themselves to be.

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APOL. And Jupiter, you know, though he is the greatest, is far from being the wisest of the gods.

MER. His own honesty makes him the less suspicious of others; for, except in regard to women, he is as honest a fellow as any deity in all the Elysian Fields; but I shall make him wait for me.—Dear Mr. Apollo, I am your humble servant.

APOL. My dear Mercury, a good journey to you; at your return, I shall be glad to drink a bottle of nectar with you.

MER. I shall be proud to kiss your hands.

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AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

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AN

ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

MAN is generally represented as an animal formed for, and delighted in, society: in this state alone, it is said, his various talents can be exerted, his numberless necessities relieved, the dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the pleasures he eagerly affects, enjoyed. If these assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied man to be a social animal, have left us these two solutions of their conduct; either that there are men as bold in denial as can be found in assertion; and, as Cicero says, there is no absurdity which some philosopher or other hath not asserted; so we may say, there is no truth so glaring, that some have not denied it. Or else; that these rejectors of society borrow all their information from their own savage dispositions, and are, indeed, themselves, the only exceptions to the above general rule.

But to leave such persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social state, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own species; and entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking parts of the creation, from all benefits of it, to set

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up this as one grand general distinction between the human and the brute species.

Shall we conclude this denial of all society to the nature of brutes, which seems to be in defiance of every day's observation, to be as bold, as the denial of it to the nature of men? or, may we not more justly derive the error from an improper understanding of this word Society in too confined and special a sense? in a word, do those, who utterly deny it to the brutal nature, mean any other by society than conversation?

Now if we comprehend them in this sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other animals are not without all use of society, yet this noble branch of it seems, of all the inhabitants of this globe, confined to man only; the narrow power of communicating some few ideas of lust, or fear, or anger, which may be observable in brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by conversation, as may be deduced from the origination of the word itself, the only accurate guide to knowledge. The primitive and literal sense of this word, is, I apprehend, to turn round together; and in its more copious usage we intend by it that reciprocal interchange of ideas, by which truth is examined; things are, in a manner, turned round, and sifted, and all our knowledge communicated to each other.

In this respect man stands, I conceive, distinguished from, and superior to, all other earthly creatures; it is this privilege, which, while he is inferior in strength to some, in swiftness to others; without horns or claws, or tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself against them, hath made him master of them all. Indeed, in other views, however vain men may be of their abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal neighbours. With what envy must a swine, or a much less voracious animal, be surveyed by a glutton; and how contemptible must the talents of other sensualists appear, when opposed, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of brutes; but in conversation man stands alone; at least in this part of the creation; he leaves all

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others behind him at his first start, and the greater progress he makes, the greater distance is between them.

Conversation is of three sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall, at present, pass them by, and confine myself, in this essay, to the third only; since it seems to me amazing, that this grand business of our lives, the foundation of every thing, either useful or pleasant, should have been so slightly treated of; that, while there is scarce a profession or handicraft in life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furnished with proper rules to the attaining its perfection, men should be left almost totally in the dark, and without the least light to direct, or any guide to conduct them in the proper exerting of those talents, which are the noblest privilege of human nature, and productive of all rational happiness; and the rather as this power is by no means self-instructed, and, in the possession of the artless and ignorant, is of so mean use, that it raises them very little above those animals who are void of it.

As conversation is a branch of society, it follows, that it can be proper to none who is not in his nature social. Now society is agreeable to no creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in animals who are entirely guided by nature, that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious disposition addict themselves to solitude, and, unless when prompted by lust, or that necessary instinct implanted in them by nature for the nurture of their young, shun as much as possible the society of their own species. If therefore there should be found some human individuals of so savage a habit, it would seem they were not adapted to society, and, consequently, not to conversation; nor would any inconvenience ensure the admittance of such exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general rule of man's being a social animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my friend, the author of An

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Inquiry into Happiness) that these men live in a constant opposition to their own nature, and are no less monsters than the most wanton abortions, or extravagant births.

Again, if society requires that its members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other, the more suitable are they to the social nature, and more perfectly adapted to its institution; for all creatures seek their own happiness, and society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this happiness. To render therefore any animal social is to render it inoffensive; an instance of which is to be seen in those, the ferocity of whose nature can be tamed by man. And here the reader may observe a double distinction of man from the more savage animals by society, and from the social by conversation.

But if men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if society and conversation would be merely indifferent; and that in order to make it desirable by a sensible being, it is necessary we should go farther, and propose some positive good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes, not only negatively, our not receiving any hurt; but positively, our receiving some good, some pleasure or advantage from each other in it, something which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary state; otherwise we might cry out with the right honourable poet;[1]

> "Give us our wildness and our woods,
> Our huts and caves again."

The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation. It is this habit which gives it all its value. And as man's being a social animal (the truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent author of An Inquiry, &c., I have above cited) presupposes a natural desire or tendency this way, it will follow, that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable end from ignorance only in the means; and how general this ignorance is, may be, with

[1] The Duke of Buckingham.

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some probability, inferred from our want of even a word to express this art by; that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The word I mean is good-breeding; a word, I apprehend, not at first confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; nor were the qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a milliner, a tailor, or a periwig-maker; no, nor even by a dancing-master himself. According to the idea I myself conceive from this word, I should not have scrupled to call Socrates a well-bred man, though, I believe, he was very little instructed by any of the persons I have above enumerated. In short, by good-breeding (notwithstanding the corrupt use of the word in a very different sense), I mean the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this head; for whilst my reader clearly conceives the sense in which I use this word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original application.

Good-breeding then, or the *Art of pleasing in Conversation*, is expressed two different ways, viz., in our actions and our words, and our conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive rule in Scripture: *Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you.* Indeed, concise as this rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all treatises on ethics, but comments upon it; and whoever is well read in the book of nature, and hath made much observation on the actions of men, will perceive so few capable of judging, or rightly pursuing their own happiness, that he will be apt to conclude, that some attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable men to know truly, *what they would have done unto them*, or, at least, what it would be their interest to *have done.*

If therefore men, through weakness or inattention, often

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err in their conceptions of what would produce their own happiness, no wonder they should miss in the application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a censure on their inclinations, account for that frequent failure in true good-breeding, which daily experience gives us instances of.

Besides, the commentators have well paraphrased on the above-mentioned divine rule, that it is, to *do unto men what you would they* (if they were in your situation and circumstances, and you in theirs) *should do unto you;* and as this comment is necessary to be observed in ethics, so is it particularly useful in this our art, where the degree of the person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see then a possibility for a man well disposed to this golden rule, without some precautions, to err in the practice; nay, even, good-nature itself, the very habit of mind most essential to furnish us with true good-breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the appearance at least of propriety, artificial good-nature. This excellent quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the mark, and shows the truth of those lines in Horace:

> "*Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,*
> *Ultrà quàm satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsam.*"

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we show the deviations from those rules, which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this good-breeding is the art of pleasing, it will be first necessary, with the utmost caution, to avoid hurting or giving any offence to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual disrespect, or affront to their persons, by insolence, which is the severest attack that can be made on the pride of man, and of which Florus seems to have no inadequate opinion, when speaking of the second Tarquin, he says: *in omnes superbiâ*

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(*quæ crudelitate gravior est* BONIS) *grassatus*; "He trod on all with insolence, which sits heavier on men of great minds than cruelty itself." If there is any temper in man, which more than all others disqualifies him for society, it is this insolence or haughtiness, which, blinding a man to his own imperfections, and giving him a hawk's quicksightedness to those of others, raises in him that contempt for his species, which inflates the cheeks, erects the head, and stiffens the gait of those strutting animals, who sometimes stalk in assemblies, for no other reason, but to show in their gesture and behaviour the disregard they have for the company. Though to a truly great and philosophical mind it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous exhibition than this puppet; yet to others he is little less than a nuisance; for contempt is a murtherous weapon, and there is this difference only between the greatest and weakest man, when attacked by it, that, in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas, without the shields of wisdom and philosophy, which God knows are in the possession of very few, it wants no justice to point it; but is certain to penetrate, from whatever corner it comes. It is this disposition which inspires the empty Cacus to deny his acquaintance, and overlook men of merit in distress; and the little silly, pretty Phillida, or Foolida, to stare at the strange creatures round her. It is this temper which constitutes the supercilious eye, the reserved look, the distant bow, the scornful leer, the affected astonishment, the loud whisper, ending in a laugh directed full in the teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless offences given too frequently, in public and private assemblies, by persons of weak understandings, indelicate habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a vanity, that it wants to devour whatever comes in its way. Now, if good-breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and, indeed, how opposite to it, must such a behaviour be? and can any man call a duke or a duchess, who wears it, well-bred? or are they not more justly entitled to those inhuman names which they themselves allot to the lowest vulgar? But behold a more pleasing picture on the

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reverse. See the Earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind; how affable! how condescending! himself the only one who seems ignorant that he is every way the greatest person in the room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive, we must be profitable servants to each other: we are, in the second place, to proceed to the utmost verge in paying the respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this particular. My lord Shaftesbury hath a pretty observation, that the beggar, in addressing to a coach with, My Lord, is sure not to offend, even though there be no lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain Sir fly in the face of a nobleman, what must be the consequence? And indeed, whoever considers the bustle and contention about precedence, the pains and labours undertaken, and sometimes the prices given for the smallest title or mark of pre-eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the labour of their whole lives well employed in procuring? we are therefore to adapt our behaviour to the opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

It would be tedious, and perhaps impossible, to specify every instance, or to lay down exact rules for our conduct in every minute particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief which most ordinarily occur, after premising that the business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an idea of your esteem of them, which is, indeed, the substance of all the compliments, ceremonies, presents, and whatever passes between well-bred people. And here I shall lay down these positions:

First, that all mere ceremonies exist in form only, and

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have in them no substance at all; but, being imposed by the laws of custom, become essential to good-breeding, from those high-flown compliments paid to the Eastern monarchs, and which pass between Chinese mandarins, to those coarser ceremonials in use between English farmers and Dutch boors.

Secondly, that these ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more consequence than they at first appear, and, in reality, constitute the only external difference between man and man. Thus, His grace, Right honourable, My lord, Right reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Esquire, Mr., &c., have, in a philosophical sense, no meaning, yet are, perhaps, politically essential, and must be preserved by good-breeding; because,

Thirdly, they raise an expectation in the person by law and custom entitled to them, and who will consequently be displeased with the disappointment.

Now, in order to descend minutely into any rules for good-breeding, it will be necessary to lay some scene, or to throw our disciple into some particular circumstance. We will begin then with a visit in the country; and as the principal actor on this occasion is the person who receives it, we will, as briefly as possible, lay down some general rules for his conduct; marking, at the same time, the principal deviations we have observed on these occasions.

When an expected guest arrives to dinner at your house, if your equal, or, indeed, not greatly your inferior, he should be sure to find your family in some order, and yourself dressed and ready to receive him at your gate with a smiling countenance. This infuses an immediate cheerfulness into your guest, and persuades him of your esteem and desire of his company. Not so is the behaviour of Polysphercon, at whose gate you are obliged to knock a considerable time before you gain admittance. At length, the door being opened to you by a maid or some improper servant who wonders where the devil all the men are; and being asked if the gentleman is at home, answers, she believes so; you are conducted into a hall, or back-parlour, where you stay some time, before the gentleman, in a

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dishabille from his study or his garden, waits upon you, asks pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your guest being introduced into a drawing-room, is, after the first ceremonies, to be asked, whether he will refresh himself after his journey, before dinner (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed hour). But this request is never to be repeated oftener than twice, and not in imitation of Calepus, who, as if hired by a physician, crams wine in a morning down the throats of his most temperate friends, their constitutions being not so dear to them as their present quiet.

When dinner is on the table, and the ladies have taken their places, the gentlemen are to be introduced into the eating-room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose degrees claim an undoubted precedence. As to the rest, the general rules of precedence are by marriage, age, and profession. Lastly, in placing your guests, regard is rather to be had to birth than fortune; for though purse-pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a degradation with more secret comfort and ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of neglect or contempt.

The order in helping your guests is to be regulated by that of placing them; but here I must, with great submission, recommend to the lady at the upper end of the table, to distribute her favours as equally and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large dish of fish extend no farther than to the fifth person, and a haunch of venison lose all its fat before half the table had tasted it.

A single request to eat of any particular dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest solicitations, all complaints that you have no appetite, which are sometimes little less than burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some readers, as I have known omissions of this kind give offence, and sometimes make the offenders, who have been very well-

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meaning persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the ceremonial of drinking healths at table, which is always to begin with the lady's and next the master's of the house.

When dinner is ended, and the ladies retired, though I do not hold the master of the feast obliged to fuddle himself through complacence (and, indeed, it is his own fault generally, if his company be such as would desire it) yet he is to see that the bottle circulate sufficient to afford every person present a moderate quantity of wine if he chooses it; at the same time permitting those who desire it, either to pass the bottle, or fill their glass as they please. Indeed, the beastly custom of besotting, and ostentatious contention for pre-eminence in their cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better sort of people. Yet Methus still remains, who measures the honesty and understanding of mankind by a capaciousness of their swallow; who sings forth the praises of a bumper, and complains of the light in your glass; and at whose table it is as difficult to preserve your senses, as to preserve your purse at a gaming table, or your health at a b—y-house. On the other side, Sophronus eyes you carefully whilst you are filling out his liquor. The bottle as surely stops when it comes to him, as your chariot at Temple Bar; and it is almost as impossible to carry a pint of wine from his house, as to gain the love of a reigning beauty, or borrow a shilling of P—— W——.

But to proceed. After a reasonable time, if your guest intends staying with you the whole evening, and declines the bottle, you may propose play, walking, or any other amusement; but these are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his choice with all indifference on your part. What person can be so dull as not to perceive in Agyrtes a longing to pick your pockets? or in Alazon, a desire to satisfy his own vanity in showing you the rarities of his house and gardens? When your guest offers to go, there should be no solicitations to stay, unless for the whole night, and that no farther than to give him a moral assurance of his being welcome so to do; no assertions that he sha'n't

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go yet; no laying on violent hands; no private orders to servants to delay the providing the horses or vehicles; like Desmophylax, who never suffers any one to depart from his house without entitling him to an action of false imprisonment.

Let us now consider a little the part which the visitor himself is to act. And first, he is to avoid the two extremes of being too early or too late, so as neither to surprise his friends unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in expectation. Orthrius, who hath nothing to do, disturbs your rest in a morning; and the frugal Chronophidus, lest he should waste some minutes of his precious time, is sure to spoil your dinner.

The address at your arrival should be as short as possible, especially when you visit a superior; not imitating Phlenaphius, who would stop his friend in the rain, rather than omit a single bow.

Be not too observant of trifling ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the room, except with one greatly your superior; but when such a one offers precedence, it is uncivil to refuse it; of which I will give you the following instance: an English nobleman being in France, was bid by Lewis XIV. to enter his coach before him, which he excused himself from; the king then immediately mounted, and ordering the door to be shut, drove on, leaving the nobleman behind him.

Never refuse any thing offered you out of civility, unless in preference of a lady, and that no oftener than once; for nothing is more truly good-breeding than to avoid being troublesome. Though the taste and humour of the visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some regard likewise to be had to that of the master of the house; for otherwise your company will be rather a penance than a pleasure. Methusus plainly discovers his visit to be paid to his sober friend's bottle; nor will Philopasus abstain from cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender Leptines gives his fat entertainer a sweat, and makes him run the hazard of breaking his wind up his own mounts.

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If conveniency allows your staying longer than the time proposed, it may be civil to offer to depart, lest your stay may be incommodious to your friend; but if you perceive the contrary, by his solicitations, they should be readily accepted; without tempting him to break these rules we have above laid down for him; causing a confusion in his family, and among his servants, by preparations for your departure. Lastly, when you are resolved to go, the same method is to be observed which I have prescribed at your arrival. No tedious ceremonies of taking leave; not like Hyperphylus, who bows and kisses, and squeezes by the hand as heartily, and wishes you as much health and happiness, when he is going a journey home of ten miles from a common acquaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest friend or relation on a voyage to the East Indies.

Having thus briefly considered our reader in the circumstance of a private visit, let us now take him into a public assembly, where, as more eyes will be on his behaviour, it cannot be less his interest to be instructed. We have, indeed, already formed a general picture of the chief enormities committed on these occasions; we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the rules of an opposite demeanour, which we may divide into three sorts, viz. our behaviour to our superiors, to our equals, and to our inferiors.

In our behaviour to our superiors, two extremes are to be avoided; namely, an abject and base servility, and an impudent and encroaching freedom. When the well-bred Hyperdulus approaches a nobleman in any public place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his domestics; his cringes fall little short of prostration; and his whole behaviour is so mean and servile, that an Eastern monarch would not require more humiliation from his vassals. On the other side, Anaschyntus, whom fortunate accidents, without any pretensions from his birth, have raised to associate with his betters, shakes my lord duke by the hand, with a familiarity savouring not only of the most perfect intimacy, but the closest alliance. The former behaviour properly raises our contempt, the latter our disgust.

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Hyperdulus seems worthy of wearing his lordship's livery; Anaschyntus deserves to be turned out of his service for his impudence. Between these two is that golden mean, which declares a man ready to acquiesce in allowing the respect due to a title by the laws and customs of his country, but impatient of any insult, and disdaining to purchase the intimacy with, and favour of a superior, at the expense of conscience or honour. As to the question, Who are our superiors? I shall endeavour to ascertain them, when I come, in the second place, to mention our behaviour to our equals. The first instruction on this head being carefully to consider who are such; every little superiority of fortune or profession being too apt to intoxicate men's minds, and elevate them in their own opinion, beyond their merit or pretensions. Men are superior to each other in this our country by title, by birth, by rank in profession, and by age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to fortune, though so much is generally exacted by it, and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more despicable light than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean servility, voluntarily concurring in the adoration of riches, without the least benefit or prospect from them. Respect and deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some reason at least, from expectation, paid to the rich and liberal from the necessitous; but that men should be allured by the glittering of wealth only to feed the insolent pride of those who will not in return feed their hunger; that the sordid niggard should find any sacrifices on the altar of his vanity seems to arise from a blinder idolatry, and a more bigoted and senseless superstition, than any which the sharp eyes of priests have discovered in the human mind.

All gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by title, birth, rank in profession, age, or actual obligation, being to be considered as equals, let us take some lessons for their behaviour to each other in public, from the following examples; in which we shall discern as well what we are to select, as what we are to avoid. Authades is so absolutely abandoned to his own humour, that he never gives

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it up on any occasion. If Seraphina herself, whose charms one would imagine should infuse alacrity into the limbs of a cripple sooner than the Bath waters, was to offer herself for his partner, he would answer, he never danced, even though the ladies lost their ball by it. Nor doth this denial arise from incapacity; for he was in his youth an excellent dancer, and still retains sufficient knowledge of the art, and sufficient abilities in his limbs to practise it; but from an affectation of gravity, which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest desire of others. Dyskolus hath the same aversion to cards; and though competently skilled in all games, is by no importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at ombre, or a fourth at whist and quadrille. He will suffer any company to be disappointed of their amusement, rather than submit to pass an hour or two a little disagreeably to himself, The refusal of Philautus is not so general; he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add, both these are men of fortune, and the consequences of loss or gain, at the rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The rebukes those people sometimes meet with, are no more equal to their deserts than the honour paid to Charistus, the benevolence of whose mind scarce permits him to indulge his own will, unless by accident. Though neither his age nor understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole evening, rather than a fine young lady should lose an opportunity of displaying her charms by the several genteel and amiable attitudes which this exercise affords the skilful of that sex. And though cards are not adapted to his temper, he never once baulked the inclinations of others on that account.

But as there are many who will not in the least instance mortify their humour to purchase the satisfaction of all mankind, so there are some who make no scruple of satisfying their own pride and vanity, at the expense of the most cruel

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mortification of others. Of this kind is Agroicus, who seldom goes to an assembly, but he affronts half his acquaintance, by overlooking or disregarding them.

As this is a very common offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its cause and effect, than is generally imagined, I shall examine it very minutely; and I doubt not but to make it appear, that there is no behaviour (to speak like a philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil sense, more detestable, than his.

The first ingredient in this composition is pride, which, according to the doctrine of some, is the universal passion. There are others who consider it as the foible of great minds; and others again, who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness; and, perhaps, it may of that greatness which we have endeavoured to expose in many parts of these works; but to real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will show us, that fools are the most addicted to this vice; and a little reflection will teach us, that it is incompatible with true understanding. Accordingly we see, that while the wisest of men have constantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own excellences, and triumphing in their own sufficiency.

Pride may, I think, be properly defined, the pleasure we feel in contemplating our own superior merit, on comparing it with that of others. That it arises from this supposed superiority is evident; for however great you admit a man's merit to be, if all men were equal to him, there would be no room for pride. Now if it stop here, perhaps, there is no enormous harm in it, or at least, no more than is common to all other folly; every species of which is always liable to produce every species of mischief; folly I fear it is; for should the man estimate rightly on this occasion, and the balance should fairly turn on his side in this particular

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instance; should he be indeed a great orator, poet, general; should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever instance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no reason to abate his pride? is the quality, in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed? is it so entirely his own; doth he not rather owe his superiority to the defects of others, than to his own perfection? or, lastly, can he find in no part of his character a weakness which may counterpoise this merit, and which as justly, at least, threatens him with shame, as this entices him to pride? I fancy if such a scrutiny was made (and nothing so ready as good sense to make it), a proud man would be as rare, as in reality he is a ridiculous monster. But suppose a man, on this comparison, is (as may sometimes happen) a little partial to himself, the harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my excellence in poetry to Pope or Young; if an inferior actor should, in his opinion, exceed Quin or Garrick; or a sign-post painter set himself above the inimitable Hogarth; we become only ridiculous by our vanity: and the persons themselves, who are thus humbled in the comparison, would laugh with more reason than any other. Pride therefore, hitherto, seems an inoffensive weakness only, and entitles a man to no worse an appellation than that of a fool; but it will not stop here; though fool be perhaps no desirable term, the proud man will deserve worse; he is not contented with the admiration he pays himself; he now becomes arrogant, and requires the same respect and preference from the world; for pride, though the greatest of flatterers, is by no means a profitable servant to itself; it resembles the parson of the parish more than the squire, and lives rather on the tithes, oblations, and contributions it collects from others, than on its own demesne. As pride therefore is seldom without arrogance, so is this never to be found without insolence. The arrogant man must be insolent, in order to attain his own ends; and to convince and remind men of the superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill words, actions, and gestures, endeavour

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to throw the despised person at as much distance as possible from him. Hence proceeds that supercilious look, and all those visible indignities with which men behave in public, to those whom they fancy their inferiors. Hence the very notable custom of deriding and often denying the nearest relations, friends, and acquaintance, in poverty and distress; lest we should anywise be levelled with the wretches we despise, either in their own imagination, or in the conceit of any who should behold familiarities pass between us.

But besides pride, folly, arrogance, and insolence, there is another simple (which vice never willingly leaves out of any composition), and this is ill-nature. A good-natured man may indeed (provided he is a fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be; unless we will allow to such a still greater degree of folly, and ignorance of human nature; which may indeed entitle them to forgiveness, in the benign language of Scripture, because they know not what they do.

For when we come to consider the effect of this behaviour on the person who suffers it, we may perhaps have reason to conclude, that murder is not a much more cruel injury. What is the consequence of this contempt? or, indeed, what is the design of it, but to expose the object of it to shame? a sensation as uneasy, and almost intolerable, as those which arise from the severest pains inflicted on the body; a convulsion of the mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces symptoms of universal disorder in the whole man; which hath sometimes been attended with death itself, and to which death hath, by great multitudes, been with much alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest degree of ill-nature can permit a man to pamper his own vanity at the price of another's shame? Is the glutton, who, to raise the flavour of his dish, puts some birds or beast to exquisite torment, more cruel to the animal, than this our proud man to his own species?

This character then is a composition made up of those odious, contemptible qualities, pride, folly, arrogance, insolence, and ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general observations,

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which will place it in so ridiculous a light, that a man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable portion, either of folly or impudence, to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand fallacy; for whereas this wretch is endeavouring, by a supercilious conduct, to lead the beholder into an opinion of his superiority to the despised person, he inwardly flatters his own vanity with a deceitful presumption, that this his conduct is founded on a general preconceived opinion of this superiority.

Secondly, this caution to preserve it plainly indicates a doubt that the superiority of our own characters is very slightly established: for which reason we see it chiefly practised by men who have the weakest pretensions to the reputation they aim at; and, indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble person whom we have already mentioned in this essay, and who can never be mentioned but with honour, by those who know him.

Thirdly, this opinion of our superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a general behave in this supercilious manner to an officer of lower rank, who hath been greatly his superior in that very art, to his excellence in which the general ascribes all his merit. Parallel instances occur in every other art, science, or profession.

Fourthly, men who excel others in trifling instances, frequently cast a supercilious eye on their superiors in the highest. Thus the least pretensions to pre-eminence in title, birth, riches, equipages, dress, &c., constantly overlook the most noble endowments of virtue, honour, wisdom, sense, wit, and every other quality, which can truly dignify and adorn a man.

Lastly, the lowest and meanest of our species are the most strongly addicted to this vice. Men who are a scandal to their sex, and women who disgrace human nature; for the basest mechanic is so far from being exempt, that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits alehouses and gin-shops, and whistles in the empty heads of fiddlers, mountebanks, and dancing-masters.

To conclude a character on which we have already dwelt

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longer than is consistent with the intended measure of this essay, this contempt of others is the truest symptom of a base and a bad heart. While it suggests itself to the mean and the vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occasion, it never enters the great and good mind but on the strongest motives; nor is it then a welcome guest, affording only an uneasy sensation, and brings always with it a mixture of concern and compassion.

We will now proceed to inferior criminals in society. Theoretus, conceiving that the assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the eyes of the whole company. The giant doth not take more pains to be viewed; and, as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous place; nor will that suffice, he must walk about the room, though to the great disturbance of the company; and if he can purchase general observations at no less rate, will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at to being taken little notice of.

On the other side, Dusopius is so bashful that he hides himself in a corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public view. He trembles when you bow to him at a distance, is shocked at hearing his own voice, and would almost swoon at the repetition of his name.

The audacious Anedes, who is extremely amorous in his inclinations, never likes a woman, but his eyes ask her the question, without considering the confusion he often occasions to the object; he ogles and languishes at every pretty woman in the room. As there is no law of morality which he would not break to satisfy his desires, so is there no form of civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets possession of a woman's hand, which those of stricter decency never give him but with reluctance, he considers himself as its master. Indeed, there is scarce a familiarity which he will abstain from, on the slightest acquaintance, and in the most public place. Seraphina herself can make no impression on the rough temper of Agroicus;

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neither her quality, nor her beauty, can exact the least complacence from him; and he would let her lovely limbs ache, rather than offer her his chair; while the gentle Lyperus tumbles over benches, and overthrows tea-tables, to take up a fan or a glove; he forces you as a good parent doth his child, for your own good; he is absolute master of a lady's will, nor will allow her the election of standing or sitting in his company. In short, the impertinent civility of Lyperus is as troublesome, though, perhaps, not so offensive, as the brutish rudeness of Agroicus.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common enormities committed in public assemblies to our equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all; nor is it needful; since from this sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last place, to consider our behaviour to our inferiors, in which condescension can never be too strongly recommended; for as a deviation on this side is much more innocent than on the other, so the pride of man renders us much less liable to it. For besides that we are apt to overrate our own perfections, and undervalue the qualifications of our neighbours, we likewise set too high an esteem on the things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential difference between us than they really do. The qualities of the mind do, in reality, establish the truest superiority over one another; yet should not these so far elevate our pride, as to inflate us with contempt, and make us look down on our fellow creatures, as on animals of an inferior order; but that the fortuitous accident of birth, the acquisition of wealth, with some outward ornaments of dress, should inspire men with an insolence capable of treating the rest of mankind with disdain, is so preposterous, that nothing less than daily experience could give it credit.

If men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into subordinate classes, according to the superior excellence of their several natures, perhaps the lowest class of either sex

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would be properly assigned to those two disgracers of the human species, commonly called a beau, and a fine lady; for if we rate men by the faculties of the mind, in what degree must these stand? nay, admitting the qualities of the body were to give the pre-eminence, how many of those whom fortune hath placed in the lowest station, must be ranked above them? If dress is their only title, sure even the monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a footing as the beau.—But, perhaps, I shall be told, they challenge their dignity from birth: that is a poor and mean pretence to honour, when supported with no other. Persons who have no better claim to superiority, should be ashamed of this; they are really a disgrace to those very ancestors from whom they would derive their pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate portion of understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet, who so prone to a contemptuous carriage as these! I have myself seen a little female thing which they have called My Lady, of no greater dignity in the order of beings than a cat, and of no more use in society than a butterfly; whose mien would not give even the idea of a gentlewoman, and whose face would cool the loosest libertine; with a mind as empty of ideas as an opera, and a body fuller of diseases than an hospital—I have seen this thing express contempt to a woman who was an honour to her sex, and an ornament to the creation.

To confess the truth, there is little danger of the possessor's ever undervaluing this titular excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that deference which the policy of government hath assigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the most exact compliance with this respect, as a fundamental in good-breeding; nay, I insist only that we may be admitted to pay it, and not treated with a disdain even beyond what the eastern monarchs show to their slaves. Surely it is too high an elevation, when, instead of treating the lowest human creature, in a Christian sense, as our brethren, we look down on such as are but one rank, in the

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civil order, removed from us, as unworthy to breathe even the same air, and regard the most distant communication with them as an indignity and disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the difference not in the individual, but in the very species; a height of insolence impious in a Christian society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading nation.

I have now done with my first head, in which I have treated of good-breeding, as it regards our actions. I shall, in the next place, consider it with respect to our words: and shall endeavour to lay down some rules, by observing which our well-bred man may, in his discourse as well as actions, contribute to the happiness and well being of society.

Certain it is, that the highest pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in conversation, is to be met with only in the society of persons whose understanding is pretty near on an equality with our own; nor is this equality only necessary to enable men of exalted genius, and extensive knowledge, to taste the sublimer pleasures of communicating their refined ideas to each other; but it is likewise necessary to the inferior happiness of every subordinate degree of society, down to the very lowest. For instance; we will suppose a conversation between Socrates Plato, Aristotle, and three dancing-masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the heel sophists would be as little pleased with the company of the philosophers, as the philosophers with theirs.

It would be greatly, therefore, for the improvement and happiness of conversation, if society could be formed on this equality; but as men are not ranked in this world by the different degrees of their understanding, but by other methods, and consequently all degrees of understanding often meet in the same class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the impossibility of accomplishing any such Utopian scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible, but unavoidable perfection in society itself.

But as we have laid it down as a fundamental, that the

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essence of good breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the ease and happiness of mankind, so will it be the business of our well-bred man to endeavour to lessen this imperfection to his utmost, and to bring society as near to a level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two ways to compass this, viz. by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose then, that very unequal company I have before mentioned met; the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let Socrates, for instance, institute a discourse on the nature of the soul, or Plato reason on the native beauty of virtue, and Aristotle on his occult qualities—What must become of our dancing masters? Would they not stare at one another with surprise? and, most probably, at our philosophers with contempt? Would they have any pleasure in such society? or would they not rather wish themselves in a dancing-school, or a green-room at the play-house? What, therefore, have our philosophers to do, but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And surely there are subjects on which both can converse. Hath not Socrates heard of harmony? Hath not Plato, who draws virtue in the person of a fine woman, any idea of the gracefulness of attitude? and hath not Aristotle himself written a book on motion? In short, to be a little serious, there are many topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd then must appear the conduct of Cenodoxus, who having had the advantage of a liberal education, and having made a pretty good progress in literature, constantly advancing learned subjects in common conversation. He talks of the Classics before the ladies, and of Greek criticisms among fine gentlemen What is this less than an insult on the company, over whom he thus affects a superiority, and whose time he sacrifices to his vanity?

Wisely different is the amiable conduct of Sophronus; who, though he exceeds the former in knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial matters, rather than introduce such as his company are utter strangers to. He can talk of

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fashions and diversions among the ladies; nay, can even condescend to horses and dogs with country gentlemen. This gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest points, can likewise talk on a fan, or a horse-race; nor had ever any one, who was not himself a man of learning, the least reason to conceive the vast knowledge of Sophronus, unless from the report of others.

Let us compare these together. Cenodoxus proposes the satisfaction of his own pride from the admiration of others; Sophronus thinks of nothing but their amusement. In the company of Cenodoxus, every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of knowledge, and longs for the end of the dull assembly; with Sophronus all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their knowledge of matters which they find worthy the consideration of a man of sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with envy and hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet fruit of good-will. The former is shunned; the latter courted by all.

This behaviour in Cenodoxus may, in some measure, account for an observation we must have frequent occasion to make; that the conversation of men of very moderate capacities is often preferred to that with men of superior talents: in which the world act more wisely than at first they may seem; for, besides that backwardness in mankind to give their admiration, what can be duller, or more void of pleasure, than discourses on subjects above our comprehension? It is like listening to an unknown language; and, if such company is ever desired by us, it is a sacrifice to our vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these means raise the general opinion of our own parts and knowledge, and not from that cheerful delight which is the natural result of an agreeable conversation.

There is another very common fault, equally destructive of this delight, by much the same means; though it is far from owing its original to any real superiority of parts and knowledge: this is discoursing on the mysteries of a particular profession, to which all the rest of the company, except one

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or two, are utter strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this fault, as they are more confined to the conversation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable company spoiled, where there have been two of these gentlemen present, who have seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice, than in a mixed assembly of persons, met only for the entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole company understand the topic of their conversation: they should be likewise equally interested in every subject not tending to their general information or amusement; for these are not to be postponed to the relation of private affairs, much less of the particular grievance or misfortune of a single person. To bear a share in the afflictions of another is a degree of friendship not to be expected in a common acquaintance; nor hath any man a right to indulge the satisfaction of a weak mind by the comfort of pity, at the expense of the whole company's diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful members of the several professions are generally guilty of this fault; for, as they fail of the reward due to their great merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust fate.

Farther; as a man is not to make himself the subject of the conversation, so neither is he to engross the whole to himself. As every man had rather please others by what he says, than be himself pleased by what they say; or, in other words, as every man is best pleased with the consciousness of pleasing, so should all have an equal opportunity of aiming at it. This is a right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that though I remember to have known a man reputed a good companion, who seldom opened his mouth in company, unless to swallow his liquor; yet I have scarce ever heard that appellation given to a very talkative person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with buffoonery, and made the rest amends, by partaking of their scorn together with their admiration and applause.

A well-bred man, therefore, will not take more of the

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discourse than falls to his share; nor in this will he show any violent impetuosity of temper, or exert any loudness of voice, even in arguing; for the information of the company, and the conviction of his antagonist, are to be his apparent motives; not the indulgence of his own pride, or an ambitious desire of victory; which latter, if a wise man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost endeavour; since he must know, that to lay open his vanity in public, is no less absurd than to lay open his bosom to an enemy, whose drawn sword is pointed against it; for every man hath a dagger in his hand ready to stab the vanity of another, wherever he perceives it.

Having now shown, that the pleasure of conversation must arise from the discourse being on subjects levelled to the capacity of the whole company; from being on such in which every person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his share in the discourse; and lastly, from carefully avoiding all noise, violence, and impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular rules for the choice of those subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful delights proposed from this social communication; but as such an attempt might appear absurd, from the infinite variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those topics only which seem most foreign to this delight, and which are most likely to be attended with consequences rather tending to make society an evil, than to procure us any good from it.

And first, I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain bounds, namely, Arguments; but which, if they were entirely banished out of company, especially from mixed assemblies, and where ladies make part of the society, it would, I believe, promote their happiness: they have been sometimes attended with bloodshed, generally with hatred from the conquered party towards his victor; and scarce ever with conviction. Here I except jocose arguments, which often produce much mirth; and serious disputes between men of learning (when none

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but such are present), which tend to the propagation of knowledge and the edification of the company.

Secondly, Slander; which, however frequently used, or however savoury to the palate of ill-nature, is extremely pernicious. As it is often unjust, and highly injurious to the person slandered; and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed companies; where sometimes an undesigned offence is given to an innocent relation or friend of such person, who is thus exposed to shame and confusion, without having any right to resent the affront. Of this there have been very tragical instances; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great pain, as well to the person offended, as to him who hath been the innocent occasion of giving the offence.

Thirdly, all general Reflections on countries, religions, and professions, which are always unjust. If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the persons who with some pleasantry ridicule their own country. It is very common among us to cast sarcasms on a neighbouring nation, to which we have no other reason to bear an antipathy, than what is more usual than justifiable, because we have injured it: but sure such general satire is not founded on truth; for I have known gentlemen of that nation possessed with every good quality which is to be wished in a man, or required in a friend. I remember a repartee made by a gentleman of this country, which, though it was full of the severest wit, the person to whom it was directed could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great bitterness inveighed against this whole people; upon which, one of them who was present, very coolly answered, "I don't know, sir, whether I have not more reason to be pleased with the compliment you pay my country, than to be angry with what you say against it; since, by your abusing us all so heavily, you have plainly implied you are not of it." This exposed the other to so much laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-mannered satire.

Fourthly, Blasphemy, and irreverent mention of religion.

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I will not here debate what compliment a man pays to his own understanding by the profession of infidelity; it is sufficient to my purpose, that he runs a risk of giving the cruelest offence to persons of a different temper; for if a loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any indecencies offered to the person of a temporal prince, how much more bitterly must a man, who sincerely believes in such a being as the Almighty, feel any irreverence, or insult shown to his name, his honour, or his institution? And notwithstanding the impious character of the present age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate business it is to lead men, as well by example as precept, into the ways of piety, there are still sufficient numbers left, who pay so honest and sincere a reverence to religion, as may give us a reasonable expectation of finding one at least of this stamp in every large company.

A fifth particular to be avoided, is Indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating of such words as would give an immediate affront to a lady of reputation; but the raising of any loose ideas tending to the offence of that modesty, which, if a young woman hath not something more than the affectation of, she is not worthy the regard even of a man of pleasure, provided he hath any delicacy in his constitution. How inconsistent with good-breeding it is to give pain and confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent; all *double-entendres*, and obscene jests, are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower, and less productive of rational mirth, than this loose conversation. For my own part, I cannot conceive how the idea of jest or pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious pleasures. Nor can I help observing, to the discredit of such merriment, that it is commonly the last resource of impotent wit, the weak strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest fellows in the world.

Sixthly, you are to avoid knowingly mentioning any thing which may revive in any person the remembrance of some past accident; or raise an uneasy reflection on a

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present misfortune, or corporal blemish. To maintain this rule nicely, perhaps, requires great delicacy; but it is absolutely necessary to a well-bred man. I have observed numberless breaches of it; many, I believe, proceeding from negligence and inadvertency; yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious desire of triumphing in our own superior happiness and perfections; now, when it proceeds from this motive, it is not easy to imagine any thing more criminal.

Under this head I shall caution my well-bred reader against a common fault, much of the same nature; which is, mentioning any particular quality as absolutely essential to either man or woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy, who is in the least self-conscious of the defect. I have heard a boor of fashion declare in the presence of women remarkably plain, that beauty was the chief perfection of that sex; and an essential, without which no woman was worth regarding. A certain method of putting all those in the room, who are but suspicious of their defect that way, out of countenance.

I shall mention one fault more, which is, not paying a proper regard to the present temper of the company, or the occasion of their meeting, in introducing a topic of conversation, by which as great an absurdity is sometimes committed, as it would be to sing a dirge at a wedding, or an epithalamium at a funeral.

Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the principal errors which we are apt to fall into in conversation; and though, perhaps, some particulars worthy of remark may have escaped me, yet an attention to what I have here said, may enable the reader to discover them. At least I am persuaded, that, if the rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our conversation would be more perfect, and the pleasure resulting from it purer, and more unsullied, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this subject without some animadversions on a particular species of pleasantry, which, though I am far from being desirous of banishing from conversation,

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requires, most certainly, some reins to govern, and some rule to direct it. The reader may perhaps guess, I mean Raillery; to which I may apply the fable of the lap-dog and the ass; for while in some hands it diverts and delights us with its dexterity and gentleness, in others, it paws, daubs, offends and hurts.

The end of conversation being the happiness of mankind, and the chief means to procure their delight and pleasure; it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this end, which tends to make a man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the scorn and contempt of others. I here except that kind of raillery, therefore, which is concerned in tossing men out of their chairs, tumbling them into water, or any of those handicraft jokes which are exercised on those notable persons, commonly known by the name of buffoons; who are contented to feed their belly at the price of their br—ch, and to carry off the wine and the p—ss of a great man together. This I pass by, as well as all remarks on the genius of the great men themselves, who are (to fetch a phrase from school, a phrase not improperly mentioned on this occasion) great dabs of this kind of facetiousness.

But leaving all such persons to expose human nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my well-bred man, who aims at raillery, the excellent character given of Horace by Persius.

> "*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*
> *Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,*
> *Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.*"

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious translator of that obscure author.

> "Yet could shrewd Horace, with disportive wit,
> Rally his friend, and tickle while he bit;
> Winning access, he play'd around the heart,
> And gently touching, prick'd the tainted part.
> The crowd he sneer'd; but sneer'd with such a grace,
> It pass'd for downright innocence of face."

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The raillery which is consistent with good-breeding, is a gentle animadversion on some foible; which, while it raises a laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame and contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate, that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.

All great vices therefore, misfortunes, and notorious blemishes of mind or body, are improper subjects of raillery. Indeed, a hint at such is an abuse, and an affront which is sure to give the person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) pain and uneasiness, and should be received with contempt, instead of applause, by all the rest of the company.

Again; the nature and quality of the person are to be considered. As to the first, some men will not bear any raillery at all. I remember a gentleman, who declared, "He never made a jest, nor would ever take one." I do not, indeed, greatly recommend such a person for a companion; but at the same time, a well-bred man, who is to consult the pleasure and happiness of the whole, is not at liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the quality, I mean the sex, degree, profession, and circumstances; on which head I need not be very particular. With regard to the two former, all raillery on ladies and superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient caution.

Lastly, A consideration is to be had of the persons before whom we rally. A man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those railleries in one company, which he would very patiently bear the imputation of in another. Instances on this head are so obvious, that they need not be mentioned. In short, the whole doctrine of raillery is comprised in this famous line:

"*Quid* de *quoque* viro, et *cui* dicas, sæpe caveto."

"Be cautious *what* you say, *of whom* and *to whom*."

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And now methinks I hear some one cry out, that such restrictions are, in effect, to exclude all raillery from conversation; and to confess the truth, it is a weapon from which many persons will do wisely in totally abstaining; for it is a weapon which doth the more mischief, by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest wit therefore is only to be indulged the free use of it; for no more than a very slight touch is to be allowed; no hacking, nor bruising, as if they were to hew a carcass for hounds, as Shakespeare phrases it.

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost tenderness and good-nature; and as the nicest dexterity of a gladiator is shown in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our raillier, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True raillery indeed consists either in playing on peccadillos, which, however they may be censured by some, are not esteemed as really blemishes in a character in the company where they are made the subject of mirth; as too much freedom with the bottle, or too much indulgence with women, &c.

Or, secondly, in pleasantly representing real good qualities in a false light of shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So generosity may be treated as prodigality; economy as avarice, true courage as fool-hardiness: and so of the rest.

Lastly, in ridiculing men for vices and faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the cowardice of A——le, the dulness of Ch——d, the unpoliteness of D——ton, may be attacked without danger of offence; and thus Lyt——n may be censured for whatever vice or folly you please to impute to him.

And however limited these bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty hands, I have known raillery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive entertainment to the whole company.

I shall conclude this essay with these two observations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, that every person who indulges his ill-nature or

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vanity, at the expense of others; and in introducing uneasiness, vexation, and confusion into society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, that whoever from the goodness of his disposition or understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the good-humour and happiness of others, and to contribute to the ease and comfort of all his acquaintance, however low in rank fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his figure or demeanour, hath, in the truest sense of the word, a claim to good-breeding.

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AN ESSAY ON THE KNOWLEDGE

OF

THE CHARACTERS OF MEN

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AN ESSAY ON THE KNOWLEDGE

OF

THE CHARACTERS OF MEN

I HAVE often thought it a melancholy instance of the great depravity of human nature, that, whilst so many men have employed their utmost abilities to invent systems, by which the artful and cunning part of mankind may be enabled to impose on the rest of the world, few or none should have stood up the champions of the innocent and undesigning, and have endeavoured to arm them against imposition.

Those who predicate of man in general, that he is an animal of this or that disposition, seem to me not sufficiently to have studied human nature; for that immense variety of characters, so apparent in men even of the same climate, religion, and education, which gives the poet a sufficient licence, as I apprehend, for saying that,

"Man differs more from man, than man from beast,"

could hardly exist, unless the distinction had some original foundation in nature itself. Nor is it perhaps a less proper predicament of the genius of a tree, that it will flourish so many years, loves such a soil, bears such a fruit, &c., than

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of man in general, that he is good, bad, fierce, tame, honest, or cunning.

This original difference will, I think, alone account for that very early and strong inclination to good or evil, which distinguishes different dispositions in children, in their first infancy; in the most uninformed savages, who can be thought to have altered their nature by no rules, nor artfully acquired habits; and lastly, in persons, who, from the same education, &c., might be thought to have directed nature the same way; yet, among all these, there subsists, as I have before hinted, so manifest and extreme a difference of inclination or character, that almost obliges us, I think, to acknowledge some unacquired, original distinction, in the nature or soul of one man, from that of another.

Thus without asserting, in general, that man is a deceitful animal; we may, I believe, appeal for instances of deceit to the behaviour of some children and savages. When this quality therefore is nourished and improved by education, in which we are taught rather to conceal vices than to cultivate virtues; when it hath sucked in the instruction of politicians, and is instituted in the Art of thriving, it will be no wonder that it should grow to that monstrous height to which we sometimes see it arrive. This Art of thriving being the very reverse of that doctrine of the Stoics, by which men were taught to consider themselves as fellow citizens of the world, and to labour jointly for the common good, without any private distinction of their own: whereas this, on the contrary, points out to every individual his own particular and separate advantage, to which he is to sacrifice the interest of all others; which he is to consider as his *Summum Bonum*, to pursue with his utmost diligence and industry, and to acquire by all means whatever. Now when this noble end is once established, deceit must immediately suggest itself as the necessary means; for, as it is impossible that any man endowed with rational faculties, and being in a state of freedom, should willingly agree, without some motive of love or friendship, absolutely to sacrifice his own interest to that of another, it becomes necessary to impose upon him, to

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persuade him, that his own good is designed, and that he will be a gainer by coming into those schemes, which are, in reality, calculated for his destruction. And this, if I mistake not, is the very essence of that excellent art, called the Art of Politics.

Thus while the crafty and designing part of mankind, consulting only their own separate advantage, endeavour to maintain one constant imposition on others, the whole world becomes a vast masquerade, where the greatest part appear disguised under false vizors and habits; a very few only showing their own faces, who become, by so doing, the astonishment and ridicule of all the rest.

But however cunning the disguise be which a masquerader wears; however foreign to his age, degree, or circumstance, yet if closely attended to, he very rarely escapes the discovery of an accurate observer; for Nature, which unwillingly submits to the imposture, is ever endeavouring to peep forth and show herself; nor can the cardinal, the friar, or the judge, long conceal the sot, the gamester, or the rake.

In the same manner will those disguises, which are worn on the greater stage, generally vanish, or prove ineffectual to impose the assumed for the real character upon us, if we employ sufficient diligence and attention in the scrutiny. But as this discovery is of infinitely greater consequence to us; and as, perhaps, all are not equally qualified to make it, I shall venture to set down some few rules, the efficacy (I had almost said infallibility) of which, I have myself experienced. Nor need any man be ashamed of wanting or receiving instructions on this head; since that open disposition, which is the surest indication of an honest and upright heart, chiefly renders us liable to be imposed on by craft and deceit, and principally disqualifies us for this discovery.

Neither will the reader, I hope, be offended, if he should here find no observations entirely new to him. Nothing can be plainer, or more known, than the general rules of morality, and yet thousands of men are thought well employed in reviving our remembrance, and enforcing our practice of them. But though I am convinced there are many of

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my readers whom I am not capable of instructing on this head, and who are, indeed, fitter to give than receive instructions, at least from me, yet this essay may perhaps be of some use to the young and unexperienced, to the more open, honest, and considering part of mankind, who, either from ignorance or inattention, are daily exposed to all the pernicious designs of that detestable fiend, hypocrisy.

I will proceed, therefore, without farther preface, to those diagnostics which Nature, I apprehend, gives us of the diseases of the mind, seeing she takes such pains to discover those of the body. And first, I doubt whether the old adage of *Fronti nulla fides*, be generally well understood; the meaning of which is commonly taken to be, that "no trust is to be given to the countenance." But what is the context in Juvenal?

> ——— "*Quis enim non vicus abundat*
> *Tristibus obscœnis?*"
>
> ——— "What place is not filled with
> austere libertines?"

Now, that an austere countenance is no token of purity of heart, I readily concede. So far otherwise, it is, perhaps, rather a symptom of the contrary. But the satirist surely never intended by these words, which have grown into a proverb, utterly to depreciate an art, on which so wise a man as Aristotle hath thought proper to compose a treatise.

The truth is, we almost universally mistake the symptoms which Nature kindly holds forth to us; and err as grossly as a physician would, who should conclude, that a very high pulse is a certain indication of health; but sure the faculty would rather impute such a mistake to his deplorable ignorance than conclude from it that the pulse could give a skilful and sensible observer no information of the patient's distemper.

In the same manner, I conceive the passions of men do commonly imprint sufficient marks on the countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of skill in the observer that physiognomy is of so little use and credit in the world.

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But our errors in this disquisition would be little wondered at, if it was acknowledged, that the few rules, which generally prevail on this head, are utterly false, and the very reverse of truth. And this will perhaps appear, if we condescend to the examination of some particulars. Let us begin with the instance, given us by the poet above, of austerity; which, as he shows us, was held to indicate a chastity, or severity of morals, the contrary of which, as himself shows us, is true.

Among us, this austerity, or gravity of countenance, passes for wisdom, with just the same equity of pretension. My Lord Shaftesbury tells us that gravity is of the essence of imposture. I will not venture to say, that it certainly denotes folly, though I have known some of the silliest fellows in the world very eminently possessed of it. The affections which it indicates, and which we shall seldom err in suspecting to lie under it, are pride, ill-nature, and cunning. Three qualities, which when we know to be inherent in any man, we have no reason to desire any farther discovery to instruct us, to deal as little and as cautiously with him as we are able.

But though the world often pays a respect to these appearances, which they do not deserve; they rather attract admiration than love, and inspire us rather with awe than confidence. There is a countenance of a contrary kind, which hath been called a letter of recommendation; which throws our arms open to receive the poison, divests us of all kind of apprehension, and disarms us of all caution: I mean that glavering sneering smile, of which the greater part of mankind are extremely fond, conceiving it to be the sign of good-nature; whereas this is generally a compound of malice and fraud, and as surely indicates a bad heart, as a galloping pulse doth a fever.

Men are chiefly betrayed into this deceit, by a gross, but common mistake of good-humour for good-nature. Two qualities, so far from bearing any resemblance to each other, that they are almost opposites. Good-nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind, which disposes us to feel

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the misfortunes, and enjoy the happiness of others; and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion. Now good-humour is nothing more than the triumph of the mind, when reflecting on its own happiness, and that, perhaps, from having compared it with the inferior happiness of others.

If this be allowed, I believe we may admit that glavering smile, whose principal ingredient is malice, to be the symptom of good-humour. And here give me leave to define this word malice, as I doubt, whether it be not in common speech so often confounded with envy, that common readers may not have very distinct ideas between them; but as envy is a repining at the good of others, compared with our own, so malice is a rejoicing at their evil, on the same comparison. And thus it appears to have a very close affinity to the malevolent disposition, which I have above described under the word good-humour; for nothing is truer, than that observation of Shakespeare;

——"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

But how alien must this countenance be to that heavenly frame of soul, of which Jesus Christ Himself was the most perfect pattern; of which blessed person it is recorded, that He never was once seen to laugh, during His whole abode on earth. And what indeed hath good-nature to do with a smiling countenance? It would be like a purse in the hands of a miser, which he could never use. For admitting, that laughing at the vices and follies of mankind is entirely innocent (which is more, perhaps, than we ought to admit), yet, surely, their miseries and misfortunes are no subjects of mirth; and with these *Quis non vĭcus abundat?* the world is so full of them, that scarce a day passes without inclining a truly good-natured man rather to tears than merriment.

Mr. Hobbes tells us, that laughter arises from pride, which is far from being a good-natured passion. And though I would not severely discountenance all indulgence of it, since

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laughter, while confined to vice and folly, is no very cruel punishment on the object, and may be attended with good consequences to him; yet, we shall, I believe, find, on a careful examination into its motive, that it is not produced from good-nature. But this is one of the first efforts of the mind, which few attend to, or, indeed, are capable of discovering; and however self-love may make us pleased with seeing a blemish in another, which we are ourselves free from, yet compassion, on the first reflection of any unhappiness in the object, immediately puts a stop to it in good minds. For instance; suppose a person well-drest should tumble in a dirty place in the street; I am afraid there are few who would not laugh at the accident: Now, what is this laughter, other than a convulsive ecstasy, occasioned by the contemplation of our own happiness, compared with the unfortunate person's? a pleasure which seems to savour of ill-nature; but as this is one of those first, and as it were spontaneous motions of the soul, which few, as I have said, attend to, and none can prevent; so it doth not properly constitute the character. When we come to reflect on the uneasiness this person suffers, laughter, in a good and delicate mind, will begin to change itself into compassion; and in proportion as this latter operates on us, we may be said to have more or less good-nature; but should any fatal consequence, such as a violent bruise, or the breaking of a bone, attend the fall, the man, who should still continue to laugh, would be entitled to the basest and vilest appellation with which any language can stigmatise him.

From what hath been said, I think we may conclude, that a constant, settled, glavering, sneering smile in the countenance, is so far from indicating goodness, that it may be with much confidence depended on as an assurance of the contrary.

But I would not be understood here to speak with the least regard to that amiable, open, composed, cheerful aspect, which is the result of a good conscience, and the emanation of a good heart; of both which, it is an infallible symptom; and may be the more depended on, as it cannot, I believe,

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be counterfeited, with any reasonable resemblance, by the nicest power of art.

Neither have I any eye towards that honest, hearty, loud chuckle, which shakes the sides of aldermen and squires, without the least provocation of a jest; proceeding chiefly from a full belly; and is a symptom (however strange it may seem) of a very gentle and inoffensive quality, called dulness, than which nothing is more risible; for, as Mr. Pope, with exquisite pleasantry, says;

—— "Gentle Dulness ever loves a joke:"

i.e. one of her own jokes. These are sometimes performed by the foot, as by leaping over heads, or chairs, or tables, kicks in the b—ch, &c.; sometimes by the hand, as by slaps in the face, pulling off wigs, and infinite other dexterities, too tedious to particularise; sometimes by the voice, as by holloaing, huzzaing, and singing merry (*i.e.* dull) catches, by merry (*i.e.* dull) fellows.

Lastly, I do by no means hint at the various laughs, titters, tehes, &c., of the fair sex, with whom, indeed, this essay hath not any thing to do; the knowledge of the characters of women being foreign to my intended purpose; as it is in fact a science to which I make not the least pretension.

The smile or sneer which composes the countenance I have above endeavoured to describe, is extremely different from all these; but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to mistake it, I shall wind up my caution to him against this symptom, in part of a line of Horace;

—— "*Hic niger est; hunc tu caveto.*"

There is one countenance, which is the plainest instance of the general misunderstanding of that adage, *Fronti nulla fides.* This is a fierce aspect, which hath the same right to signify courage, as gravity to denote wisdom, or a smile good-nature; whereas experience teaches us the contrary,

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and it passes among most men for the symptom only of a bully.

But I am aware, that I shall be reminded of an assertion which I set out with in the beginning of this essay, viz.: "That nature gives us as sure symptoms of the diseases of the mind, as she doth of those of the body." To which, what I have now advanced, may seem a contradiction. The truth is, nature doth really imprint sufficient marks in the countenance, to inform an accurate and discerning eye; but, as such is the property of few, the generality of mankind mistake the affectation for the reality; for, as Affectation always overacts her part, it fares with her as with a farcical actor on the stage, whose monstrous overdone grimaces are sure to catch the applause of an insensible audience; while the truest and finest strokes of nature, represented by a judicious and just actor, pass unobserved and disregarded. In the same manner, the true symptoms being finer, and less glaring, make no impression on our physiognomist; while the grosser appearances of affectation are sure to attract his eye, and deceive his judgment. Thus that sprightly and penetrating look, which is almost a certain token of understanding; that cheerful composed serenity, which always indicates good-nature; and that fiery cast of the eyes, which is never unaccompanied with courage, are often overlooked; while a formal, stately, austere gravity, a glavering fawning smile, and a strong contraction of the muscles, pass generally on the world for the virtues they only endeavour to affect.

But as these rules are, I believe, none of them without some exceptions; as they are of no use, but to an observer of much penetration; lastly, as a more subtle hypocrisy will sometimes escape undiscovered from the highest discernment; let us see if we have not a more infallible guide to direct us to the knowledge of men; one more easily to be attained, and on the efficacy of which, we may with the greatest certainty rely.

And, surely, the actions of men seem to be the justest interpreters of their thoughts, and the truest standards by

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which we may judge them. By their fruits you shall know them is a saying of great wisdom, as well as authority. And indeed, this is so certain a method of acquiring the knowledge I contend for, that, at first appearance, it seems absolutely perfect, and to want no manner of assistance.

There are, however, two causes of our mistakes on this head; and which lead us into forming very erroneous judgments of men, even while their actions stare us in the face, and, as it were, hold a candle to us, by which we may see into them.

The first of these is, when we take their own words against their actions. This (if I may borrow another illustration from physic) is no less ridiculous than it would be of a learned professor of that art, when he perceives his light-headed patient is in the utmost danger, to take his word that he is well. This error is infinitely more common than its extreme absurdity would persuade us was possible. And many a credulous person hath been ruined by trusting to the assertions of another, who must have preserved himself, had he placed a wiser confidence in his actions.

The second is an error still more general. This is when we take the colour of a man's actions, not from their own visible tendency, but from his public character: when we believe what others say of him, in opposition to what we see him do. How often do we suffer ourselves to be deceived, out of the credit of a fact, or out of a just opinion of its heinousness, by the reputed dignity or honesty of the person who did it? How common are such ejaculations as these? "Oh! it is impossible he should be guilty of any such thing; he must have done it by mistake; he could not design it. I will never believe any ill of him. So good a man!" &c., when, in reality, the mistake lies only in his character. Nor is there any more simple, unjust, and insufficient method of judging mankind, than by public estimation, which is oftener acquired by deceit, partiality, prejudice, and such like, than by real desert. I will venture to affirm, that I have known some of the best sort of men in the world, (to use the vulgar phrase) who would not have

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scrupled cutting a friend's throat; and a fellow, whom no man should be seen to speak to, capable of the highest acts of friendship and benevolence.

Now it will be necessary to divest ourselves of both those errors, before we can reasonably hope to attain any adequate knowledge of the true characters of men. Actions are their own best expositors; and though crimes may admit of alleviating circumstances, which may properly induce a judge to mitigate the punishment; from the motive for instance, as necessity may lessen the crime of robbery, when compared to wantonness or vanity; or from some circumstance attending the fact itself, as robbing a stranger, or an enemy, compared with committing it on a friend or benefactor; yet the crime is still robbery, and the person who commits it is a robber; though he should pretend to have done it with a good design, or the world should concur in calling him an honest man.

But I am aware of another objection, which may be made to my doctrine, viz. admitting that the actions of men are the surest evidence of their character, that this knowledge comes too late; that it is to caution us against a highwayman after he hath plundered us, or against an incendiary after he hath fired our house.

To which I answer, that it is not against force, but deceit, which I am here seeking for armour, against those who can injure us only by obtaining our good opinion. If, therefore, I can instruct my reader, from what sort of persons he is to withhold this opinion, and inform him of all, or at least the principal arts, by which deceit proceeds to ingratiate itself with us, by which he will be effectually enabled to defeat his purpose, I shall have sufficiently satisfied the design of this essay.

And here, the first caution I shall give him is against flattery, which I am convinced no one uses, without some design on the person flattered. I remember to have heard of a certain nobleman, who, though he was an immoderate lover of receiving flattery himself, was so far from being guilty of this vice to others, that he was remarkably free in telling men their faults. A friend, who had his intimacy,

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one day told him, he wondered that he who loved flattery better than any man living, did not return a little of it himself, which he might be sure would bring him back such a plentiful interest. To which he answered, though he admitted the justness of the observation, he could never think of giving away what he was so extremely covetous of. Indeed, whoever knows any thing of the nature of men, how greedy they are of praise, and how backward in bestowing it on others; that it is a debt seldom paid, even to the greatest merit, till we are compelled to it, may reasonably conclude, that this profusion, this voluntary throwing it away on those who do not deserve it, proceeds, as Martial says of a beggar's present, from some other motive than generosity or good-will.

But indeed there are few, whose vanity is so foul a feeder to digest flattery, if undisguised; it must impose on us, in order to allure us; before we can relish it, we must call it by some other name; such as, a just esteem of, and respect for our real worth; a debt due to our merit, and not a present to our pride.

Suppose it should be really so, and we should have all these great or good qualities which are extolled in us; yet, considering, as I have said above, with what reluctance such debts are paid, we may justly suspect some design in the person, who so readily and forwardly offers it to us. It is well observed, that we do not attend, without uneasiness, to praises in which we have no concern, much less shall we be eager to utter and exaggerate the praise of another, without some expectations from it.

A flatterer, therefore, is a just object of our distrust, and will, by prudent men, be avoided.

Next to the flatterer, is the professor, who carries his affection to you still farther; and on a slight, or no acquaintance, embraces, hugs, kisses, and vows the greatest esteem for your person, parts, and virtues. To know whether this friend is sincere, you have only to examine into the nature of friendship, which is always founded either on esteem or gratitude, or perhaps on both. Now, esteem, admitting every requisite for its formation present, and these are not a few,

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is of very slow growth; it is an involuntary affection, rather apt to give us pain than pleasure, and therefore meets with no encouragement in our minds, which it creeps into by small and almost imperceptible degrees; and, perhaps, when it hath got an absolute possession of us, may require some other ingredient to engage our friendship to its own object. It appears then pretty plain, that this mushroom passion here mentioned, owes not its original to esteem. Whether it can possibly flow from gratitude, which may, indeed, produce it more immediately, you will more easily judge; for though there are some minds, whom no benefits can inspire with gratitude, there are more, I believe, who conceive this affection without even a supposed obligation. If, therefore, you can assure yourself it is impossible he should imagine himself obliged to you, you may be satisfied that gratitude is not the motive to his friendship. Seeing then that you can derive it from neither of these fountains, you may well be justified in suspecting its falsehood; and, if so, you will act as wisely in receiving it into your heart as he doth who knowingly lodges a viper in his bosom, or a thief in his house. Forgive the acts of your enemies hath been thought the highest maxim of morality: Fear the professions of your friends is, perhaps, the wisest.

The third character against which an open heart should be alarmed, is a Promiser; one who rises another step in friendship. The man, who is wantonly profuse of his promises, ought to sink his credit as much as a tradesman would by uttering a great number of promissory notes, payable at a distant day. The truest conclusion in both cases is, that neither intend, or will be able, to pay. And as the latter, most probably, intends to cheat you of your money, so the former, at least, designs to cheat you of your thanks; and it is well for you, if he hath no deeper purpose, and that vanity is the only evil passion to which he destines you a sacrifice.

I would not be here understood to point at the promises of political great men, which they are supposed to lie under a necessity of giving in great abundance, and the value of

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them is so well known, that few are to be imposed on by them. The professor I here mean, is he, who on all occasions is ready, of his own head, and unasked, to promise favours. This is such another instance of generosity as his who relieves his friend in distress by a draught on Aldgate pump.[1] Of these there are several kinds, some who promise what they never intend to perform; others who promise what they are not sure they can perform; and others again, who promise so many, that, like debtors, being not able to pay all their debts, they afterwards pay none.

The man who is inquisitive into the secrets of your affairs, with which he hath no concern, is another object of your caution. Men no more desire another's secrets to conceal them, than they would another's purse for the pleasure only of carrying it.

Nor is a slanderer less wisely to be avoided, unless you choose to feast on your neighbour's faults, at the price of being served up yourself at the tables of others; for persons of this stamp are generally impartial in their abuse. Indeed, it is not always possible totally to escape them; for being barely known to them, is a sure title to their calumny; but the more they are admitted to your acquaintance, the more you will be abused by them.

I fear the next character I shall mention may give offence to the grave part of mankind; for whose wisdom and honesty I have an equal respect; but I must, however, venture to caution my open-hearted reader against a saint. No honest and sensible man will understand me, here, as attempting to declaim against sanctity of morals. The sanctity I mean is that which flows from the lips, and shines in the countenance. It may be said, perhaps, that real sanctity may wear these appearances; and how shall we then distinguish with any certainty, the true from the fictitious? I answer, that if we admit this to be possible, yet, as it is likewise possible that it may be only counterfeit, and, as in fact it is so ninety-nine times in a hundred, it is better that one real saint should suffer a little unjust suspicion than ninety-nine

[1] A mercantile phrase for a bad note.

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villains should impose on the world, and be enabled to perpetrate their villainies under this mask.

But, to say the truth; a sour, morose, ill-natured, censorious sanctity, never is, nor can be sincere. Is a readiness to despise, to hate, and to condemn, the temper of a Christian? Can he, who passes sentence on the souls of men with more delight and triumph than the devil can execute it, have the impudence to pretend himself a disciple of One who died for the sins of mankind? Is not such a sanctity the true mark of that hypocrisy, which in many places of Scripture, and particularly in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, is so bitterly inveighed against?

As this is a most detestable character in society; and as its malignity is more particularly bent against the best and worthiest men, the sincere and open-hearted, whom it persecutes with inveterate envy and hatred, I shall take some pains in the ripping it up, and exposing the horrors of its inside, that we may all shun it; and at the same time will endeavour so plainly to describe its outside, that we shall hardly be liable, by any mistake, to fall into its snares.

With regard then to the inside (if I am allowed that expression) of this character, the Scripture-writers have employed uncommon labour in dissecting it. Let us hear our Saviour Himself, in the chapter above cited. "It devours widows' houses; it makes its proselytes twofold more the children of hell; it omits the weightier matters of law, judgment, mercy, and faith; it strains[1] off a gnat, and swallows a camel; it is full of extortion and excess." St. Paul, in his First Epistle to Timothy, says of them, "That they speak lies, and their conscience is seared with a red-hot iron." And in many parts of the Old Testament, as in Job; "Let the hypocrite reign not, lest the people be ensnared:"

[1] So is the Greek, which the translators have mistaken; they render it, *strain at a gnat, i.e.* struggle in swallowing; whereas, in reality, the Greek word is, to strain through a cullender; and the idea is, that though they pretend their consciences are so fine, that a gnat is with difficulty strained through them, yet they can, if they please, open them wide enough to admit a camel.

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And Solomon in his Proverbs; "An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour."

In the several texts, most of the enormities of this character are described; but there is one which deserves a fuller comment, as pointing at its very essence: I mean the thirteenth verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, where Jesus addresses himself thus to the Pharisees: "Hypocrites; for ye shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."

This is an admirable picture of sanctified hypocrisy, which will neither do good itself, nor suffer others to do it. But if we understand the text figuratively, we may apply it to that censorious quality of this vice, which, as it will do nothing honestly to deserve reputation, so is it ever industrious to deprive others of the praises due to their virtues. It confines all merit to those external forms which are fully particularised in Scripture; of these it is itself a rigid observer; hence, it must derive all honour and reward in this world, nay, and even in the next, if it can impose on itself so far as to imagine itself capable of cheating the Almighty and obtaining any reward there.

Now a galley-slave, of an envious disposition, doth not behold a man free from chains, and at his ease, with more envy than persons in these fetters of sanctity view the rest of mankind, especially such as they behold without them entering into the kingdom of Heaven. These are, indeed, the objects of their highest animosity, and are always the surest marks of their detraction. Persons of more goodness than knowledge of mankind, when they are calumniated by these saints, are, I believe, apt to impute the calumny to an ignorance of their real character; and imagine, if they could better inform the said saints of their innate worth, they should be better treated by them; but, alas! this is a total mistake; the more good a sanctified hypocrite knows of an open and an honest man, the more he envies and hates him, and the more ready he is to seize or invent an opportunity of detracting from his real merit.

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But envy is not their only motive of hatred to good men; they are eternally jealous of being seen through, and, consequently, exposed by them. A hypocrite, in society, lives in the same apprehension with a thief who lies concealed in the midst of the family he is to rob; for this fancies himself perceived, when he is least so; every motion alarms him; he fears he is discovered, and is suspicious that every one, who enters the room, knows where he is hid, and is coming to seize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than fear, many an innocent person, who suspects no evil intended him, is detested by him who intends it.

Now, in destroying the reputation of a virtuous and good man, the hypocrite imagines he hath disarmed his enemy of all weapons to hurt him; and, therefore, this sanctified hypocrisy is not more industrious to conceal its own vices, than to obscure and contaminate the virtues of others. As the business of such a man's life is to procure praise by acquiring and maintaining an undeserved character; so is his utmost care employed to deprive those, who have an honest claim to the character himself affects only, of all emoluments which would otherwise arise to them from it.

The prophet Isaiah speaks of these people, where he says, "Woe unto them who call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness," &c. In his sermon on which text the witty Dr. South hath these words:—"*Detraction* is that killing poisonous arrow, drawn out of the devil's quiver, which is always flying about, and doing execution in the dark, against which, *no virtue is a defence, no innocence a security.* It is a weapon forged in hell, and formed by that prime artificer and engineer, the devil; and none but that great God who knows all things, and can do all things, can protect the best of men against it."

To these, likewise, Martial alludes in the following lines:

"*Ut bene loquator sentiatque Mamercus,*
Efficere nullis, Aule, moribus possis."

I have been somewhat diffusive in the censorious branch

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of this character, as it is a very pernicious one; and (according to what I have observed) little known and attended to. I shall not describe all its other qualities. Indeed, there is no species of mischief which it doth not produce. For, not to mention the private villainies it daily transacts, most of the great evils which have affected society, wars, murders, and massacres, have owed their original to this abominable vice; which is the destroyer of the innocent, and protector of the guilty; which hath introduced all manner of evil into the world, and hath almost expelled every grain of good out of it. Doth it not attempt to cheat men into the pursuit of sorrow and misery, under the appearance of virtue, and to frighten them from mirth and pleasure under the colour of vice, or, if you please, sin? Doth it not attempt to gild over that poisonous potion, made up of malevolence, austerity, and such cursed ingredients, while it embitters the delightful draught of innocent pleasure with the nauseous relish of fear and shame?

No wonder then that this malignant cursed disposition, which is the disgrace of human nature, and the bane of society, should be spoken against, with such remarkable bitterness, by the benevolent author of our religion, particularly in the thirty-third verse of the above-cited chapter of St. Matthew.

Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

Having now despatched the inside of this character, and, as I apprehend, said enough to make any one avoid, I am sure sufficient to make a Christian detest it, nothing remains but to examine the outside, in order to furnish honest men with sufficient rules to discover it. And in this we shall have the same Divine guide whom we have in the former part followed.

First then, Beware of that sanctified appearance, "that whited sepulchre, which looks beautiful outward, and is within full of all uncleanness. Those who make clean the outside of the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess."

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Secondly, Look well to those "who bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."

"These heavy burdens (says Burket) were counsels and directions, rules and canons, austerities and severities, which the Pharisees introduced and imposed upon their hearers." This requires no farther comment; for as I have before said, these hypocrites place all virtue, and all religion, in the observation of those austerities and severities, without which the truest and purest goodness will never receive their commendation; but how different this doctrine is from the temper of Christianity may be gathered by that total of all Christian morality with which Jesus sums up the excellent precepts delivered in His divine sermon: "*Therefore*, do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you: *for this is the law and the prophets.*"

Thirdly, Beware of all ostentation of virtue, goodness, or piety. By this ostentation I mean that of the countenance and the mouth, or of some external forms. And, this, I apprehend, is the meaning of Jesus, where He says, "They do their works to be seen of men," as appears by the context; "they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments." These phylacteries were certain scrolls of parchment, whereon were written the ten commandments, and particular parts of the Mosaic law, which they ostentatiously wore on their garments, thinking by that ceremony to fulfil the precept delivered to them in a verse of Deuteronomy, though they neglected to fulfil the laws they wore thus about them.

Another instance of their ostentation was——"making long prayers, *i.e.* (says Burket) making long prayers (or, perhaps, pretending to make them) in the temples and synagogues for widows, and thereupon persuading them to give bountifully to the corban, or the common treasure of the temple, some part of which was employed for their maintenance. Learn, 1. It is no *new* thing for designing hypocrites to cover the foulest transgression with the cloak

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of religion. The Pharisees make long prayers a cover for their covetousness. 2. That to make use of religion in policy, for worldly advantage' sake, is the way to be damned with a vengeance for religion's sake."

Again says Jesus—"in paying tithe of mint and anise and cummin, while they omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith." By which we are not to understand (nor would I be understood so to mean) any inhibition of paying the priest his dues; but, as my commentator observes, "an ostentation of a precise keeping the law in smaller matters, and neglecting weightier duties. They paid tithe of mint, anise, and cummin (*i.e.* of the minutest and most worthless things), but at the same time omitted judgment, mercy, and faith; that is, just dealing among men, charity towards the poor, and faithfulness in their promises and covenants one with another. This, says our Saviour, is *to strain at* a gnat, and swallow a camel; a proverbial expression, intimating, that some persons pretend great niceness and scrupulosity about small matters, and none, or but little, about duties of the greatest moment. Hence, note, that hypocrites lay the greatest stress upon the least matters in religion, and place holiness most in these things where God places it least." Ye tithe mint, &c., but neglect the weightier matters of the law. "This is, indeed, the bane of all religion and true piety, to prefer rituals and human institutions before divine commands, and the practice of natural religion. *Thus to do is a certain sign of gross hypocrisy.*"

Nothing can, in fact, be more foreign to the nature of virtue than ostentation. It is truly said of Virtue, that, could men behold her naked, they would be all in love with her. Here it is implied, that this is a sight very rare or difficult to come at; and, indeed, there is always a modest backwardness in true virtue to expose her naked beauty. She is conscious of her innate worth, and little desirous of exposing it to the public view. It is the harlot Vice who constantly endeavours to set off the charms she counterfeits, in order to attract men's applause, and to

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work her sinister ends by gaining their admiration and their confidence.

I shall mention but one symptom more of this hypocrisy, and this is a readiness to censure the faults of others. "Judge not," says Jesus, "lest you be judged."—And again; "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" On which the above-mentioned commentator rightly observes, "That those who are most censorious of the lesser infirmities of others, are usually most notoriously guilty of far greater failings themselves." This sanctified slander is, of all, the most severe, bitter, and cruel; and is so easily distinguished from that which is either the effect of anger or wantonness, and which I have mentioned before, that I shall dwell no longer upon it.

And here I shall dismiss my character of a sanctified hypocrite, with the honest wish which Shakespeare hath launched forth against an execrable villain:

> — "That Heaven would put in every honest hand a whip,
> To lash the rascal naked through the world."

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal methods by which deceit works its ends on easy, credulous, and open dispositions; and have endeavoured to point out the symptoms by which they may be discovered; but while men are blinded by vanity and self-love, and while artful hypocrisy knows how to adapt itself to their blind sides, and to humour their passions, it will be difficult for honest and undesigning men to escape the snares of cunning and imposition; I shall therefore recommend one more certain rule, and which, I believe, if duly attended to, would, in a great measure, extirpate all fallacy out of the world; or must at least so effectually disappoint its purposes, that it would soon be worth no man's while to assume it, and the character of knave and fool would be more apparently (what they are at present in reality) allied or united.

This method is, carefully to observe the actions of men with others, and especially with those to whom they are

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allied in blood, marriage, friendship, profession, neighbourhood, or any other connection; nor can you want an opportunity of doing this; for none but the weakest of men would rashly and madly place a confidence, which may very materially affect him, in any one, on a slight or no acquaintance.

Trace then the man proposed to your trust into his private family and nearest intimacies. See whether he hath acted the part of a good son, brother, husband, father, friend, master, servant, &c. If he hath discharged these duties well, your confidence will have a good foundation; but if he hath behaved himself in these offices with tyranny, with cruelty, with infidelity, with inconstancy, you may be assured he will take the first opportunity his interest points out to him of exercising the same ill talents at your expense.

I have often thought mankind would be little liable to deceit (at least much less than they are) if they would believe their own eyes, and judge of men by what they actually see them perform towards those with whom they are most closely connected; whereas, how common is it to persuade ourselves, that the undutiful, ungrateful son, the unkind, or barbarous brother, or the man who is void of all tenderness, honour, or even humanity, to his wife or children, shall nevertheless become a sincere and faithful friend! but how monstrous a belief is it, that the person who we find incapable of discharging the nearest duties of relation, whom no ties of blood or affinity can bind; nay, who is even deficient in that goodness which instinct infuses into the brute creation; that such a person should have a sufficient stock of virtue to supply the arduous character of honour and honesty! This is a credulity so absurd, that it admits of no aggravation.

Nothing indeed can be more unjustifiable to our prudence than an opinion that the man, whom we see act the part of a villain to others, should, on some minute change of person, time, place, or other circumstance, behave like an honest and just man to ourselves. I shall not here dispute the doctrine of repentance, any more than its tendency to

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the good of society; but as the actions of men are the best index to their thoughts, as they do, if well attended to and understood, with the utmost certainty demonstrate the character; and as we are not so certain of the sincerity of the repentance, I think we may with justice suspect, at least so far as to deny him our confidence, that a man whom we once knew to be a villain remains a villain still.

And now let us see whether these observations, extended a little farther, and taken into public life, may not help us to account for some phenomena which have lately appeared in this hemisphere: for as a man's good behaviour to those with whom he hath the nearest and closest connection is the best assurance to which a stranger can trust for his honest conduct in any engagement he shall enter into with him; so is a worthy discharge of the social offices of a private station the strongest security which a man can give of an upright demeanour in any public trust, if his country shall repose it in him; and we may be well satisfied that the most popular speeches, and most plausible pretences of one of a different character, are only gilded snares to delude us, and to sacrifice us, in some manner or other, to his own sinister purposes. It is well said in one of Mr. Pope's letters, "How shall a man love five millions, who never could love a single person?" If a man hath more love than what centres in himself, it will certainly light on his children, his relations, friends and nearest acquaintance. If he extends it farther, what is it less than general philanthropy, or love to mankind? Now, as a good man loves his friend better than common acquaintance, so philanthropy will operate stronger towards his own country than any other; but no man can have this general philanthropy who hath not private affection, any more than he, who hath not strength sufficient to lift ten pounds, can at the same time be able to throw a hundred weight over his head. Therefore the bad son, husband, father, brother, friend; in a word, the bad man in private, can never be a sincere patriot.

In Rome and Sparta I agree it was otherwise; for there patriotism, by education, became a part of the character.

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Their children were nursed in patriotism; it was taught them at an age when religion in all countries is first inculcated; and as we see men of all religions ready to lay down their lives for the doctrines of it (which they often do not know, and seldom have considered), so were these Spartans and Romans ready with as implicit faith to die for their country; though the private morals of the former were depraved, and the latter were the public robbers of mankind.

Upon what foundation their patriotism then stood seems pretty apparent, and perhaps there can be no surer. For I apprehend, if twenty boys were taught from their infancy to believe that the Royal Exchange was the kingdom of heaven, and consequently inspired with a suitable awe for it; and lastly, instructed that it was great, glorious, and godlike to defend it, nineteen of them would afterwards cheerfully sacrifice their lives to its defence; at least, it is impossible that any of them would agree, for a paltry reward, to set it on fire; not even though they were rogues and highwaymen in their disposition. But if you were admitted to choose twenty of such dispositions at the age of manhood who had never learnt any thing of its holiness, contracted any such awe, nor imbibed any such duty, I believe it would be difficult to bring them to venture their lives in its cause; nor should I doubt, could I persuade them of the security of the fact, of bribing them to apply the firebrand to any part of the building I pleased.

But a worthy citizen of London, without borrowing any such superstition from education, would scarce be tempted, by any reward, to deprive the city of so great an ornament, and what is so useful and necessary to its trade; at the same time to endanger the ruin of thousands, and perhaps the destruction of the whole.

The application seems pretty easy, that as there is no such passion in human nature as patriotism, considered abstractedly, and by itself, it must be introduced by art, and that while the mind of man is yet soft and ductile, and the unformed character susceptible of any arbitrary impression you please to make on it; or secondly, it must be founded on

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philanthropy, or universal benevolence; a passion which really exists in some natures, and which is necessarily attended with the excellent quality above-mentioned; for as it seems granted, that the man cannot love a million who never could love a single person, so will it, I apprehend, appear as certain, that he who could not be induced to cheat or to destroy a single man, will never be prevailed on to cheat or to destroy many millions.

Thus I have endeavoured to show the several methods by which we can purpose to get any insight into the characters of those with whom we converse, and by which we may frustrate all the cunning and designs of hypocrisy. These methods I have shown to be threefold, viz. by the marks which nature hath imprinted on the countenance, by their behaviour to ourselves, and by their behaviour to others. On the first of these I have not much insisted, as liable to some incertainty; and as the latter seem abundantly sufficient to secure us, with proper caution, against the subtle devices of hypocrisy, though she be the most cunning as well as malicious of all the vices which have ever corrupted the nature of man.

But however useless this treatise may be to instruct, I hope it will be at least effectual to alarm my reader; and sure no honest undesigning man can ever be too much on his guard against the hypocrite, or too industrious to expose and expel him out of society.

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AN ESSAY ON NOTHING

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AN ESSAY ON NOTHING

THE INTRODUCTION.

IT is surprising, that while such trifling matters employ the masterly pens of the present age, the great and noble subject of this essay should have passed totally neglected; and the rather, as it is a subject to which the genius of many of those writers who have unsuccessfully applied themselves to politics, religion, &c., is most peculiarly adapted.

Perhaps their unwillingness to handle what is of such importance may not improperly be ascribed to their modesty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this vice on every occasion. Indeed I have heard it predicated of some, whose assurance in treating other subjects hath been sufficiently notable, that they have blushed at this. For such is the awe with which this Nothing inspires mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many persons of very high character among us, that were title, power, or riches to allure them, they would stick at it.

But whatever be the reason, certain it is, that except a hardy wit in the reign of Charles II. none ever hath dared to write on this subject: I mean openly and avowedly; for it must be confessed, that most of our modern authors, however foreign the matter which they endeavour to treat may seem at their first setting out, they generally bring the work to this in the end.

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I hope, however, this attempt will not be imputed to me as an act of immodesty; since I am convinced there are many persons in this kingdom who are persuaded of my fitness for what I have undertaken. But as talking of a man's self is generally suspected to arise from vanity, I shall, without any more excuse or preface, proceed to my essay.

SECTION I.

OF THE ANTIQUITY OF NOTHING.

THERE is nothing falser than that old proverb which (like many other falsehoods) is in every one's mouth:

"*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*"

Thus translated by Shakespeare, in Lear:

"Nothing can come of nothing."

Whereas in fact from nothing proceeds every thing. And this is a truth confessed by the philosophers of all sects: the only point in controversy between them being, whether something made the world out of nothing, or nothing out of something. A matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve our turn. Indeed the wits of all ages seem to have ranged themselves on each side of this question, as their genius tended more or less to the spiritual or material substance. For those of the more spiritual species have inclined to the former, and those whose genius hath partaken more of the chief properties of matter, such as solidity, thickness, &c., have embraced the latter.

But whether nothing was the *artifex* or *materies* only, it is plain in either case, it will have a right to claim to itself the origination of all things.

And farther, the great antiquity of nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the accounts we have of the

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beginning of every nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first pages, and sometimes books, of all general historians; and indeed, the study of this important subject fills up the whole life of an antiquary, it being always at the bottom of his inquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite labour and pains.

SECTION II.

OF THE NATURE OF NOTHING.

ANOTHER falsehood which we must detect in the pursuit of this essay is an assertion, "That no one can have an idea of nothing:" but men who thus confidently deny us this idea, either grossly deceive themselves, or would impose a downright cheat on the world: for, so far from having none, I believe there are few who have not many ideas of it; though perhaps they may mistake them for the idea of something.

For instance, is there any one who hath not an idea of immaterial[1] substance?—Now what is immaterial substance, more than nothing? But here we are artfully deceived by the use of words: for were we to ask another what idea he had of immaterial matter, or unsubstantial substance, the absurdity of affirming it to be something would shock him, and he would immediately reply, it was nothing.

Some persons perhaps will say, then we have no idea of it; but, as I can support the contrary by such undoubted authority, I shall, instead of trying to confute such idle opinions, proceed to show; first, what nothing is: secondly,

[1] The Author would not be here understood to speak against the doctrine of immateriality, to which he is a hearty well-wisher; but to point at the stupidity of those, who instead of immaterial *essence*, which would convey a rational meaning, have substituted immaterial *substance*, which is a contradiction in terms.

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I shall disclose the various kinds of nothing; and, lastly shall prove its great dignity, and that it is the end of every thing.

It is extremely hard to define nothing in positive terms, I shall therefore do it in negative. Nothing then is not something. And here I must object to a third error concerning it, which is, that it is in no place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its existence; whereas indeed it possesses the greatest and noblest place on this earth; viz., the human brain. But indeed this mistake had been sufficiently refuted by many very wise men; who, having spent their whole lives in the contemplation and pursuit of nothing, have at last gravely concluded—*That there is nothing in this world.*

Farther, as nothing is not something, so every thing which is not something is nothing; and wherever something is not nothing is: a very large allowance in its favour, as must appear to persons well skilled in human affairs.

For instance, when a bladder is full of wind, it is full of something; but when that is let out, we aptly say, there is nothing in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a man as of a bladder. However well he may be bedaubed with lace, or with title, yet if he have not something in him, we may predicate the same of him as of an empty bladder.

But if we cannot reach an adequate knowledge of the true essence of nothing, no more than we can of matter, let us, in imitation of the experimental philosophers, examine some of its properties or accidents.

And here we shall see the infinite advantages which nothing hath over something; for, while the latter is confined to one sense, or two perhaps at the most, nothing is the object of them all.

For, first nothing may be seen, as is plain from the relation of persons who have recovered from high fevers; and perhaps may be suspected from some (at least) of those

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who have seen apparitions, both on earth and in the clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by men, when asked what they saw at such a place and time, that they saw nothing. Admitting then that there are two sights, viz. a first and second sight, according to the firm belief of some, nothing must be allowed to have a very large share of the first; and as to the second, it hath it all entirely to itself.

Secondly, nothing may be heard: of which the same proofs may be given as of the foregoing. The Argive mentioned by Horace is a strong instance of this.

——"*Fuit haud ignobilis Argis*
Qui se credebat miros audire Tragœdos
In vacuo lætus sessor, Plausorque Theatro."

That nothing may be tasted and smelt is not only known to persons of delicate palates and nostrils. How commonly do we hear, that such a thing smells or tastes of nothing? The latter I have heard asserted of a dish compounded of five or six savoury ingredients. And as to the former, I remember an elderly gentlewoman who had a great antipathy to the smell of apples; who, upon discovering that an idle boy had fastened some mellow apple to her tail, contracted a habit of smelling them whenever that boy came within her sight, though there were then none within a mile of her.

Lastly, feeling; and sure if any sense seems more particularly the object of matter only, which must be allowed to be something, this doth. Nay, I have heard it asserted (and with a colour of truth) of several persons, that they can feel nothing but a cudgel. Notwithstanding which some have felt the motions of the spirit; and others have felt very bitterly the misfortunes of their friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now these seem two plain instances, that nothing is an object of this sense. Nay, I have heard a surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a patient's leg, that *he was sure he felt nothing.*

Nothing is as well the object of our passions as our senses.

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Thus there are many who love nothing, some who hate nothing, and some who fear nothing, &c.

We have already mentioned three of the properties of a noun to belong to nothing; we shall find the fourth likewise to be as justly claimed by it: and that nothing is as often the object of the understanding as of the senses.

Indeed some have imagined that knowledge, with the adjective *human* placed before it, is another word for nothing. And one of the wisest men in the world declared he knew nothing.

But, without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a man to know nothing. And whoever hath read over many works of our ingenious moderns, with proper attention and emolument, will, I believe, confess, that if he understands them right, he understands nothing.

This is a secret not known to all readers; and want of this knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a book, or chapter, or paragraph, hath seemed to the reader to contain nothing, his modesty hath sometimes persuaded him, that the true meaning of the author hath escaped him, instead of concluding, as in reality the fact was, that the author, in the said book, &c., did truly, and *bonâ fide*, mean nothing. I remember once, at the table of a person of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared they did not understand the meaning. The gentleman himself, casting his eye over the performance, testified a surprise at the dulness of his company; seeing nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again; but with like success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it.—Explain it! said the gentleman, why he means nothing.

In fact, this mistake arises from a too vulgar error among persons unacquainted with the mystery of writing, who

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imagine it impossible that a man should sit down to write without any meaning at all! whereas, in reality, nothing is more common: for, not to instance in myself, who have confessedly set down to write this essay with nothing in my head, or, which is much the same thing, to write about nothing, it may be incontestably proved, *ab effectu*, that nothing is commoner among the moderns. The inimitable author of a preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young gentleman, says,—"There are men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But indeed there is a third, and much more numerous sort, who never think either before they sit down or afterwards; and who, when they produce on paper what was before in their heads, are sure to produce nothing."

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the nature of nothing, by showing first, definitively, *what it is not;* and, secondly, by describing *what it is.* The next thing therefore proposed is to show its various kinds.

Now some imagine these several kinds differ in name only. But without endeavouring to confute so absurd an opinion, especially as these different kinds of nothing occur frequently in the best authors, I shall content myself with setting them down, and leave it to the determination of the distinguished reader, whether it is probable, or indeed possible, that they should all convey one and the same meaning.

These are, nothing *per se* nothing; nothing at all; nothing in the least; nothing in nature; nothing in the world; nothing in the whole world; nothing in the whole universal world. And perhaps many others of which we say—nothing.

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SECTION III.

OF THE DIGNITY OF NOTHING; AND AN ENDEAVOUR TO PROVE, THAT IT IS THE END AS WELL AS BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS.

NOTHING contains so much dignity as nothing. Ask an infamous worthless nobleman (if any such be) in what his dignity consists? It may not be perhaps consistent with his dignity to give you an answer, but suppose he should be willing to condescend so far, what could he in effect say? Should he say he had it from his ancestors, I apprehend a lawyer would oblige him to prove that the virtues to which his dignity was annexed descended to him. If he claims it as inherent in the title, might he not be told, that a title originally implied dignity, as it implied the presence of those virtues to which dignity is inseparably annexed; but that no implication will fly in the face of downright positive proof to the contrary. In short, to examine no farther, since his endeavour to derive it from any other fountain would be equally impotent, his dignity arises from nothing, and in reality is nothing. Yet, that this dignity really exists, that it glares in the eyes of men, and produces much good to the person who wears it, is, I believe, incontestable.

Perhaps this may appear in the following syllogism.

The respect paid to men on account of their titles is paid at least to the supposal of their superior virtues and abilities, or it is paid to nothing.

But when a man is a notorious knave or fool it is impossible there should be any such supposal.

The conclusion is apparent.

Now that no man is ashamed of either paying or receiving this respect I wonder not, since the great importance of nothing seems, I think, to be pretty apparent: but that they should deny the Deity worshipped, and endeavour

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to represent nothing as something, is more worthy reprehension. This is a fallacy extremely common. I have seen a fellow, whom all the world knew to have nothing in him, not only pretend to something himself, but supported in that pretension by others who have been less liable to be deceived. Now whence can this proceed but from their being ashamed of nothing? A modesty very peculiar to this age.

But, notwithstanding all such disguises and deceit, a man must have very little discernment who can live very long in courts, or populous cities, without being convinced of the great dignity of nothing; and though he should, through corruption or necessity, comply with the vulgar worship and adulation, he will know to what it is paid; namely, to nothing.

The most astonishing instance of this respect, so frequently paid to nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to something less than nothing; when the person who receives it is not only void of the quality for which he is respected, but is in reality notoriously guilty of the vices directly opposite to the virtues whose applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest degree of nothing, or (if I may be allowed the word), the nothingest of all nothings.

Here it is to be known, that respect may be aimed at something and really light on nothing. For instance, when mistaking certain things called gravity, canting, blustering, ostentation, pomp, and such like, for wisdom, piety, magnanimity, charity, true greatness, &c., we give to the former the honour and reverence due to the latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my subject as to insinuate that gravity, canting, &c. are really nothing; on the contrary, there is much more reason to suspect (if we judge from the practice of the world) that wisdom, piety, and other virtues, have a good title to that name. But we do not, in fact, pay our respect to the former, but to the latter: in other words, we pay it to that which is not, and consequently pay it to nothing.

So far then for the dignity of the subject on which I am

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treating. I am now to show, that nothing is the end as well as beginning of all things.

That every thing is resolvable, and will be resolved into its first principles, will be, I believe, readily acknowledged by all philosophers. As, therefore, we have sufficiently proved the world came from nothing, it follows that it will likewise end in the same: but as I am writing to a nation of Christians, I have no need to be prolix on this head; since every one of my readers, by his faith, acknowledges that the world is to have an end, *i.e.* is to come to nothing.

And, as nothing is the end of the world, so is it of every thing in the world. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and godlike of all passions, what doth it end in?—Nothing. What did Alexander, Cæsar, and all the rest of that heroic band, who have plundered and massacred so many millions, obtain by all their care, labour, pain, fatigue, and danger?—Could they speak for themselves, must they not own, that the end of all their pursuit was nothing? Nor is this the end of private ambition only. What is become of that proud mistress of the world,—the *Caput triumphati orbis?* that Rome, of which her own flatterers so liberally prophesied the immortality. In what hath all her glory ended? Surely in nothing.

Again, what is the end of avarice? Not power, or pleasure, as some think, for the miser will part with a shilling for neither: not ease or happiness; for the more he attains of what he desires, the more uneasy and miserable he is. If every good in this world was put to him, he could not say he pursued one. Shall we say then he pursues misery only? That surely would be contradictory to the first principles of human nature. May we not therefore, nay, must we not confess, that he aims at nothing? especially if he be himself unable to tell us what is the end of all this bustle and hurry, this watching and toiling, this self-denial and self-constraint?

It will not, I apprehend, be sufficient for him to plead that his design is to amass a large fortune, which he never

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can nor will use himself, nor would willingly quit to any other person; unless he can show us some substantial good which this fortune is to produce, we shall certainly be justified in concluding, that his end is the same with that of ambition.

The great Mr. Hobbes so plainly saw this, that as he was an enemy to that notable immaterial substance which we have here handled, and therefore unwilling to allow it the large province we have contended for, he advanced a very strange doctrine, and asserted truly,—That in all these grand pursuits the means themselves were the end proposed, viz. to ambition, plotting, fighting, danger, difficulty, and such like: — to avarice, cheating, starving, watching, and the numberless painful arts by which this passion proceeds.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the absurdity of this opinion it will be needless to my purpose, since, if we are driven to confess that the means are the only end attained, I think we must likewise confess, that the end proposed is absolutely nothing.

As I have shown the end of our two greatest and noblest pursuits, one or other of which engages almost every individual of the busy part of mankind, I shall not tire the reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe the same conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this essay with an inference, which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been said: seeing that such is its dignity and importance, and that it is really the end of all those things which are supported with so much pomp and solemnity, and looked on with such respect and esteem, surely it becomes a wise man to regard nothing with the utmost awe and adoration; to pursue it with all his parts and pains; and to sacrifice to it his ease, his innocence, and his present happiness. To which noble pursuit we have this great incitement, that we may assure ourselves of never being cheated or deceived in the end proposed. The virtuous, wise, and learned, may then be unconcerned at all the

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changes of ministries and of government; since they may be well satisfied, that while ministers of state are rogues themselves, and have inferior knavish tools to bribe and reward; true virtue, wisdom, learning, wit, and integrity, will most certainly bring their possessors—nothing.

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A CLEAR STATE OF

THE

CASE OF ELIZABETH CANNING

WHO HATH SWORN THAT SHE WAS ROBBED AND ALMOST STARVED TO DEATH BY A GANG OF GIPSIES AND OTHER VILLAINS IN JANUARY LAST, FOR WHICH ONE MARY SQUIRES NOW LIES UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH

"*Quæ, quia sunt admirabilia, contraque Opinionem omnium; tentare volui possentne proferri in Lucem, et ita dicì ut probarentur.*"

CICERO, Parad.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

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THE CASE

OF

ELIZABETH CANNING

THERE is nothing more admirable, nor, indeed, more amiable, in the Law of England, than the extreme tenderness with which it proceeds against persons accused of capital crimes. In this respect it justly claims a preference to the institutions of all other countries; in some of which a criminal is hurried to execution, with rather less ceremony than is required by our law to carry him to prison; in many, the trials (if they may be called such) have little of form, and are so extremely precipitate that the unhappy wretch hath no time to make his defence, but is often condemned without well knowing his accuser, and sometimes without well understanding his accusation. In this happy kingdom, on the contrary, so tender is the law of the life of a subject, so cautious of unjustly or erroneously condemning him, that, according to its own maxim, *De Morte Hominis nulla est Cunctatio longa*, it proceeds by slow and regular gradations, and requires so many antecedent ceremonies to the ultimate discussion of a court of justice, that so far from being in danger of a condemnation without a fair and open trial, every man must be tried more than once, before he can receive a capital sentence. By the law of England,

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no man can be apprehended for felony without a strong and just suspicion of his guilt; nor can he be committed to prison, without a charge on oath before a lawful magistrate. This charge must be again proved on oath, to the satisfaction of a large number (twelve at least) of the better sort of his countrymen (except in the case of an Appeal of Felony, which is now obsolete, and where the proceedings are still more ceremonial and tedious); before the accused can be required to answer to it, or be put on his defence; and after all these preparatives, the truth of this charge is to be tried in an open court of justice, before one at least and often many judges, by twelve indifferent and unexceptionable men: I may truly say unexceptionable, since it is in the prisoner's power to except against twenty-four without showing any cause, and as many more as he can show a reasonable cause of exception against. These, after a patient hearing of the witnesses against him, and after attending to his defence (in the making which, the law prescribes that every indulgence shall be shown him, and that even his judge shall be his counsel and assist him) must all concur in declaring on their oaths, that he is guilty of the crime alleged against him, or he is to be discharged, and can never more be called in question for the same offence, save only in the case of murder.

It seems, I think, that the wit of man could invent no stronger bulwark against all injustice and false accusation than this institution, under which not only innocence may rejoice in its own security, but even guilt can scarce be so immodest as to require a fairer chance of escaping the punishment it deserves.

And yet, if after all this precaution it should manifestly appear that a person hath been unjustly condemned, either by bringing to light some latent circumstance, or by discovering that the witnesses against him are certainly perjured, or by any other means of displaying the party's innocence, the gates of mercy are still left open, and upon a proper and decent application, either to the Judge before whom the trial was had, or to the Privy Council, the condemned person

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will be sure of obtaining a pardon, of preserving his life, and of regaining both his liberty and reputation.

To make, therefore, such an application on the behalf of injured innocence is not only laudable in every man, but it is a duty, the neglect of which he can by no means answer to his own conscience; but this, as I have said, is to be done in a proper and decent manner, by a private application to those with whom the law hath lodged a power of correcting its errors and remitting its severity; whereas to resort immediately to the public by inflammatory libels against the justice of the nation, to establish a kind of Court of Appeal from this justice in the bookseller's shop, to re-examine in newspapers and pamphlets the merits of causes which, after a fair and legal trial, have already received the solemn determination of a Court of Judicature, to arraign the conduct of magistrates, of juries, and even judges, and this even with the most profligate indecency, are the effects of a licentiousness to which no government, jealous of its own honour, or indeed provident of its own safety, will ever indulge or submit to.

Sensible as I am of this, I should by no means become an aggressor of this kind; but surely when such methods have been used to mislead the public, and to censure the justice of the nation in its sagacity at least, and grossly to misrepresent their proceedings, it can require little apology to make use of the same means to refute so iniquitous an attempt. However unlawful a weapon may be in the hands of an assailant, it becomes strictly justifiable in those of the defendant: and as the judges will certainly excuse an undertaking in defence of themselves, so may I expect that the public (that part of it, I mean, whose esteem alone I have ever coveted or desired) should show some favour to a design which hath in view not a bare satisfaction of their curiosity only, but to prevent them from forming a very rash, and, possibly, a very unjust judgment. Lastly, there is something within myself which rouses me to the protection of injured innocence, and which prompts me with the hopes of an applause much more valuable than that of the whole world.

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Without this last motive, indeed, it may be imagined I should scarce have taken up my pen in the defence of a poor little girl, whom the many have already condemned. I well know the extreme difficulty which will always be found in obtaining a reversal of such a judgment. Men who have applauded themselves, and have been applauded by others, for their great penetration and discernment, will struggle very hard before they will give up their title to such commendation. Though they, perhaps, heard the cause at first with the impartiality of upright judges, when they have once given their opinion, they are too apt to become warm advocates, and even interested parties in defence of that opinion. Deplorable, indeed, and desperate is the case of a poor wretch against whom such a sentence is passed! No writ of error lies against this sentence, but before that tremendous court of the public where it was first pronounced, and no court whatever is, for the reasons already assigned, so tenacious of the judgments which it hath once given.

In defiance, nevertheless, of this difficulty, I am determined to proceed to disclose, as far as I am able, the true state of an affair, which, however inconsiderable the parties may be in their station of life (though injured innocence will never appear an inconsiderable object to a good mind), is now become a matter of real concern and great importance to the public; against whom a most horrible imposture, supported by the most impudent as well as impious perjury is dressed up, either on the one side or on the other. To discover most manifestly on which side it lies seems to be within the power of the government, and it is highly incumbent on them to exert themselves on this occasion, in order that by the most exemplary punishment they may deter men from that dreadful crime of perjury, which, in this case, either threatens to make the sword of justice a terror to the innocent, or to take off all its edge from the guilty; which of these it is likeliest to do in the present instance, I will endeavour to assist the reader, at least, in forming a probable conjecture.

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Elizabeth Canning, a young girl of eighteen years of age, who lived at Aldermanbury Postern, in the City of London, declares, That on Monday, the 1st of January last, she went to see her uncle and aunt, who are people of a very good character, and who live at Saltpetre Bank, near Rosemary Lane; that having continued with them till towards nine in the evening, her uncle and aunt, it being late, walked a great part of the way home with her; that soon after she parted with them, and came opposite to Bethlehem Gate in Moorfields, she was seized by two men who, after robbing her of half a guinea in gold, and three shillings in silver, of her hat, gown, and apron, violently dragged her into a gravel-walk that leads down to the gate of Bethlehem Hospital, about the middle of which one of the men, after threatening to do for her, gave her a violent blow with his fist on the right temple, that threw her into a fit, and entirely deprived her of her senses. These fits she says she hath been accustomed to; that they were first occasioned by the fall of a ceiling on her head; that they are apt to return upon her whenever she is frightened, and that they sometimes continue for six or seven hours; that when she came to herself she perceived that two men were hurrying her along in a large roadway, and that in a little time after she was recovered, she was able to walk alone; however they still continued to pull and drag her along; that she was so intimidated by their usage that she durst not call out, nor even speak to them; that in about half an hour after the recovery of her senses, they carried her into an house where she saw in the kitchen an old gipsy woman and two young women; that the old gipsy woman took hold of her by the hand, and promised to give her fine clothes if she would go their way, which expression she understanding to mean the becoming a prostitute, she utterly refused to comply with; upon which the old gipsy woman took a knife out of a drawer and cut the stays off this Elizabeth Canning, and took them away from her, at which time one of the men likewise took off her cap, and then both the men went away; that soon after they were gone, and about an hour after she had been in

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the house, the old gipsy woman forced her up an old pair of stairs, and pushed her into a back room like a hay-loft, without any furniture whatsoever in the same, and there locked her up, threatening that if she made the least noise or disturbance, the old gipsy woman would come up and cut her throat, and then fastened the door on the outside and went away. She says, that when it was daylight, upon her looking round to see in what dismal place she was confined, she discovered a small black jug, with the neck much broken, filled with water, and several pieces of bread, amounting to about the quantity of a quartern loaf, scattered on the floor, where was likewise a large parcel of hay. In this room, she says, she continued from that time till about half an hour after four of the clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 29th day of the same month of January, being in all twenty-seven days and upwards, without any other sustenance than the aforesaid bread and water, except one small mince-pie which she had in her pocket, which she was carrying home as a present to her little brother. She likewise says, that she had some part of this provision remaining on the Friday before she made her escape, which she did by breaking out at a window of the room or loft in which she was confined, and whence having escaped, she got back to her friends in London in about six hours, in a most weak and miserable condition, being almost starved to death, and without ever once stopping at any house or place by the way. She likewise says, that during her whole confinement no person ever came near her to ask her any question whatever, nor did she see any belonging to the house more than once, when one of the women peeped through a hole in the door, and that she herself was afraid to call or speak to any one. All this she hath solemnly sworn before a magistrate and in a court of justice.

Such is the narrative of Elizabeth Canning, and a very extraordinary narrative it is, consisting of many strange particulars resembling rather a wild dream than a real fact. First, it doth not well appear with what motive these men carried this poor girl such a length of way, or indeed that

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they had any motive at all for so doing. Secondly, that they should be able to do it is not easy to believe; I do not mean that it is not within the strength of two men to carry a little girl (for so she is) ten miles, but that they could do this without being met, opposed, or examined by any persons in the much frequented roads near this town, is extremely strange and surprising. Thirdly, the gipsy woman doth not seem to have had any sufficient motive to her proceedings. If her design was to make a prostitute, or a gipsy, or both, of this poor girl, she would, in all probability, have applied to her during her confinement, to try what effect that confinement had produced. If her design was murder, she had many easier and better ways than by starving, or if she had chosen this method of destroying the girl, it seems impossible to account for the conveying to her that bread and water, which would serve for no other purpose but to lengthen out the misery of a wretch against whom the gipsy woman had, as appears, no foundation whatever of anger or revenge, and might have increased the danger of discovering the whole villainy. Fourthly, that Elizabeth Canning herself should have survived this usage, and all the terrors it must have occasioned, and should have been kept alive with no other sustenance than she declares she had, are facts very astonishing and almost incredible. Fifthly, that she should so well have husbanded her small pittance as to retain some of it till within two days of her escape, is another surprising circumstance. Sixthly, that she should undergo all this hardship and fasting without attempting sooner to make her escape, or without perceiving the possibility of making it in the manner in which she at last says she did effect it, seems to be no less shocking to reason and common sense. Lastly, that, at the time when she dates this escape, she should have strength sufficient left, not only to break her prison in the manner she declares, but to walk eleven or twelve miles to her own home, is another fact which may very well stagger our belief, and is a proper close to this strange, unaccountable, and scarce credible story.

Thus have I set the several particulars of this narrative

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in as strong a light against the relator, and in one as disadvantageous to the credibility of her relation, as I think they can fairly be placed. Certain it is, that the facts seem at first to amount to the very highest degree of improbability, but I think that they do not amount to an impossibility; for, as to those objections which arise from the want of a sufficient motive in the transactors of this cruel scene, no great stress I think can be laid on these. I might ask what possible motive could induce two ruffians, who were executed last winter for murder, after they had robbed a poor wretch who made no resistance, to return and batter his skull with their clubs, till they fractured it in almost twenty different places. How many cruelties, indeed, do we daily hear of, to which it seems not easy to assign any other motive than barbarity itself? In serious and sorrowful truth, doth not history, as well as our own experience, afford us too great reasons to suspect, that there is in some minds a sensation directly opposite to that of benevolence, and which delights and feeds itself with acts of cruelty and inhumanity? And if such a passion can be allowed any existence, where can we imagine it more likely to exist than among such people as these?

Besides, though to a humane and truly sensible mind such actions appear to want an adequate motive, yet to wretches very little removed, either in their sensations or understandings, from wild beasts, there may possibly appear a very sufficient motive to all that they did; such might be a desire of increasing the train of gipsies, or of whores in the family of the Mother Wells. One of these appears to have been the design of the gipsy woman from the declaration of Elizabeth Canning, who, if she had said nothing more improbable, would certainly have been entitled to our belief in this, though this design seems afterwards not to have been pursued. In short, she might very possibly have left the alternative, with some indifference, to the girl's own option; if she was starved out of her virtue, the family might easily apprehend she would give them notice; if out of her life, it would be then time enough to convey her

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dead body to some ditch or dunghill, where, when it was found it would tell no tales: possibly, however, the indifference of the gipsy woman was not so absolute, but that she might prefer the girl's *going her way*, and this will account for her conveying to her that bread and water, which might give the poor girl a longer time to deliberate, and consequently the love of life might have a better chance to prevail over the love of virtue.

So much for the first and third objection arising from the want of motive, from which, as I observed above, no very powerful arguments can be drawn in the case of such wretches: as to the second objection, though I mentioned it as I would omit none, the reader, I presume, will lay so little weight upon it, that it would be wasting time to give it much answer. In reality, the darkness of the night at that season of the year, and when it was within two days of the new moon, with the indifference of most people to what doth not concern themselves, and the terror with which all honest persons pass by night through the roads near this town, will very sufficiently account for the want of all interruption to these men in their conveyance of the poor girl.

With regard to the fourth objection—how she could survive this usage, &c? I leave the degree of probability to be ascertained by the physicians. Possible, I think it is, and I contend for no more. I shall only observe here, that she barely did survive it, and that she, who left her mother in a plump condition, returned so like a spectre, that her mother fainted away when she saw her; her limbs were all emaciated, and the colour of her skin turned black, so as to resemble a state of mortification; her recovery from which state since, is a proof of that firm and sound constitution which supported her, if she says true, under all her misery.

As to the fifth objection, she answers, that the cruel usage she had met with, and the condition she saw herself in, so affected both her mind and body, that she ate scarce anything during the first days of her confinement, and

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afterwards had so little appetite, that she could scarce swallow the hard morsels which were allotted her.

The sixth objection hath, in my opinion, so little in it that had I not heard it insisted on by others, I should not myself have advanced it; common experience every day teaches us, that we endure many inconveniences of life, while we overlook those ways of extricating ourselves, which, when they are discovered, appear to have been, from the first, extremely easy and obvious. The inference, which may be drawn from this observation, a moderate degree of candour will oblige us to extend very far in the case of a poor simple child, under all the circumstances of weakness of body and depression and confusion of spirits, till despair, which is a quality that is ever increasing as its object increases, grew to the highest pitch, and forced her to an attempt which she had not before had the courage to undertake.

As to her accomplishing this, and being able to escape to her friends, the probability of this likewise I leave to the discussion of physicians: possible it surely is, and I question very much whether the degree of despair, which I have just mentioned, will not even make it probable; since this is known to add no less strength to the body than it doth to the mind, a truth which every man almost may confirm by many instances.

But if, notwithstanding all I have here said, the narrative should still appear ever so improbable, it may yet become a proper object of our belief, from the weight of the evidence; for there is a degree of evidence by which every fact that is not impossible to have happened at all, or to have happened in the manner in which it is related, may be supported and ought to be believed. In all cases, indeed, the weight of evidence ought to be strictly conformable to the weight of improbability; and when it is so, the wiser a man is the sooner and easier he will believe. To say truth, to judge well of this conformity is what we truly call sagacity, and requires the greatest strength and force of understanding. He who gives a hasty belief to what is

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strange and improbable, is guilty of rashness; but he is much more absurd who declares that he will believe no such fact on any evidence whatever. The world are too much inclined to think that the credulous is the only fool; whereas, in truth, there is *another fool* of a quite opposite character, who is much more difficult to deal with, less liable to the dominion of reason, and possessed of a frailty more prejudicial to himself and often more detrimental to mankind in general.

To apply this reasoning to the present case, as we have, it is hoped, with great fairness and impartiality, stated all the improbabilities which compose this girl's narrative, we will now consider the evidence that supports them. And when we have done this, it will possibly appear, that the credulous person is he who believes that Elizabeth Canning is a liar.

First, then, there is one part of this story which is incontestably true, as it is a matter of public notoriety, and known by almost every inhabitant in the parish where her mother dwells. This is, that the girl, after the absence of a month, returned on the 29th of January, in the dreadful condition above described. This being an established fact, a very fair presumption follows that she was confined somewhere, and by some person; that this confinement was of equal duration with her absence; that she was almost starved to death; that she was confined in a place whence it was difficult to make her escape; that, however, this escape was possible, and that at length she actually made it. All these are circumstances which arise from the nature of the fact itself. They are what Tully calls *Evidentia Rei*, and are stronger than the positive testimony of any witnesses; they do, indeed, carry conviction with them to every man who hath capacity enough to draw a conclusion from the most self-evident premises.

These facts being established, I shall oppose improbability to improbability, and first I begin by asking, Why did this girl conceal the person who thus cruelly used her? It could not be a lover; for among all the cruelties by which men

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have become infamous in their commerce with women, none of this kind can, I believe, be produced. What reason, therefore, can be assigned for this great degree of more than Christian forgiveness of such barbarous usage is to me, I own, a secret; such forgiveness, therefore, is at least as great a degree of improbability as any which can be found, or which can be feigned in her narrative.

Again, what motive can be invented for her laying this heavy charge on those who are innocent? That street robbers and gipsies, who have scarce even the appearance of humanity, should be guilty of wanton cruelty without a motive hath greatly staggered the world, and many have denied the probability of such a fact: Will they then imagine that this girl hath committed a more deliberate, and, therefore, a more atrocious crime, by endeavouring to take away the lives of an old woman, her son, and another man, as well as to ruin another woman, without any motive whatever? Will they believe this of a young girl, hardly eighteen years old, who hath the unanimous testimony of all who ever knew her from her infancy, to support the character of a virtuous, modest, sober, well-disposed girl; and this character most enforced by those who know her best, and particularly by those with whom she hath lived in service?

As to any motive of getting money by such an attempt, nothing can be more groundless and evidently false than the suggestion; the subscription which was proposed and publicly advertised, was thought of long after the girl's return to her mother, upon which return she immediately told the story in the presence of numbers of people, with all the circumstances with which she hath since, without any variation, related it. The real truth is, that this subscription was set on foot by several well disposed neighbours and very substantial tradesmen, in order to bring a set of horrid villains to justice, which then appeared (as it hath since proved) to be a matter which would be attended with considerable expense, nor was any reward to the girl then thought of; the first proposer of which reward was a noble

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and generous lord, who was present at the last examination of this matter in Bow Street; so that this charge of the gipsy woman, and the rest, if a false one, was absolutely without any motive at all. A second improbability which rises as much higher than that to which it is opposed, as the crime would be higher, since it would be more deliberate in the girl, and as her character is better than that of street robbers and gipsies.

Again, as the girl can scarce be supposed wicked enough, so I am far from supposing her witty enough to invent such a story; a story full of variety of strange incidents, and worthy the invention of some writer of romances, in many of which we find such kind of strange improbabilities that are the productions of a fertile, though commonly, a distempered brain; whereas this girl is a child in years, and yet more so in understanding, with all the evident marks of simplicity that I ever discovered in a human countenance; and this I think may be admitted to be a third improbability.

A fourth seems to me to arise from the manner in which this poor simple girl hath supported this story; which, as it requires the highest degree of wickedness of heart, and some tolerable goodness of head to have invented, so doth it require no small degree of assurance to support; and that in large assemblies of persons of a much higher degree than she had ever before appeared in the presence of—before noblemen, and magistrates, and judges—persons who must have inspired a girl of this kind with the highest awe. Before all these she went through her evidence without hesitation, confusion, trembling, change of countenance, or other apparent emotion. As such a behaviour could proceed only from the highest impudence, or most perfect innocence, so it seemed clearly to arise from the latter, as it was accompanied with such a show of decency, modesty, and simplicity, that if these were all affected, which those who disbelieve her must suppose, it must have required not only the highest art, but the longest practice and habit to bring it to such a degree of perfection.

A fifth improbability is, that this girl should fix on a

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place so far from home, and where it doth not appear she had ever been before. Had she gone to this place of her own accord, or been carried thither by any other than the person she accused, surely Mother Wells would have told this, as it must have acquitted her of the fact laid to her charge, and would indeed have destroyed the whole character of Elizabeth Canning, and of consequence have put an end to the prosecution; but Mother Wells, on the contrary, denied absolutely that Elizabeth Canning had ever been in her house, or that she had ever seen her face before she came there with the peace officers.

In this point, viz: That Elizabeth Canning was not acquainted with Mother Wells, or her house, nor ever there, in any other manner than as she herself hath informed us, her evidence stands confirmed by the best and strongest testimony imaginable, and that is by the declaration of the defendant Wells herself. It is true indeed, that as to her being confined there, Wells utterly denies it, but she as positively affirms that this Elizabeth Canning was never there at any other time, nor in any other manner. From this point then, so established, will result an utter impossibility; for unless this poor girl had been well acquainted with the house, the hay-loft, the pitcher, &c., how was it possible that she should describe them all so very exactly as she did, at her return to her mother's, in the presence of such numbers of people? Nay, she described likewise, the prospect that appeared from the hay-loft, with such exactness, as required a long time to furnish her with the particulars of. I know but two ways of her being enabled to give this description; either she must have been there herself, or must have had her information from some other. As to the former, Wells herself denies it; and as to the latter, I leave to the conjecture of my ingenious reader, whether it was Mother Wells herself, the gipsy woman, Virtue Hall, or who else that instructed Elizabeth Canning in all these particulars.

In the meantime, I shall beg leave to conclude, either that we must account for the girl's knowledge one of the

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ways which I have mentioned; or, secondly, we must believe an impossibility; or, thirdly, we must swallow the truth of this relation, though it be as hard a morsel as any which the poor girl fed on during her whole confinement.

And now I come to a piece of evidence which hath been the principal foundation of that credit which I have given to this extraordinary story. It appeared to me at first to be convincing and unsurmountable, in the same light it appeared to a gentleman whose understanding and sagacity are of the very first rate, and who is one of the best lawyers of his time; he owned that this evidence seemed to him to be unanswerable, so I acknowledge it yet seems to me, and till I shall receive an answer, I must continue to believe the fact which rests upon it.

In order to lay this evidence before the reader in a fair and just light, it will be necessary to give a brief relation of the order of proceedings in this case, down to the time when Virtue Hall appeared first before me.

Upon the return of Elizabeth Canning to her mother's house in the manner above set forth, and upon the account which she gave of her unprecedented sufferings, the visible marks of which then appeared on her body, all her neighbours began to fire with resentment against the several actors concerned in so cruel a scene; and presently some of the most substantial of these neighbours proposed to raise a contribution amongst themselves, in order, if possible, to bring the villains who had injured this poor girl to exemplary justice: as soon, therefore, as she was able to bear the journey, they put her into a chaise, and taking with them proper peace officers, conveyed the girl along the Hertford Road, to see if she was able to trace out the house where she had been confined; for she at that time knew not the name of the place, nor could she sufficiently describe the situation of Wells's house, though she had before so exactly described the inside of it. Possibly, indeed, she might never have been able to have discovered the house at all, had it not been for a very extraordinary incident, and this was, that through the chinks or crevices of the boards of the

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hay-loft, she saw at a distance the Hertford stage coach pass by, the driver of which she knew, though he passed not near enough for her to call to him with any hopes of success, and by this extraordinary circumstance she came to know that the house stood on the Hertford Road.

When they arrived at this house the poor girl was taken out of the chaise, and placed on a table in the kitchen, where all the family passed in review before her: she then fixed on the gipsy woman, whom she had very particularly described before, and who is, perhaps, the most remarkable person in the whole world; she charged likewise Virtue Hall, whose countenance likewise is very easy to be remembered by those who have once seen her.

The whole family, however, though no more were positively charged by Elizabeth Canning, being put all into a cart were conducted before Mr. Tyshemaker, who is a justice of the peace for the County of Middlesex, who, having first examined Elizabeth Canning alone, but without taking from her any information in writing, did afterwards examine all the parties, and in the end committed the gipsy woman and Wells—the former for taking away the stays from Elizabeth Canning, and the latter for keeping a disorderly house.

And here the reader will be pleased to observe these facts:

First, That Elizabeth Canning did not make any information in writing before this justice.

Secondly, That the history of the fact that she related to the justice was not in the presence of Virtue Hall.

Thirdly, That Elizabeth Canning, so cautious is she in taking her oath, declared that she could not swear to the gipsy's son, as the men's hats were flapped over their faces in the house, and as when she was first assaulted it was so very dark, she could not distinguish their countenances, nor did she charge Wells with any crime at all, except that which resulted from the tenor of her whole evidence of keeping a disorderly house.

Lastly, That Virtue Hall did, at that time, absolutely deny

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that she knew anything of the matter, and declared that Elizabeth Canning had never been in Wells's house, to her knowledge, till that day, nor had she ever seen her face before; the consequence of which declaration was, that the gipsy's son, whom this Virtue Hall hath since accused of the robbery, was discharged by Mr. Tyshemaker.

Elizabeth Canning, with her friends, now returned home to her mother's house, where she continued to languish in a very deplorable condition; and now Mr. Salt, the attorney, who hath been employed in this cause, advised the parties to apply to counsel, and upon this occasion, as he hath done upon many others, he fixed upon me as the counsel to be advised with.

Accordingly, upon the 6th of February, as I was sitting in my room, Counsellor Maden being then with me, my clerk delivered me a case, which was thus, as I remember, endorsed at the top, "The Case of Elizabeth Canning for Mr. Fielding's opinion," and at the bottom, "SALT, Solr." Upon the receipt of this case, with my fee, I bid my clerk give my service to Mr. Salt and tell him that I would take the case with me into the country, whither I intended to go the next day, and desired he would call for it on the Friday morning afterwards; after which, without looking into it, I delivered it to my wife, who was then drinking tea with us, and who laid it by.

The reader will pardon my being so particular in these circumstances, as they seem, however trifling they may be in themselves, to show the true nature of this whole transaction, which hath been so basely misrepresented, and as they will all be attested by a gentleman of fashion, and of as much honour as any in the nation. My clerk presently returned up stairs, and brought Mr. Salt with him, who, when he came into the room, told me that he believed the question would be of very little difficulty, and begged me earnestly to read it over then, and give him my opinion, as it was a matter of some haste, being of a criminal nature, and he feared the parties would make their escape. Upon this, I desired him to sit down, and when the tea was ended,

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I ordered my wife to fetch me back the case, which I then read over, and found it to contain a very full and clear state of the whole affair relating to the usage of this girl, with a *quere* what methods might be proper to take to bring the offenders to justice; which *quere* I answered in the best manner I was able. Mr. Salt then desired that Elizabeth Canning might swear to her information before me, and added, that it was the very particular desire of several gentlemen of that end of the town, that Virtue Hall might be examined by me relating to her knowledge of this affair.

This business I at first declined, partly, as it was a transaction which had happened at a distant part of the county, as it had been examined already by a gentleman, with whom I have the pleasure of some acquaintance, and of whose worth and integrity I have with all, I believe, who know him, a very high opinion; but principally, indeed, for that I had been almost fatigued to death, with several tedious examinations at that time, and had intended to refresh myself with a day or two's interval in the country, where I had not been, unless on a Sunday, for a long time.

I yielded, however, at last, to the importunities of Mr. Salt; and my only motives for so doing were, besides those importunities, some curiosity, occasioned by the extraordinary nature of the case, and a great compassion for the dreadful condition of the girl, as it was represented to me by Mr. Salt.

The next day Elizabeth Canning was brought in a chair to my house, and being led up stairs between two, the following information, which I had never before seen, was read over to her, when she swore to the truth and set her mark to it.

MIDDLESEX.] The information of Elizabeth Canning, of Aldermanbury Postern, London, spinster, taken upon oath this 7th day of February, in the year of Our Lord 1753, before Henry Fielding, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex.

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This informant, upon her oath, saith, That on Monday, the 1st day of January last past, she, this informant, went to see her uncle and aunt, who live at Saltpetre Bank, near Rosemary Lane, in the County of Middlesex, and continued with them until the evening, and saith, That upon her return home about half an hour after nine, being opposite Bethlehem-gate in Moorfields, she, this informant, was seized by two men (whose names are unknown to her, this informant) who both had brown bob-wigs on, and drab-coloured great-coats, one of whom held her, this informant, whilst the other feloniously and violently, took from her one shaving hat, one stuff gown, and one linen apron, which she had on; and also, half a guinea in gold, and three shillings in silver; and then he that held her threatened to do for this informant. And this informant saith, that, immediately after, they, the same two men, violently took hold of her, and dragged her up into the gravel-walk that leads down to the said gate, and about the middle thereof, he, the said man that first held her, gave her, with his fist, a very violent blow upon the right temple, which threw her into a fit, and deprived her of her senses (which fits she, this informant, saith she is accustomed and subject to upon being frighted, and that they often continue for six or seven hours). And this informant saith, that when she came to herself, she perceived that she was carrying along by the same two men, in a large roadway: and saith, that in a little time after, she was so recovered she was able to walk alone; however they continued to pull her along, which still so intimidated and frighted her, that she durst not call out for assistance, or speak to them. And this informant saith, that, in about half an hour after she had so recovered herself, they, the said two men, carried her, this informant, into a house, (which, as she, this informant, heard from some of them, was about four o'clock in the morning, and which house, as she, this informant, hath since heard and believes, is situate at Enfield Wash in the County of Middlesex, and is reputed to be a very bad and disorderly bawdy-house, and occupied by one——Wells widow,) and there this informant saw, in the kitchen, an old gipsy

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woman, and two young women, whose names were unknown to this informant; but the name of one of them this informant hath since heard and believes is Virtue Hall, and saith, that the said old gipsy woman took hold of this informant's hand, and promised to give her fine clothes if she would go their way (meaning, as this informant understood, to become a prostitute); which this informant, refusing to do, she, the said old gipsy woman, took a knife out of a drawer, and cut the lace of the stays of her, this informant, and took the said stays away from her; and one of the said men took off her cap, and then the said two men went away with it, and she, this informant, hath never since seen any of her things. And this informant saith, that soon after they were gone (which she, this informant, believes was about five in the morning) she, the said old gipsy woman, forced her, this informant, up an old pair of stairs, and pushed her into a back room like a hay-loft, without any furniture whatsoever in the same, and there locked her, this informant, up, threatening her, this informant, that if she made the least noise or disturbance, she, the said old gipsy woman, would cut her throat, and then she went away. And this informant saith, that when it grew light, upon her looking round to see in what a dismal place she was, she, this informant, discovered a large black jug, with the neck much broken, wherein was some water; and upon the floor, several pieces of bread, near in quantity to a quartern loaf, and a small parcel of hay: and saith, that she continued in this room or place, from the said Tuesday morning, the 2nd day of January, until about half an hour after four of the clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 29th day of the same month of January, without having or receiving any other sustenance or provision than the said bread and water (except a small mince-pie, which she, this informant, had in her pocket); or any thing to lie on other than the said hay, and without any person or persons coming to her, although she often heard the name of Mrs. and Mother Wells, called upon, whom she understood was the mistress of the house. And this informant saith, that on Friday, the 26th day of January

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last past, she, this informant, had consumed all the aforesaid bread and water, and continued without having any thing to eat or drink until the Monday following, when she this informant, being almost famished with hunger, and starved with cold, and almost naked during the whole time of her confinement, about half an hour after four in the afternoon of the said 29th day of January, broke out at a window of the said room or place, and got to her friends in London, about a quarter after ten the same night, in a most weak, miserable condition, being very near starved to death. And this informant saith, that she ever since hath been, and now is, in a very weak and declining state and condition of health, and although all possible care and assistance is given her, yet whatever small nutriment she, this informant, is able to take, the same receives no passage through her, but what is forced by the apothecary's assistance and medicines.

The mark of
E.C.
(ELIZABETH CANNING.)

Sworn before me,
this 7th of Feb. 1753.
H. FIELDING.

Upon this information, I issued a warrant against all who should be found resident in the house of the said Wells, as idle and disorderly persons, and persons of evil fame, that they might appear before me, to give security for their good behaviour; upon which warrant, Virtue Hall, and one Judith Natus were seized and brought before me, both being found at Mother Wells's: they were in my house above an hour or more before I was at leisure to see them, during which time, and before I had ever seen Virtue Hall, I was informed that she would confess the whole matter. When she came before me she appeared in tears, and seemed all over in a trembling condition; upon which I endeavoured to soothe and comfort her: the words I first spoke to her, as well as I can remember, were these,—Child, you need not be under this fear and apprehension; if you will tell us the whole

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truth of this affair, I give you my word and honour, as far as it is my power to protect you; you shall come to no manner of harm. She answered, that she would tell the whole truth, but desired to have some time given her to recover from her fright; upon this, I ordered a chair to be brought her, and desired her to sit down, and then, after some minutes, began to examine her; which I continued doing, in the softest language and kindest manner I was able, for a considerable time, till she had been guilty of so many prevarications and contradictions, that I told her I would examine her no longer, but would commit her to prison, and leave her to stand or fall by the evidence against her; and at the same time advised Mr. Salt to prosecute her as a felon, together with the gipsy woman; upon this, she begged I would hear her once more, and said that she would tell the whole truth, and accounted for her unwillingness to do it, from the fears of the gipsy woman and Wells. I then asked her a few questions, which she answered with more appearance of truth than she had done before; after which, I recommended to Mr. Salt to go with her and take her information in writing; and at her parting from me, I bid her be a good girl, and to be sure to say neither more nor less than the whole truth. During this whole time there were no less than ten or a dozen persons of credit present, who will, I suppose, testify the truth of this whole transaction as it is here related. Virtue Hall then went from me, and returned in about two hours, when the following information, which was, as she said, taken from her mouth, was read over to her and signed with her mark.

> The Information of Virtue Hall, late of the parish of Enfield in the County of Middlesex, Spinster, taken upon oath this 13th day of February, 1753, before me, Henry Fielding, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex.

This informant, upon her oath, saith, that on Tuesday, the 2nd day of January, last past, about four of the clock in

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the morning, a young woman, whose name, this informant hath since heard, is Elizabeth Canning, was brought (without any gown, hat, or apron on) to the house of one Susannah Wells, of Enfield Wash, in the county aforesaid, widow, by two men, the name of one of whom is John Squires, the reputed son of one Mary Squires, an old gipsy woman, who then, and some little time before, had lodged at the house of the said Susannah Wells, but the name of the other of the said two men this informant knows not, she, this informant, never having seen him before or since to the best of her knowledge. And this informant saith, that when she the said Elizabeth Canning was brought into the kitchen of the said Wells's house, there were present the said Mary Squires, John Squires, the man unknown, Catherine Squires, the reputed daughter of the said Mary Squires, and this informant; and this informant does not recollect that any one else was in the said kitchen at that time: and saith, that immediately upon her, the said Elizabeth Canning being brought in, the said John Squires said, here mother take this girl, or used words to that effect; and she, the said Mary Squires, asked him where they had brought her from: and John said from Moorfields; and told his said mother that they had taken her gown, apron, hat, and half a guinea from her, to the best of this informant's recollection and belief; whereupon she, the said Mary Squires, took hold of the said Elizabeth Canning's hand, and asked her if she would go their way, or words to that effect; and upon the said Elizabeth Canning answering no, she, the said Mary Squires, took a knife out of the drawer of the dresser in the kitchen, and therewith cut the lace of the said Elizabeth Canning's stays, and took the said stays away from her, and hung them on the back of a chair, and the said man unknown, took the cap off the said Elizabeth Canning's head, and then he, with the said John Squires, went out of doors with it. And this informant saith, that quickly after they were gone, she, the said Mary Squires, pushed the said Elizabeth Canning along the kitchen towards and up a pair of stairs leading into a large back room like a loft, called the workshop,

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where there was some hay; and whilst she, the said Mary Squires, was pushing her, the said Elizabeth Canning, towards the stairs, she, the said Susannah Wells, came into the kitchen and asked the said Mary Squires what she was going to push the girl up stairs for, or words to that effect, and to the best of this informant's recollection and belief, the said Mary Squires answered—What is that to you? you have no business with it. Whereupon the said Susannah Wells directly went out of the kitchen into an opposite room called the parlour, from whence she came, as this informant believes. And this informant saith that the said Mary Squires forced the said Elizabeth Canning up stairs into the said workshop, and buttoned the door at the bottom of the stairs in the kitchen upon her, and confined her there. And this informant saith, that about two hours after, a quantity of water in an old broken-mouthed large black jug was carried up the said stairs, and put down upon the floor of the said workshop at the top of the stairs, to the best of this informant's recollection and belief. And this informant saith, that soon after the said Elizabeth Canning was so put into the said workshop, and the said Susannah Wells was returned into the parlour, the said John Squires returned again into the kitchen, and took the stays from off the chair and went away with the same, and in about an hour's time returned and went into the parlour with the said Susannah Wells; he, the said John Squires, came again into the kitchen, and then this informant went into the parlour to the said Susannah Wells, and the said Susannah Wells there said to the informant, Virtue, the gipsy man (meaning the said John Squires) has been telling me that his mother had cut the girl's (meaning the said Elizabeth Canning's) stays off her back, and that he has got them; and further said I desire you will not make a clack of it for fear it should be blown, or used words to that or the like effect. And this informant saith that from the time of the said Elizabeth Canning being so confined in the morning of the said 2nd day of January, in manner as aforesaid, she, the said Elizabeth Canning was not missed or discovered to have escaped out

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of the said workshop until Wednesday, the 31st day of the same month of January, as she, this informant, verily believes; for that to the best of this informant's recollection and belief, she was the person that first missed the said Elizabeth Canning thereout. And this informant saith, that the said Susannah Wells harboured and continued the said Mary Squires in her aforesaid house from the time of the said Mary Squires robbing the said Elizabeth Canning of her stays, until Thursday, the 1st day of February last past, when the said Susannah Wells, Sarah, her daughter, Mary Squires, John Squires, his two sisters, Catherine and Mary Squires, Fortune Natus, and Sarah, his wife, and this informant, were apprehended on account thereof, and carried before Justice Tyshemaker. And this informant saith, that Fortune Natus and Sarah his wife, to the best of this informant's recollection and belief, have lodged in the house of the said Susannah Wells about eleven weeks next before Monday, the 5th day of February instant, and layed on a bed of hay spread in the kitchen at night, which was in the daytime pushed up in a corner thereof, and continued lying there, when at home, until Thursday, the said 5th day of February, when, before the said Mr. Tyshemaker, all, except the said Susannah Wells and Mary Squires, were discharged, and then that evening the said Fortune Natus and Sarah, his wife, laid up in the said workshop where the said Elizabeth Canning had been confined, so that, as this informant understood, it might be pretended that they had lain in the said workshop for all the time they had lodged in the said Susannah Wells's house. And saith, that on the day on which it was discovered that the said Elizabeth Canning had made her escape out of the said workshop, by breaking down some boards slightly affixed across the window-place, the said Sarah, daughter of the said Susannah Wells, nailed up the said window-place again with boards, so that the said window-place might not appear to have been broke open. And lastly, this informant saith, that she, this informant, hath lived with the said Susannah Wells about a quarter of a year last past, and well knows that the said

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Susannah Wells, during that time, hath kept a very notorious, ill-governed and disorderly house, and has had the character of doing so for many years past; and that the said Susannah Wells well knew and was privy to the confinement of the said Elizabeth Canning.

Sworn before me this
14th February, 1753.
H. FIELDING.

Her
VIRTUE HALL × Mark,

The reader will be pleased to consider the nature of this information truly taken in the manner above set down, to compare it with the evidence given by this Virtue Hall at her trial, and lastly, to compare it with the evidence of Elizabeth Canning, and then I am much mistaken if he condemns either the judge or jury.

After I had finished the examination of Virtue Hall, one Judith Natus, the wife of Fortune Natus, whom I apprehend to belong to the gipsies, and who was found in the house with Virtue Hall, being examined upon her oath before me, declared, that she and her husband lay in the same room where Elizabeth Canning pretended to have been confined during the whole time of her pretended confinement, and declared that she had never seen nor heard of any such person as Elizabeth Canning in Wells's house. Upon this, Virtue Hall, of her own accord, affirmed, as she doth in her information in writing, these two persons were introduced into that room, to lie there, by Mother Wells, to give a colour to the defence which Wells was to make, and which these people, in the presence of Virtue Hall, had agreed to swear to.

Upon this some persons, who were present, were desirous that this Judith Natus should be committed for perjury, but I told them that such a proceeding would be contrary to law, for that I might as well commit Virtue Hall upon the evidence of Judith Natus. However, as I confess I myself thought her guilty of perjury, I gave her some little caution, and told her that she ought to be very sure of the truth

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of what she said, if she intended to give that evidence at the Old Bailey, and then discharged her.

The next day Virtue Hall came again before me, but nothing material passed, nor was she three minutes in my presence. I then ordered detainers for felony against the gipsy woman and Wells to be sent to the prisons where they then lay, upon the commitments of Mr. Tyshemaker, and thus ended all the trouble which I thought it was necessary for me to give myself in this affair; for, as to the gipsy woman or Wells, those who understand the law well know I had no business with them.

Some days afterwards, however, upon my return to town, my clerk informed me that several noble lords had sent to my house in my absence, desiring to be present at the examination of the gipsy woman. Of this I informed Mr. Salt, and desired him to bring Elizabeth Canning and Virtue Hall, in order to swear their several informations again in the presence of the gipsy woman and Wells, and appointed him a day for so doing, of which I sent an advice to the noble lords.

One of these, namely, Lord Montfort, together with several gentlemen of fashion, came at the appointed time. They were in my room before the prisoners or witnesses were brought up. The informations were read to the two prisoners; after which I asked the prisoners a very few questions, and in what manner I behaved to them, let all who were present testify; I can truly say, that my memory doth not charge me with having ever insulted the lowest wretch that hath been brought before me.

The prisoners and witnesses left the room while all the company remained in it; and from that time to this day I never saw the face of Virtue Hall, unless once when she came before me with Canning, to see a man who was taken on suspicion of the robbery, and when I scarce spoke to her; nor should I have seen Elizabeth Canning more, had not I received a message from some gentlemen desiring my advice how to dispose of some money which they had collected for the use of Elizabeth Canning, in the best

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manner for her advantage; upon which occasion I ordered her to be sent for, to meet one of the gentlemen at my house: and had I not likewise been informed, since the trial, that a great number of affidavits, proving that the gipsy woman was at Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire, at the very time when Elizabeth Canning had sworn that she was robbed by her at Enfield Wash, were arrived at my Lord Mayor's office. Upon this I sent for her once more, and endeavoured by all means in my power to sift the truth out of her, and to bring her to a confession if she was guilty; but she persisted in the truth of the evidence that she had given, and with such an appearance of innocence, as persuaded all present of the justice of her cause.

Thus have I very minutely recited the whole concern which I had in this affair, unless that after I had discharged my whole duty as a justice of the peace, Mr. Salt came again to consult with me concerning the crime of which Wells was accused, and the manner of prosecuting her, upon a point of law, which is by no means a very easy one, namely, that of accessories after the fact in felony, upon which I gave him my opinion.

And now, having run through the process of the affair as far as to the trial, which is already in print, I come to lay before the reader that point of evidence on which, as I have said, so great a stress ought to be laid, a point on which indeed any cause whatever might be safely rested: this is the agreement, in so many particular circumstances, between the evidence of Elizabeth Canning and Virtue Hall. That Virtue Hall had never seen nor heard the evidence of Elizabeth Canning at the time when she made her own information, is a fact; nay, had she even heard the other repeat it once over before a justice of peace, that she should be able, at a distance of time, to retain every particular circumstance so exactly as to make it tally in the manner her information doth with that of Elizabeth Canning, is a supposition in the highest degree absurd, and those who can believe it can believe that which is much

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more incredible than any thing in the narrative of Elizabeth Canning.

The only way therefore to account for this is, by supposing that the two girls laid this story together. To the probability and indeed possibility of this supposition, I object.

First, That from the whole circumstances of this case it appears manifestly that they had never seen the face of each other (unless Canning be believed as to the time when she was brought into Wells's) before the persons came to apprehend her, nay, Wells herself declared before me that Canning had never been in her house, and the other scarce ever out of it during the whole month in question.

Secondly, If we could suppose they had met together so as to form this story, the behaviour of Virtue Hall before Mr. Tyshemaker would entirely destroy any such supposition, for there this Virtue Hall was so far from being in the same story with Elizabeth Canning, that she there affirmed she knew nothing of the matter, and she had then no reason to apprehend any further examination; nor is it possible to conceive that these two girls should afterwards enter into any such agreement. From the day of the examination before Mr. Tyshemaker, till Virtue Hall came before me, the two girls never saw the face of each other, the one remained sick at her mother's in town, the other continued at Wells's house at Enfield, in company with those who yet persist in their friendship to Wells and the gipsy. In reality, I never yet heard a fact better established in a court of justice than this, that Elizabeth Canning and Virtue Hall did not lay this story together, nay, even she herself doth not, as I have heard, since her apostasy, pretend to say any such thing, but imputes her evidence to her being threatened and bullied into it, which, to my own knowledge, and that of many others, is a most impudent falsehood; and, secondly, ascribes her agreeing with Elizabeth Canning to having heard her deliver her evidence, which, besides being impossible, can be proved to be another notorious falsehood, by a great number of witnesses of indisputable credit.

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So that I think I am here entitled to the following syllogistical conclusion:

Whenever two witnesses declare a fact, and agree in all the circumstances of it, either the fact is true or they have previously concerted the evidence between themselves.

But in this case it is impossible that these girls should have so previously concerted the evidence:

And, therefore, the fact is true.

The reader will be pleased to observe, that I do not here lay any weight on the evidence of Virtue Hall, as far as her own credit is necessary to support that evidence, for in truth she deserves no credit at all; the weight which I here lay on her evidence is so far only as it is supported by that evidence of fact which alone is always safely to be depended upon, as it is alone incapable of a lie.

And here, though I might very well rest the merits of the whole cause on this single point, yet I cannot conclude the case of this poor girl without one observation, which hath, I own, surprised me, and will, I doubt not, surprise the reader. It is this, Why did not the gipsy woman and Wells produce the evidence of Fortune Natus and his wife in their defence at their trial, since that evidence, as they well knew, was so very strong in their behalf, that had the jury believed it, they must have been acquitted? For my own part, I can give but one answer to this, and that is too obvious to need to be here mentioned.

Nor will I quit this case without observing the pretty incident of the mince pie, which, as it possibly saved this poor girl's life, so doth the intention of carrying it home to her little brother serve very highly to represent the goodness as well as childishness and simplicity of her character; a character so strongly imprinted in her countenance, and attested by all her neighbours.

Upon the whole, this case, whether it be considered in a private or a public light, deserves to be scrutinised to the bottom; and that can be only done by the government's authorising some very capable and very indifferent persons to examine into it, and particularly into the *alibi* defence of

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Mary Squires, the gipsy woman. On the one side here is the life of a subject at stake, who, if her defence is true, is innocent; and a young girl, guilty of the blackest, most premeditated, and most audacious perjury, levelled against the lives of several innocent persons. On the other side, if the evidence of Elizabeth Canning is true, and perjury should, nevertheless, prevail against her, an innocent young creature, who hath suffered the most cruel and unheard of injuries, is in danger of being rewarded for them by ruin and infamy; and what must extremely aggravate her case, and will distinguish her misery from that of all other wretches upon earth, is, that she will owe all this ruin and infamy to this strange circumstance, that her sufferings have been beyond what human nature is supposed capable of bearing; whilst robbery, cruelty, and the most impudent of all perjuries, will escape with impunity and triumph; and, therefore, will so escape, because the barbarity of the guilty parties hath risen to a pitch of wanton and untempted inhumanity, beyond all possibility of belief.

As to my own conduct in this affair, which I have deduced with the most minute exactness, I know it to be highly justifiable before God and before man. I frankly own I thought it entitled me to the very reverse of censure. The truth is, the same motive prevailed with me then, which principally urged me to take up my pen at this time, a desire to protect innocence and to detect guilt; and the delight in so doing was the only reward I ever expected, so help me God; and I have the satisfaction to be assured that those who know me best will most believe me.

In solemn truth, the only error I can ever be possibly charged with in this case is an error in sagacity. If Elizabeth Canning be guilty of a false accusation, I own she hath been capable of imposing on me; but I have the comfort to think the same imposition hath passed not only on two juries, but likewise on one of the best judges that ever sate on the bench of justice, and on two other very able judges who were present at the trial.

I do not, for my own part, pretend to infallibility, though

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I can at the same time with truth declare that I have never spared any pains in endeavouring to detect falsehood and perjury, and have had some very notable success that way.

In this case, however, one of the most simple girls I ever saw, if she be a wicked one, hath been too hard for me; supposing her to be such, she hath indeed most grossly deceived me, for I remain still in the same error; and I appeal, in the most solemn manner, to the Almighty for the truth of what I now assert. I am at this very time on this 15th day of March, 1753, as firmly persuaded as I am of any fact in this world, the truth of which depends solely on the evidence of others, that Mary Squires, the gipsy woman, IS GUILTY of the robbery and cruelty of which she stands convicted; that the *alibi* defence is not only a false one, but a falsehood very easy to be practised on all occasions where there are gangs of people, as gipsies, &c.; that very foul and unjustifiable practices have been used in this whole affair since the trial, and that Elizabeth Canning is a poor, honest, innocent, simple girl, and the most unhappy and most injured of all human beings.

It is this persuasion alone, I repeat it again, which occasioned me to give the public this trouble; for as to myself I am, in my own opinion, as little concerned in the event of this whole matter as any other man whatever.

Whatever warmth I have at last contracted in this matter, I have contracted from those who have been much warmer on the other side; nor can any such magistrate blame me, since we must, I am persuaded, act from the same motive of doing justice to injured innocence. This is surely the duty of every man, and a very indispensable duty it is, if we believe one of the best of writers. *Qui non defendit, nec obsistit, si potest, injuriæ, tam erit in vitio quam si parentes, aut amicos, aut patriam deserat.* These are Tully's words, and they are in the most especial manner applicable to every magistrate.

To the merit of having discharged this duty, my Lord Mayor as well as myself have a just title at all events.

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And for my own part, as I do not expect to gain, so neither do I fear to lose any other honour on the final issue of this affair; for surely the cause is of such a nature that a man must be intolerably vain who is ashamed of being mistaken on either side. To be placed above the reach of deceit is to be placed above the rank of a human being; sure I am that I make no pretension to be of that rank; indeed I have been often deceived in my opinion of men, and have served and recommended to others those persons whom I have afterwards discovered to be totally worthless. I shall, in short, be very well contented with the character which Cicero gives of Epicurus. *Quis illum negat et bonum virum et comem et humanum fuisse!* And whoever will allow me this, which I must own I think I deserve, shall have my leave to add, *tamen, si hæc vera sunt non satis acutus fuit.*

In solemn truth so little desirous am I to be found in the right, that I shall not be in the least displeased to find myself mistaken. This indeed I ought, as a good man, to wish may be the case, since that this country should have produced one great monster of iniquity is a reflection much less shocking than to consider the nation to be arrived at such an alarming state of profligacy, and our laws and government to lie in so languishing a condition that a gang of wretches like these should dare to form such an impudent attempt to elude public justice, nay, rather to overbear it by the force of associated perjury in the face of the whole world; and that this audacious attempt should have had, at least, a very high probability of succeeding.

This is the light in which I see this case at present. I conclude, therefore, with hoping that the government will authorise some proper persons to examine to the very bottom, a matter in which the honour of our national justice is so deeply concerned.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the extreme hurry in which the foregoing case was drawn up, I forgot to observe one strange circumstance

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which will attend the case of Elizabeth Canning, if it should be admitted to be a forgery; this is, that she should charge the gipsy woman, when she must have known that woman could prove an *alibi*, and not Susannah Wells, who could have had no such proof. This will be very strong if applied to the evidence of Canning, but much stronger when applied to the evidence of Virtue Hall, who lived in the house the whole time.

This appears to be very simple conduct; and, as such, indeed, is consistent enough with her character. So is not the artful manner in which the charge was brought out; first, Canning accused the gipsy woman, and went no further; then Hall brought the rest upon the stage, all in such regularity, and with such appearance of truth that no Newgate solicitor ever ranged his evidence in better order. But, perhaps, I might have spared my reader these observations, as I can now inform him that I have this very afternoon (Sunday the 18th instant) read over a great number of affidavits corroborating the whole evidence of Canning, and contradicting the *alibi* defence of the gipsy woman. I shall only add, that these affidavits are by unquestionable witnesses, and sworn before three worthy justices of the County of Middlesex, who lived in the neighbourhood of Enfield Washe.

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A TRUE STATE OF

THE

CASE OF BOSAVERN PENLEZ

WHO SUFFERED ON ACCOUNT OF THE LATE RIOT IN THE STRAND

IN WHICH THE LAW, REGARDING THESE OFFENCES AND THE STATUTE OF GEORGE THE FIRST, COMMONLY CALLED THE RIOT ACT, ARE FULLY CONSIDERED

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

BARRISTER AT LAW, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, AND FOR THE CITY AND LIBERTY OF WESTMINSTER

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THE CASE

OF

BOSAVERN PENLEZ

IT may easily be imagined that a man whose character hath been so barbarously, even without the least regard to truth or decency, aspersed on account of his endeavours to defend the present government, might wish to decline any future appearance as a political writer; and this possibly may be thought by some a sufficient reason of that reluctance with which I am drawn forth to do an act of justice to my King and his administration, by disabusing the public, which hath been, in the grossest and wickedest manner, imposed upon, with relation to the case of Bosavern Penlez, who was executed for the late riot in the Strand.

There is likewise another reason of this reluctance with which those only who know me well can be certainly acquainted; and that is my own natural disposition. Sure I am, that I greatly deceive myself, if I am not in some little degree partaker of that milk of human kindness which Shakespeare speaks of. I was desirous that a man who had suffered the extremity of the law should be permitted to rest quietly in his grave. I was willing that his punishment should end there; nay, that he should

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be generally esteemed the object of compassion, and, consequently, a more dreadful example of one of the best of all our laws.

But when this malefactor is made an object of sedition, when he is transformed into a hero, and the most merciful prince who ever sat on any throne is arraigned of blamable severity, if not of downright cruelty, for suffering justice to take place; and the sufferer, instead of remaining an example to incite terror, is recommended to our honour and admiration; I should then think myself worthy of much censure, if having a full justification in my hands, I permitted it to sleep there, and did not lay it before the public, especially as they are appealed to on this occasion.

Before I enter, however, into the particulars of this man's case, and perform the disagreeable task of raking up the ashes of the dead, though of the meanest degree, to scatter infamy among them, I will premise something concerning the law of riots in general. This I shall do, as well for the justification of the law itself, as for the information of the people, who have been long too ignorant in this respect; and who, if they are now taught a little better to know the law, are taught at the same time to regard it as cruel and oppressive, and as an innovation on our constitution: for so the statute of George the First, commonly called the Riot Act, hath lately been represented in a public newspaper.

If this doctrine had been first broached in this paper, the ignorance of it would not have been worth remarking; but it is in truth a repetition only of what hath been formerly said by men who must have known better. Whoever remembers the political writings published twenty years ago, must remember that among the articles exhibited against a former administration, this of passing the Riot Act was one of the principal.

Surely these persons mean to insinuate that by this statute riots were erected into a greater crime than they had ever before been esteemed, and that a more severe

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punishment was enacted for them than had formerly been known among us.

Now the falsehood of this must be abundantly apparent to every one who hath any competent knowledge of our laws. Indeed whoever knows anything of the nature of mankind, or of the history of free countries, must entertain a very indifferent opinion of the wisdom of our ancestors, if he can imagine they had not taken the strongest precautions to guard against so dangerous a political disease, and which hath so often produced the most fatal effects.

Riots are in our law divided into those of a private and into those of a public kind. The former of these are when a number of people (three at the least) assemble themselves in a tumultuous manner, and commit some act of violence amounting to a breach of the peace, where the occasion of the meeting is to redress some grievance, or to revenge some quarrel of a private nature; such as to remove the enclosures of lands in a particular parish, or unlawfully and forcibly to gain the possession of some tenement, or to revenge some injury done to one or a few persons, or on some other such private dispute, in which the interest of the public is no ways concerned. Such riot is a very high misdemeanour, and to be punished very severely by fine and imprisonment.

Mr. Pulton, speaking of this kind of riot, writes thus: "Riots, routs, unlawful and rebellious assemblies, have been so many times pernicious and fatal enemies to this kingdom, the peace and tranquillity thereof, and have so often shaken the foundation, and put in hazard the very form and state of government of the same, that our law-makers have been enforced to devise from age to age, one law upon another, and one statute after another for the repressing and punishing of them, and have endeavoured by all their wits to snip the sprouts, and quench the very first sparks of them. As every man may easily perceive there was cause thereof, who will look back and call to his remembrance what that small riot, begun at Dartmouth, in Kent, in the reign of King Richard the Second, between the collector of a subsidy and a Tyler and his wife, about the payment of one poor groat,

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did come unto, which being not repressed in time, did grow to so great a rebellion, that after it put in hazard the life of the King, the burning of the City of London, the overthrow of the whole nobility, gentlemen, and all the learned of the land, and the subversion of this goodly monarchy and form of government. Or, if they will call to mind the small riot or quarrel begun in the reign of King Henry the Sixth, between a yeoman of the guard and a serving-man of Richard Nevil's, Earl of Warwick, which so far increased for want of restraint, that it was the root of many woeful tragedies, and a mean to bring to untimely death first Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, proclaimed successor to the Crown, and the chief pillar of the House of York, and after him King Henry the Sixth, and Prince Edward his son, the heirs of the House of Lancaster, and to ruinate with the one or the other of them, most of the peers, great men, and gentlemen of the realm, besides many thousands of the common people. And therefore King Edward the First did well ordain, that no sheriffs shall suffer barritors or maintainers of quarrels in their counties. And that to all parliaments, treaties, and other assemblies, each man shall come peaceably, without any armour; and that every man shall have armour in his house, according to his ability, to keep the peace. And King Edward the Third provided, that no man shall come before the justices, nor go or ride armed. And that suspected, lewd, and riotous persons shall be arrested, and safely kept until they be delivered by the justices of gaol delivery. And that justices of peace shall restrain offenders, rioters, and all other barritors, and pursue, take, and chasten them according to their trespass and offence. King Richard the Second did prohibit riots, routs, and forcible entries into lands, that were made in divers counties and parts of the realm. And that none from thenceforth should make any riot, or rumour. And that no man shall ride armed, nor use launcegaies. And that no labourer, servant in husbandry, or artificer, or victualler, shall wear any buckler, sword, or dagger. And that all the King's officers shall suppress and imprison such as make any riots,

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routs, or unlawful assemblies against the peace. King Henry the Fourth enacted, That the justices of peace and the sheriff shall arrest those which commit any riot, rout, or unlawful assembly, shall enquire of them, and record their offences. King Henry the Fifth assigned commissioners to enquire of the same justices and sheriffs defaults in that behalf, and also limited what punishment offenders attainted of riot should sustain. King Henry the Seventh ordained, that such persons as were returned to enquire of riots should have sufficient freehold or copyhold land within the same shire. And that no maintenance should hinder their inquisition. And in the reign of Queen Mary there was a necessary statute established to restrain and punish unlawful and rebellious assemblies raised by a multitude of unruly persons, to commit certain violent, forcible, and riotous acts."

The second kind of riot is of a public kind; as where an indefinite[1] number of persons assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, in manner of war, arrayed, and commit any open violence with an avowed design of redressing any public grievance; as to remove certain persons from the King, or to lay violent hands on a privy-counsellor, or to revenge themselves of a magistrate for executing his office, or to bring down the price of victuals, or to reform the law or religion, or to pull down all bawdy houses, or to remove all enclosures in general, &c.[2] This riot is high-treason within the words levying war against the king, in the statute of Edward III. "For here," says Lord Coke, "the pretence is public and general, and not private in particular.[3] And this, says he, though there be no great number of conspirators, is levying war within the purview of the above statute."

[1] It may be gathered, perhaps, from Lord Coke, 3 Inst. 176, that the number ought to be above 7 or at most 34, for such number is, he says, called an army. And a lesser number cannot, I think, be well said to be *modo guerrino arraiati.*

[2] Hawk. lib. i. cap. 17, sect. 25.

[3] 3 Inst. 9.

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In the reign of King Henry VIII. it was resolved by all the judges of England, that an insurrection against the statute of labourers for the enhancing of salaries and wages, was a levying of war against the King, because it was generally against the King's law, and the offenders took upon them the reformation thereof, which subjects, by gathering power, ought not to do.[1]

In the 20th of Charles II. a special verdict was found at the Old Bailey, that A, B, C, &c., with divers others, to the number of an hundred, assembled themselves in manner of war arrayed to pull down bawdy houses, and that they marched with a flag on a staff, and weapons, and pulled down houses in prosecution of their conspiracies; which by all the judges assembled, except one, was ruled to be high treason.[2]

My Lord Chief-Justice Kelyng, who tried the cause, tells us, in his reports,[3] "that he directed the jury, that he was well satisfied in his own judgment, that such assembling together as was proved, and the pulling down of houses upon pretence they were bawdy houses; was high treason, because they took upon them regal power to reform that which belonged to the King by his law and justices to correct and reform; and it would be a strange way and mischievous to all people to have such a rude rabble, without an indictment to proceed in that manner against all persons' houses which they would call bawdy houses, for then no man were safe; therefore as that way tore the government out of the King's hands, so it destroyed the great privilege of the people, which is not to be proceeded against, but upon an indictment first found by a grand jury, and after, upon a legal trial by another jury, where the party accused was heard to make his defence; yet, says he, because the kings of this nation had oftentimes been so merciful as when such outrages had been heretofore done, not to proceed capitally against the offenders but to proceed against the offenders in the star-chamber, being willing to

[1] 3 Inst. 10.
[2] Hale's History of the Pleas of the Crown, vol. i. p. 134.
[3] Kel. 71.

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reduce their people by milder ways, if it were possible, to their duty and obedience; yet that lenity of the King in some cases did not hinder the King, when he saw there was need to proceed in a severer way, to take that course which was warranted by law, and to make greater examples, that the people may know the law is not wanting so far to the safety of the King and his people, as to let such outrages go without capital punishment, which is at this time absolutely necessary, because we ourselves have seen a rebellion raised by gathering people together upon fairer pretences than this was, for no such persons use at first to declare their wickedest design, but when they see that they may effect their design, then they will not stick to go further, and give the law themselves, and destroy all that oppose them: but yet because there was no body of the long robe there but my brother Wylde, then Recorder of London, and myself, and that this example might have the greater authority, I did resolve that the jury should find the matter specially, and then I would procure a meeting of all the judges of England, and what was done should be by their opinion, that so this question might have such a resolution as no person afterwards should have reason to doubt the law, and all persons might be warned how they for the time to come mingle themselves with such rabble on any kind of such pretences."

And afterwards out of six against whom special verdicts were found, four were executed.

In the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth, it was made treason to compass, imagine, invent, devise, or intend to levy war against the Queen, &c.

On this statute Richard Bradshaw, a miller, Robert Burton, a mason, and others of Oxfordshire, were indicted and attainted. "This case," says Lord Coke, "was that they conspired and agreed to assemble themselves, with as many as they could procure, at Emflowe Hill, in the said county, there to rise, and from thence to go from gentleman's house to gentleman's house, and to cast down enclosures as well for enlargement of highways as of arable lands, &c." This

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was resolved to be a compassing to levy war against the Queen, and to be treason, and the offenders were executed at Emflowe Hill.[1]

The last mentioned case was in the 30th year of Queen Elizabeth: and two years before that several apprentices of London assembled themselves to the number of three hundred and upwards at Bunhill and Tower Hill, in order to deliver some of their fellows out of prison, and threatened to burn my Lord Mayor's house, and to break open two houses near the Tower where arms were lodged. They had with them a trumpet, and a cloak upon a pole was carried as their colours, and being opposed by the sheriff and sword-bearer of London, offered violence to their persons, and for the offence they were indicted of treason, attainted and executed.[2]

Now the reason of the judgment in all these cases was because the offenders had attempted by force and violence to redress grievances of a public nature; for as Anderson, in his report of the last case tells us, "When any persons intend to levy war for any matter which the King by his law and justice ought or can regulate in his government as King, this shall be intended a levying of war against the King; nor is it material whether they intend any hurt to the person of the King, if their intent be against his office and authority." This is within the statute of the 13th Elizabeth, and wherever the intent is within that statute, the real levying war is within the statute of Edward III.

I have set down these cases only to show the light in which these kinds of riots have been always considered by our ancestors, and how severely they have been punished in the most constitutional reigns.

And yet extensive as this branch of treason on the statute of Edward the Third may seem to have been, it was not held sufficient. For by the 3 and 4 of Edward VI. it was made high treason for twelve persons, or above, being assembled together, to attempt to alter any laws, &c., or to continue together above an hour after they are commanded by a justice of peace, mayor, sheriff, &c., to return. And by

[1] 3 Inst. 10, 2 And. 66. Poph, 122. [2] 2 And. 2. Hale's Hist., vol. i. 125.

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the same Act it was made felony for twelve persons, or above, to practise to destroy any park, pond, conduit, or dove-house, &c., or to pull down any houses, barns, or mills, or to abate the rates of any lands, or the prices of any victual, &c.

This statute was repealed in the first year of Queen Mary, and then it was enacted that "If any persons to the number of twelve, or above, being assembled together, shall intend, go about, practise, or put in use, with force and arms, unlawfully and of their own authority, to change any laws made for religion by authority of parliament standing in force, or any other laws or statutes of this realm, or any of them, the same number of twelve, or above, being commanded or required by the sheriff of the shire, or by any justice of peace of the same shire, or by any mayor, sheriff, justices of peace, or bailiffs of any city, borough, or town corporate, where any such assemblies shall be lawfully had or made, by proclamation in the Queen's name to retire and repair to their houses, habitations, or places from whence they came, and they or any of them, notwithstanding such proclamation, shall continue together by the space of one whole hour after such commandment or request made by proclamation; or after that shall willingly in forcible and riotous manner attempt to do or put in ure any of the things above specified, that then, as well every such abode together, as every such act or offence, shall be adjudged felony, and the offenders therein shall be adjudged felons, and shall suffer only execution of death, as in case of felony. And if any persons to the said number of twelve, or above, shall go about, &c., to overthrow, cut, cast down, or dig the pales, hedges, ditches, or other enclosure of any park, or other ground enclosed, or the banks of any fish-pond or pool, or any conduits for water, conduit-heads, or conduit-pipes having course of water, to the intent that the same, or any of them, should from thenceforth lie open, or unlawfully to have way or common in the said parks or other grounds enclosed, or to destroy the deer in any manner of park, or any warren of conies, or any dove-houses, or any

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fish in any fish-pond or pool, or to pull or cut down any houses, barns, mills, or bayes, or to burn any stacks of corn, or to abate or diminish the rents of any lands, or the price of any victual, corn or grain, or any other thing usual for the sustenance of man; and being required or commanded by any justice of peace, &c., by proclamation to be made, &c., to retire to their habitations, &c., and they or any of them notwithstanding shall remain together by the space of one whole hour after such commandment made by proclamation, or shall in forcible manner put in ure any of the things last before mentioned, &c. That then every of the said offenders shall be judged a felon, &c. And if any person or persons unlawfully, and without authority, by ringing of any bell or bells, sounding of any trumpet, drum, horn, or other instrument, or by firing of any beacon, or by malicious speaking of any words, or making any outcry, or by setting up or casting of any bill or writing, or by any other deed or act, shall raise, or cause to be raised, any persons to the number of twelve, or above, to the intent that the same persons should do or put in ure any of the acts above mentioned, and that the persons so raised and assembled, after commandment given in form aforesaid, shall make their abode together in form as is aforesaid, or in forcible manner put in ure any of the acts aforesaid, that then all and singular persons by whose speaking, deed, act, or other the means above specified, to the number of twelve so raised, shall be adjudged felons. And if the wife, servant, or other person shall any way relieve them that be unlawfully assembled, as is aforesaid, with victuals, armours, weapons, or any other thing, that then they shall be adjudged felons. And if any persons above the number of two, and under the number of twelve, shall practise or put in ure any of the things above mentioned, and being commanded by a justice of peace, &c., to retire, &c., and they make their abode by the space of one hour together, that then every of them shall suffer imprisonment by the space of one year without bail or mainprise, and every person damnified shall or may recover his triple damages against him; and every person able, being requested

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by the King's officers, shall be bound to resist them. If any persons to the number of forty or above, shall assemble together by forcible manner, unlawfully and of their own authority, to the intent to put in ure any of the things above specified, or to do other felonies or rebellious act or acts, and so shall continue together by the space of three hours after proclamation shall be made at or nigh the place where they shall be so assembled, or in some market-town thereunto next adjoining, and after notice thereof to them given, then every person so willingly assembled in forcible manner, and so continuing together by the space of three hours, shall be adjudged a felon. And if any copyholder or farmer being required by any of the King's officers having authority, to aid and assist them in repressing any of the said offenders do refuse so to do, that then he shall forfeit his copyhold or lease only for term of his life."

Some well-meaning honest Jacobite will perhaps object that this last statute was enacted in a Popish reign; but he will please to observe, that it is even less severe than that of Edward VI., to which I shall add, that by the 1st of Queen Elizabeth, chap. 16, this very Act of Queen Mary was continued during the life of Queen Elizabeth, and to the end of the parliament then next following.

Having premised thus much, we will now examine the statute of George I., commonly called the Riot Act; which hath so often been represented either by the most profound ignorance, or the most impudent malice, as unconstitutional, unprecedented, as an oppressive innovation, and dangerous to the liberty of the subject.

By this statute all persons to the number of twelve or more, being unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously assembled together, to the disturbance of the public peace, and not dispersing themselves within an hour after the proclamation is read to them by a proper magistrate, are made guilty of felony without benefit of clergy.

Secondly. The statute gives a power to all magistrates and peace officers, and to all persons who are by such

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magistrates and peace officers commanded to assist them, to apprehend all such persons so continuing together as above after the proclamation read, and indemnifies the said magistrates and peace officers, and all their assistants, if in case of resistance any of the rioters should be hurt, maimed, or killed.

Thirdly. It is enacted, that if any persons unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously assembled together, to the disturbance of the public peace, shall unlawfully and with force demolish or pull down, or begin to demolish or pull down any church or chapel, or any building for religious worship certified and registered, &c., or any dwelling-house, barn, stable, or other out-house, that then every such demolishing, or pulling down, or beginning to demolish or pull down, shall be adjudged felony without benefit of clergy.

Fourthly. If any persons obstruct the magistrate in reading the proclamation, so that it cannot be read, such obstruction is made felony without clergy; and the continuing together, to the number of twelve, after such let or hindrance of reading the proclamation, incurs the same guilt as if the proclamation had really been read.

These are all the penal clauses in the statute.

I observe then that this law cannot be complained against as an innovation: for as to that part of the statute by which rioters, who continued together for the space of an hour, after they are commanded by the magistrate to disperse, are made guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, what does it more than follow the precedents of those laws which were enacted in the time of Edward VI., Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth? And if the law now under our consideration be a little more severe than one of the former acts, it must be allowed to be less severe than the other.

Indeed this power of the magistrates in suppressing all kind of riots hath been found so necessary, that from the second year of Edward III. even down to these days, the legislature hath from time to time more and more increased it. Of such consequence hath this matter appeared, and so frequently hath it been under the consideration of

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parliament, that I think there are almost twenty statutes concerning it.

And upon the statute of 13 H. IV. cap. 7, by which the justices, sheriff, &c., are empowered and ordered to suppress all riots, it hath been holden, that not only the justices, &c., but all who attended them, may take with them such weapons as shall be necessary to enable them effectually to do it; and that they may justify the beating, wounding, and even killing such rioters as shall resist or refuse to surrender themselves.[1]

As to that branch of the statute by which demolishing, &c., houses, &c., is made felony, the offence, instead of being aggravated, seems to be lessened, namely, from treason into felony; according to the opinion of Judge Walmsley in Popham's Reports, and of Lord Chief Justice Hale in his Pleas of the Crown.[2]

It is true, as that learned judge observes,[3] the statutes of Edward or Mary did not require (nor doth that of George I. require) that the rioters should be in manner of war arrayed. But how little of this array of war was necessary upon the head of the constructive treason, must have appeared from the cases I have mentioned; in one of which the *Insignia Belli* were a few aprons carried on staves.[4] In another they had a trumpet, and a cloak carried upon a pole,[5] and in others, as appears, there were no such insignia at all.

Again. Upon the indictment of treason any overt act would be sufficient; but here the offence is restrained to such acts as most manifestly threaten, not only the public peace, but the safety of every individual.

How then can this statute be said, in the second place, to be oppressive? Is it not rather the most necessary of all our laws, for the preservation and protection of the people?

The houses of men are in law considered as the castles of their defence; and that in so ample a manner, that no

[1] Paph. 121. 2 And. 67. Hawk. lib. i. cap. 65, f. 21, &c.
[2] Vol. i. 134. [3] Vol. i. 154. [4] Kel. 70. [5] 2 And. 2.

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officer of justice is empowered by the authority of any mesne civil process to break them open. Nay, the defence of the house is by the law so far privileged beyond that of the person, that in the former case a man is allowed to assemble a force, which is denied him in the latter; and to kill a man who attacked your house was strictly lawful, whereas some degree of guilt was by the common law incurred by killing him who attacked your person. To burn your house (nay, at this day to set fire to it) is felony without benefit of clergy. To break it open by night, either committing a felony, or with intent to commit it, is burglary. To break it open by day, and steal from it the value of five shillings, or privately to steal from any dwelling-house to the value of forty shillings, is felony without benefit of clergy. Is it then an unreasonable or oppressive law, to prohibit the demolishing or pulling down your house, and that by numbers riotously and tumultuously assembled, under as severe a penalty? Is not breaking open your doors and demolishing your house, a more atrocious crime in those who commit it, and much more injurious to the person against whom it is committed, than the robbing it forcibly of goods to the value of five shillings, or privately to the value of forty? If the law can here be said to be cruel, how much more so is it to inflict death on a man who robs you of a single farthing on the highway, or who privately picks your pocket of thirteenpence?

But I dwell, I am afraid, too long on this head. For surely no statute had ever less the mark of oppression; nor is any more consistent with our constitution, or more agreeable to the true spirit of our law.

And where is the danger to liberty which can arise from this statute? Nothing in reality was ever more fallacious or wicked than this suggestion. The public peace and the safety of the individual are indeed much secured by this law; but the government itself, if their interest must be or can be considered as distinct from, and indeed in opposition to, that of the people, acquires not by it the least strength or security. And this, I think, must sufficiently appear to

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every one who considers what I have said above. For surely there is no lawyer who can doubt, even for a single moment, whether any riotous and tumultuous assembly, who shall avow any design directly levelled against the person of the King or any of his counsellors, be high treason or not, whether, as Lord Hale says, the assembly were greater or less, or armed or not armed. And as to the power of the magistrate for suppressing such kinds of riots, and for securing the bodies of the offenders, it was altogether as strong before as it is now.

It seems, therefore, very difficult to see any evil intention in the makers of this act, and I believe it will be as difficult to show any ill use that hath been made, or attempted to be made of it. In thirty-four years I remember to have heard of no more than two prosecutions upon it; in neither of which any distinct interest of the government, or rather, as I suppose is meant, of the governors, was at all concerned. And to evince how little any such evil use is to be apprehended at present, I shall here repeat the sentiments of our present excellent Lord Chief Justice, as I myself heard them delivered in the King's Bench, viz., that the branch of the statute which empowers magistrates to read the proclamation for the dispersing rioters was made, as the preamble declares, on very important reasons, and intended to be applied only on very dangerous occasions; and that he should always regard it as a very high crime in any magistrate, wantonly or officiously to attempt to read it on any other.

So much for this law, on which I have dwelt perhaps longer than some may imagine to be necessary; but surely it is a law well worthy of the fullest justification, and is altogether as necessary to be publicly and indeed universally known, at a time when so many wicked acts are employed to infuse riotous principles into the mob, and when they themselves discover so great a forwardness to put these principles in practice.

I will now proceed to the fact of the late riot, and to the case which hath been so totally misrepresented. Both of

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which I shall give the public from the mouths of the witnesses themselves.

Middlesex, to wit. The information of Nathanael Munns, one of the beadles of the Dutchy-liberty of Lancaster.

This informant on his oath saith, that on Saturday, the 1st day of July last, this informant was summoned to quell a disturbance which was then in the Strand, near the New Church, where a large mob was assembled about the house of one Owen, the cause of which, this informant was told, was, that a sailor had been there robbed by a woman. When this informant first came up, the populace were crying out, "Pull down the house, pull down the house!" and were so very outrageous, that all his endeavours, and those of another beadle of the same liberty, to appease them were vain. This informant, however, attempted to seize one of the ringleaders, but he was immediately rescued from him, and he himself threatened to be knocked down; upon which this informant sent for the constables, and soon after went to his own home. And this informant saith, that between eleven and twelve the same evening two of the aforesaid rioters, being seized by the constable, were delivered into the custody of this informant, who confined them in the night prison of the said liberty, which night prison is under this informant's house.

And this informant further saith, that on the succeeding night, being Sunday, the 2nd day of July, about twelve at night, a great number of the mob came to this informant's house, and broke open the windows, and entered thereat, seized his servant, and demanded the keys of the prison, threatening to murder her if she did not deliver them; but not being able to procure the same, they wrenched the bars out of the windows, with which, as this informant has been told, and verily believes, they broke open the prison, and rescued the prisoners. And this informant further saith, that he was the same evening at the watch-house of the said liberty, where two other prisoners were confined for the said

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riot, and saith that a very great mob came to the said watch-house, broke the windows of the same all to pieces, demanding to have the prisoners delivered to them, threatening to pull the watch-house down if the said prisoners were not set at liberty immediately; after which they forced into the said watch-house, and rescued the prisoners. And this informant further saith, that he apprehends himself to have been in the most imminent danger of his life, from the stones and brickbats thrown into the windows of the said watch-house by the said mob, before they forced the same.

NATHANAEL MUNNS.

Sworn before me,
HENRY FIELDING.

Middlesex, to wit. The information of John Carter one of the constables of the Dutchy-liberty of Lancaster.

This informant upon his oath saith, that on Saturday, the 1st of July, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening, he was present at the house of one Owen, in the Strand, where there were a great mob at that time assembled, which filled up the whole space of the street for near two hundred yards; and saith, that the said house was then broke open, and the mob within it were demolishing and stripping the same; that the windows of the said house were all broke to pieces, and the mob throwing out the goods, which they soon after set fire to, and consumed them in the street; and saith, that he believes there were near two waggon loads of goods consumed, which caused so violent a flame, that the beams of the houses adjoining were so heated thereby, that the inhabitants were apprehensive of the utmost danger from the fire, and sent for the parish engines upon that occasion, which not being immediately to be procured, several firemen attended, by whose assistance, as this informant verily believes, the fire was prevented from doing more mischief. Upon this, this informant, not daring himself to oppose the rage and violence of the mob, and not

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being able to find any magistrate in town, applied to General Campbell, at Somerset House, for the assistance of the guards there, who presently detached a corporal and twelve men, upon the approach of whom, the word was given by the mob to quit the house, which was immediately done by all except two, whom this informant, by the assistance of the guards, seized upon, and presently conveyed them safe to the night prison of the liberty aforesaid. The mob, however, without doors, rather increased than diminished, and continued in a very riotous and tumultuous manner, insomuch that it was thought necessary to apply for a further guard, and accordingly an officer and a considerable body of men, to the number, as this informant believes, of forty, was detached from the tilt-yard; but the mob, far from being intimidated by this reinforcement, began to attack a second house, namely, the house of one Stanhope, throwing stones, breaking the windows, and pelting, not only the sentinels who were posted before the door, but the civil as well as the military officers. And this informant further saith, that though by the interposition of the soldiers, the mob were prevented from doing further mischief that night, yet they continued together till he was relieved by another peace officer, which was not till twelve at night; nor was the said mob, as this informant has heard, and verily believes, dispersed until between two and three in the morning.

And this informant further saith, that on Sunday, the 2nd July, being the succeeding day, he was called out of his bed on account of the reassembling of the mob before the house of Stanhope, which they had attacked the night before. That upon his arrival there, he found a vast mob got together, the house broke open and demolished, and all the goods thereof thrown into the street and set on fire; and saith, that the said fire was larger than that the preceding night. That he was then applied to by Mr. Wilson, woollen-draper, and principal burgess of the said liberty, and one Mr. Acton, another woollen-draper, both of whom expressed the greatest apprehension of danger to the whole neighbourhood, and desired this informant immediately to

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apply to the tilt-yard for a number of soldiers, which he accordingly did; but being sent by the officer to a magistrate, to obtain his authority for the said guard, before he could obtain the same, Mr. Welch, high-constable of Holborn division, procured the said guard, by which means the aforesaid rioters were soon after dispersed.

JOHN CARTER.

Sworn before me,
H. FIELDING.

Middlesex, to wit. The information of James Cecil, one of the constables of the parish of St. George the Martyr, in the said county.

This informant upon oath saith, that on the 3rd of July last, he was ordered by Justice Fielding to attend the prisoners to Newgate. That though an officer, with a very large guard of soldiers, attended upon the said occasion, it was not without the utmost difficulty that the said prisoners were conveyed in coaches through the streets, the mob frequently endeavouring to break in upon the soldiers, and crowding towards the coach doors. And saith, that he seized one of the most active of the mob, and carried him before the said justice, who, after having reprimanded, dismissed him. And further this informant saith, that as he passed near the Old Bailey with the aforesaid prisoners, he saw a great mob assembled there, who, as this informant was then acquainted, had been breaking the windows of some house or houses there; and saith, that several of the said mob were in sailors' habits, but upon the approach of the soldiers they all ran away.

JAMES CECIL.

Middlesex, to wit. The information of Saunders Welsh, gentleman, high-constable of Holborn division, in the said county.

This informant saith, that on Sunday morning, about ten of the clock, on the 2nd of July last, one Stanhope, who then kept a house in the Strand, near the New Church,

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came to this informant and told him, that a house had been demolished the night before in the Strand by a great mob, and that he had great reason to fear that the said mob would come and demolish his house, they having threatened that they would pull down all bawdy houses. Upon which this informant directed the said Stanhope to apply to a magistrate, telling him that he, this informant, would conduct himself upon the magistrate's directions. Upon which the said Stanhope departed, and returned no more to this informant.

And this informant saith, that as he was returning the same evening between the hours of eleven and twelve, from a friend's house in the City, as he passed through Fleet Street he perceived a great fire in the Strand, upon which he proceeded on till he came to the house of one Peter Wood, who told this informant that the mob had demolished the house of Stanhope, and were burning his goods, and that they had threatened, as soon as they had finished their business there, that they would come and demolish his house likewise, and prayed the assistance of this informant. Upon which this informant, despairing of being able to quell the mob by his own authority, and well knowing the impossibility of procuring any magistrate at that time who would act, applied to the tilt-yard for a military force, which with much difficulty he obtained, having no order from any justice of peace for the same. And this informant saith, that having at last procured an officer with about forty men, he returned to the place of the riot; but saith, that when he came to Cecil Street end, he prevailed upon the officer to order his drum to beat, in hopes, if possible, of dispersing the mob without any mischief ensuing. And this informant saith, that when he came up to the house of Peter Wood, he found that the mob had in a great part demolished the said house, and thrown a vast quantity of his goods into the street, but had not perfected their design, a large parcel of the goods still remaining in the house, the said house having been very well furnished. And this informant says, that he hath been told there was a debate

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among the mob concerning burning the goods of that house likewise, as they had served those of two other houses. And this informant says, that had the goods of the said house been set on fire, it must infallibly have set on fire the houses on both sides, the street being there extremely narrow, and saith, that the house of Messrs. Snow and Denne, the bankers, is almost opposite to that of Peter Wood. And this informant saith, that at his coming up, the mob had deserted the house of the said Peter, occasioned, as he verily believes, and hath been informed, by the terror spread among them from beating the drum as aforesaid, so that this informant found no person in the aforesaid house, save only Peter Wood, his wife, and man-servant, and two or three women who appeared to belong to it, and one Lander, who was taken by a soldier in the upper part of the house, and who, it afterward appeared at his trial, to the satisfaction of the jury, came along with the guard.

And this informant further says, that the said rioters not immediately dispersing, several of them were apprehended by the soldiers, who being produced to Peter Wood, were by him charged as principally concerned in the demolition of his house, upon which they were delivered by this informant to a constable of the Duchy-liberty, and were by that constable conveyed, under a guard of soldiers, to New Prison. And this informant further saith, that he remained on the spot, together with part of the guards, till about three of the clock the next morning, before which time the mob were all dispersed, and peace again restored.

And this informant further saith, that on the Monday morning, about twelve of the clock, he attended H. Fielding, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, who had been out of town during all the preceding riot, and acquainted him with it. That immediately the said justice sent an order for a party of the guards to conduct the aforesaid prisoners to his house, the streets being at that time full of mob, assembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and danger of a rescue being apprehended. And saith, that the above mentioned prisoners,

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together with Bosavern Penlez, who was apprehended by the watch in Carey Street, were brought before the said justice, who, after hearing the evidence against them, and taking the depositions thereof, committed them to Newgate. And this informant saith, that whilst he attended before the said justice, and while the prisoners were under examination, there was a vast mob assembled, not only in Bow Street, but many of the adjacent streets, so that it was difficult either to pass or repass. And further saith, that he, this informant, received several informations that the mob had declared that, notwithstanding what had been done, they intended to carry on the same work again at night. Upon which, this informant was, by the said justice, despatched to the Secretary of War, to desire a reinforcement of the guard.

And this informant further saith, that he was present when the said justice, from his window, spoke to the mob, informed them of their danger, and exhorted them to depart to their own habitations: for which purpose, this informant likewise went among them, and entreated them to disperse, but all such exhortations were ineffectual. And this informant further saith, that he was present at the house of the said justice, when several informations were given, that a body of sailors, to the number four thousand, were assembling themselves at Tower Hill, and had declared a resolution of marching to Temple Bar, in the evening. And so riotous did the disposition of the mob appear that whole day, to wit, Monday, that numbers of persons, as this informant hath been told, removed their goods from their own houses, from apprehension of sharing the fate of Owen, Stanhope, and Wood. To obviate which danger, the aforesaid justice, the officer of the guard and this informant, sat up the whole night, while a large party of soldiers were kept ready under arms, who with the peace-officers patrolled the streets where the chief danger was apprehended; by means of all which care the public peace was again restored.

SAUNDERS WELCH.

Sworn before me,
HENRY FIELDING.

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Middlesex, to wit: The information of Samuel Marsh, Edward Fritter, Robert Oliver, and John Hoare.

Samuel Marsh, of St. Clement Danes, in the said county, labourer, one of the watchmen of St. Dunstan's in the West, in the City of London, maketh oath, that on the 3rd of July last, as he was going his rounds, a little after one in the morning, one Mr. Philip Warwick, an engraver by trade, who then lived at Pimlico, near Buckingham House, from whence he is since removed, came to this informant in Bell-yard, opposite the Apollo-passage, and said, there was a man above who had a great bundle of linen, which he (Warwick) thought the said man had stolen, and desired this informant to take care of him. And further acquainted this informant, that the said man told him that the linen which he then had in the bundle was his wife's, which said Warwick did not believe to be true. And this informant further saith, that when he had received this account, he went directly to the place where the said man was; and saith, that the said man, before this informant came up to him, had thrust most of the above said linen into his bosom and pockets; and saith, that just as this informant came up to him, and called out to him saying, friend, here, come and take the cap you have dropped, the said man scrambled up the rest of the things, and ran away as fast as he could all up Bell-yard; upon which this informant ran after him, and called to Edward Fritter, another watchman, to stop him. And this informant further saith, that the said man, being afterwards taken by Fritter, and in custody of him and this informant, being asked by them to whom the said linen belonged, declared that they belonged to the b—— his wife, who had pawned all his clothes; and that he had taken away these that she might not pawn them likewise. To which this informant answered, that answer would not do; for that he was resolved to have a better answer before he left him. And this informant saith, that he and the said Fritter then carried the said man to the watch-house, where he sat down on a bench. And this informant saith, that

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whilst the said man sat there, several persons came into the watch-house unknown to this informant, one of whom said to the prisoner, "You son of a b—— pull the things out of your bosom and out of your pockets, and don't let the constable find them upon you, unless you have a mind to hang yourself." Upon which the prisoner pulled out the linen from his bosom and pockets, and laid it upon the bench, and saith that the said linen was afterwards delivered to Mr. Hoare, the constable. And further saith, that the aforesaid man, who was apprehended as above said, was the same Bosavern Penlez, who was afterwards convicted of the riot at the Old Bailey, and executed for the same. And further saith, that he believes the said Penlez was then a little in liquor, but by no means dead drunk; for that he talked and behaved very rationally all the time he was in the said watch-house. And further saith, that Penlez, when he was in the watch-house, said, that the woman to whom the linen belonged was not his wife; for that he was an unfortunate young fellow, and had kept company with bad women, and that he had been robbed by one of them of fifteen shillings, and had taken away her linen out of revenge.

Edward Fritter, of the precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, shoemaker, one of the watchmen of the liberty of the rolls, maketh oath, that upon the 3rd of July last, a little after one in the morning, as he was at his stand at the upper end of Bell-yard, Samuel Marsh, another watchman, called out to him, "Stop that man before you: stop that man before you." And this informant saith, that when he heard these words, the said man had just passed by him, making off as fast as he could; upon which this informant ran after him, and at about an hundred yards' distance overtook him, and pushed him up against the rails in Carey Street. And this informant then said to him, "So, brother, what is all this you have got here?" To which the man answered, "I am an unfortunate young man, and have married one of the women of the town, who hath pawned all my clothes, and I have got all her linen for it." And this informant saith, that the said man had at that time

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some linen under his arm. Soon after which, the said man who, as this informant saith, was Bosavern Penlez, was carried to the watch-house, where this informant was present when all passed that informant Marsh hath sworn. And this informant hearing the information of Marsh read, declares, that all which is there related to have passed, is true.

Robert Oliver, of the liberty of the rolls, shoemaker, and beadle of that liberty, maketh oath and saith, that he was present when Bosavern Penlez was brought into the watch-house belonging to the said liberty, on the 3rd of July last, between one and two in the morning; and saith, that he was present in the said watch-house upon his duty all the time that the said Penlez staid there; and upon hearing the information of Marsh read to him, this informant, he, this informant, upon his oath confirms the same in every particular.

John Hoare, of the liberty of the rolls aforesaid, victualler, then one of the constables of the liberty of the rolls, maketh oath and saith, that at two in the morning, on the 3rd of July, he was called by one of the watchmen of that liberty, and informed that a thief was apprehended and confined in the watch-house; upon which this informant went directly thither, and found Bosavern Penlez and the linen lying on the bench, as mentioned in Marsh's information. And this informant further says, that he then examined said Penlez how he came by that linen, to which the said Penlez answered, that he had taken up the said linen in the street, to which this informant answered, that if he (Penlez) could give no better account, he must secure him till the morning. Then this informant asked him, if he could send to any one who would give him a character. Upon which Penlez, after some hesitation, mentioned the name of a barber who lived next to the Bunch of Grapes in the Strand, who was sent to, and refused to come. And this informant saith, that he then proposed to Penlez to send for some other person; but that the said Penlez mentioned no other person. Upon which this informant carried the said Penlez to New-prison, and there delivered him into custody.

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And this informant further saith, that he attended the next day before H. Fielding, Esq.; one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said county, when the said Penlez was examined, and the aforesaid linen was produced by this informant. To wit; ten laced caps, four laced handkerchiefs, three pair of laced ruffles, two laced clouts, five plain handkerchiefs, five plain aprons, and one laced apron, all which the wife of Peter Wood swore to be her property. And this informant saith, that Penlez being asked by the justice, how he came by the said linen, answered he had found them; and could not, or would not give any other account.

The mark of SAM. MARSH.
ED. FRITTER.
ROB. OLIVER.
JOHN HOARE.

Sworn before me.
H. FIELDING.

Middlesex,
to wit.

Robert Oliver aforesaid further on his oath says, that when Penlez was examined before the justice, he solemnly denied that he was in the house of Peter Wood, or near it.

ROB. OLIVER.

Sworn before me,
H. FIELDING.

Now upon the whole of this evidence, which I have taken the pains to lay before the public, and which is the evidence of persons entirely disinterested and of undoubted credit, I think it must be granted by every impartial and sensible person:

1. That the riot here under consideration was of a very high and dangerous nature, and far from deserving those light or ludicrous colours which have been cast upon it.

2. That the outrages actually committed by this mob, by demolishing the houses of several people, by cruelly and

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barbarously misusing their persons, by openly and audaciously burning their goods, by breaking open prisons and rescuing offenders, and by resisting the peace-officers, and those who came to their assistance, were such as no government could justify passing over without some censure and example.

3. That had not Mr. Welch (one of the best officers who was ever concerned in the execution of justice, and to whose care, integrity and bravery the public hath, to my knowledge, the highest obligations) been greatly active in the discharge of his duty; and had he not arrived time enough to prevent the burning of that pile of goods which was heaped up before Wood's house, the most dreadful consequences must have ensued from this riot. For not to mention the mischiefs which must necessarily have happened from the fire in that narrow part of the town, what must have been the consequence of exposing a banker's shop to the greediness of the rabble? Or what might we have reasonably apprehended from a mob encouraged by such a booty, and made desperate by such atrocious guilt?

4. I think it may be very fairly inferred, that the mob, which had already carried on their riotous proceedings during two successive nights, and who, during the whole day on Monday, were in motion all over the town, had they not been alarmed and intimidated by the care of the magistrate, would have again repeated their outrage, as they had threatened on Monday night. And had such a riot continued a little longer, no man can, I think, foresee what it might have produced. The cry against bawdy houses might have been easily converted into an outcry of a very different nature, and goldsmiths might have been considered to be as great a nuisance to the public as whores.

5. The only remaining conclusion which I shall draw, is, that nothing can be more unjust, or indeed more absurd, than the complaint of severity which hath been made on this occasion. If one could derive this silly clamour from malevolence to the government, it might be easily converted into the most delicate of compliments. For surely those must afford very little cause of complaint, whose enemies can find

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no better object of their censure than this. To say the truth, the government is here injudiciously attacked in its most defensible part. If it be necessary, as some seem to think, to find fault with their superiors, our administration is more liable to the very opposite censure. If I durst presume to look into the royal breast, I might with certainty affirm, that mercy is there the characteristic. So truly is this benign prince the father of his people, that he is never brought, without paternal reluctance, to suffer the extremity of justice to take place. A most amiable excess, and yet an excess by which, I am afraid, subjects may be as liable to be spoiled as children.

But I am willing to see these clamours in a less culpable light, and to derive them from a much better motive; I mean from a zeal against lewd and disorderly houses. But zeal in this case, as well as in all others, may hurry men too far, and may plunge them headlong into the greater evils, in order to redress the lesser.

And surely this appears to be the case at present, when an animosity against these houses hath made men blind to the clearest light of evidence; and impelled them to fly in the face of truth, of common sense, I might say yet more, and all in the behalf of a licentious, outrageous mob, who, in open defiance of law, justice or mercy, committed the most notorious offences against the persons and properties of their fellow-subjects, and who had undoubtedly incurred the last and highest degree of guilt, had they not been happily and timely prevented.

When I mention this zeal as some kind of excuse or mitigation, I would be understood to apply it only to those persons who had been so weak (at least) to espouse the cause of these malefactors. As to the rioters themselves, I am satisfied they had no such excuse. The clamour against bawdy houses was in them a bare pretence only. Wantonness and cruelty were the motives of most; and some, as it plainly appeared, converted the inhuman disposition of the mob to the very worst of purposes, and became thieves under the pretence of reformation.

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How then is it possible for any man in his senses to express a compassion for such offenders, as for men, who, while they are doing an illegal act, may yet be supposed to act from a laudable motive? I would ask men this question. By whom are these houses frequented and supported? Is it not by the young, the idle, and the dissolute?—This is, I hope, true; no grave zealot will, I am convinced, assert the contrary. Are these then the people to redress the evil? Play-houses have been in a former age reputed a grievance; but did the players rise in a body to demolish them? Gaming-houses are still thought a nuisance; but no man, I believe, hath ever seen a body of gamesters assembled to break them open, and burn their goods. It is indeed possible, that after a bad run of luck they might be very well pleased with an opportunity of stealing them.

The nuisance which bawdy houses are to the public, and how far it is interested in suppressing them, is not our present consideration. The law clearly considers them as a nuisance, and hath appointed a remedy against them; and this remedy it is in the power of every man who desires it to apply. But surely it will not be wished by any sober man, that open illegal force and violence should be with impunity used to remove this nuisance; and that the mob should have an uncontrolled jurisdiction in this case. When, by our excellent constitution, the greatest subject, no, not even the King himself, can, without a lawful trial and conviction, divest the meanest man of his property, deprive him of his liberty, or attack him in his person; shall we suffer a licentious rabble to be accuser, judge, jury, and executioner; to inflict corporal punishment, break open men's doors, plunder their houses, and burn their goods? I am ashamed to proceed further in a case so plain, where the absurdity is so monstrous, and where the consequences are so obvious and terrible.

As to the case of the sufferer, I shall make no remarks. Whatever was the man's guilt, he hath made all the atonement which the law requires, or could be exacted of him; and though the popular clamour made it necessary to publish

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the above depositions, nothing shall come from me to add to, or to aggravate them.

If, after perusing the evidence which I have here produced, there should remain any private compassion in the breast of the reader, far be it from me to endeavour to remove it. I hope I have said enough to prove that this was such a riot as called for some example, and that the man who was made that example deserved his fate. Which, if he did, I think it will follow, that more hath been said[1] and done in his favour than ought to have been; and that the clamour of severity against the government hath been in the highest degree unjustifiable.

To say truth (as I have before hinted) it would be more difficult to justify the lenity used on this occasion. The first and second day of this riot, no magistrate, nor any other higher peace officer than a petty constable (save only Mr. Welch) interfered with it. On the third day, only one magistrate took upon him to act. When the prisoners were committed to Newgate, no public prosecution was for some time ordered against them; and when it was ordered, it was carried on so mildly, that one of the prisoners (Wilson) being sick in prison, was, though contrary to law, at the desire of a noble person in great power, bailed out, when a capital indictment was then found against him. At the trial, neither the attorney- nor solicitor-general, nor even one of the King's counsel, appeared against the prisoners. Lastly, when two were convicted, only one was executed: and I doubt very much whether even he would have suffered, had it not appeared that a capital indictment[2] for burglary was likewise found by the grand jury against him, and upon such evidence as I think every

[1] He was buried by a private subscription, but not at the public expense of the parish of St. Clement Danes, as hath been falsely asserted.

[2] Upon this indictment he was arraigned, but as the judge said as he was already capitally convicted for the same fact, though of a different offence, there was no occasion of trying him again; by which means the evidence which I have above produced, and which the prosecutor reserved to give on this indictment, was never heard at the Old Bailey, nor in the least known to the public.

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